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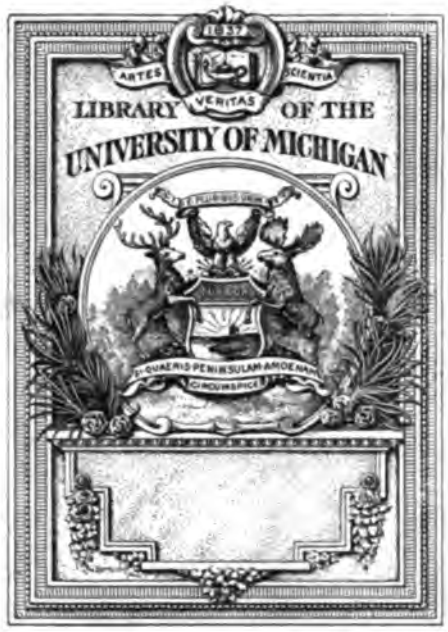
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FOR LITERARY WORKERS

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## THE MORAL PURPOSE IN FICTION.

After reading, at the time of its publication, the lecture delivered by Mr. Besant (now Sir Walter Besant) on "The Art of Fiction," I wished that the thought expressed in one of his phrases — "the conscious moral purpose" — might have been unfolded into a separate article. In Henry James's answer to Mr. Besant's lecture, he has expressed, from a different point of view, a somewhat similar wish. In speaking of Mr. Besant's "cursory allusion," he expresses regret that if it were the author's intention to state a principle here, he had not gone on to its development. Mr. James asks, supposing such a principle intended: "What is the meaning of your morality, and your conscious moral purpose? Will you not define your terms, and explain how (a novel being a picture) a picture can be either moral or immoral?"

The word "conscious," in this connection, is, perhaps, rather perplexing, — one being naturally conscious of an earnest intention, — but for the moral purpose itself, why must a picture lack one? May not a picture be deliberately designed to effect a certain impression? Did Fra Angelico have no moral purpose when falling upon his knees before beginning the portraiture of his heavenly beings? Have no thoughts been turned heavenward through looking upon his angel figures? Was there no moral purpose in the pictures on the walls of the Catacombs, — none in the frescoes and statues of old cathedrals, — or, to take the quintessence of a pictured purpose, can no sermon (whether conscious or not) be found for selfish, slothful Christians in Vibert's significant painting of the "Returned Missionary," thin, gaunt, and eager, telling the vivid adventures of his life to a lolling group of sleek and well-fed churchmen? Have not all the arts that picture, in any wise, had often their beginnings from the impulse to teach something of moral import,— to arouse some moral feeling? Are we not sometimes reminded that the drama itself was once but the vehicle of religious teaching?

To say, however, that a conscious moral purpose were a *necessity* in fiction would savor of fanaticism, on the other side, and work to the ruling-out of whatever is intended purely for recreation, such as Mr. Aldrich's dainty "Marjorie Daw," and the ever-refreshing "Alice in Wonderland." It would tend to the forcible insertion of a moral into all imaginative work (a practice indeed destructive to all that is artistic and pleasurable in fiction); would, furthermore, foster ignorant or precipitate conclusions, as Mr. James wisely suggests; and would show itself inimical to the simplicity and full sincerity needed for the intended moral effect. If a conscious purpose be understood

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in the same sense as a "conscious person," it is, indeed, a bugbear. We see stories with such an element—unlovely creations, whether the obtrusive moral be the fruit of dilettante priggishness, or a mercenary hypocrisy—and they are doubtless responsible for some of the attitude of hostility toward the much-abused moral purpose. Yet the support given to a merely negative view is sometimes a matter of surprise. Marion Crawford, for example, in his little work on fiction writing, compares the finding of a purpose in a newly-read novel to the (supposititious) disappointment of entering a theatre and hearing a sermon in place of the expected play. May I be permitted to suggest that a truer, juster comparison would be to liken the purpose-novel to a play containing a purpose? Such plays there are, and they do not lack the entertaining quality.

After all, above all theory, fact stands impregnable; and whatever fancies may gather from our different points of view, the fine old purpose-novels (so I call them) keep their place among our modern classics. Surely, whatever we may seem to mean by our conflicting phrases, "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Cloister and the Hearth" may claim the admiration of all "schools." *Leila R. Ramsdell.*

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

## SHORT STORY WRITING.

Whether the art of short story writing can be taught or not, the basic principles of narration surely can be. As Mr. Barrett points out in the introduction to his little book upon the subject,* story telling is governed by general rules which the writer must observe, and there is no sense in denying to the author that knowledge of the mechanics of his art which we regard as a necessity for the musician or the painter. Until recent years there has been practically no literature of short story writing, and Mr. Barrett says that he himself writes rather as a delver into other men's secrets than as an authority. His chapter headings are: The Short Story; The Plot; Titles, Good and Bad: The Characters; Facts and How to Use Them; Methods of Narration—The Beginning; The Story Proper, Climax and Conclusion; The Style.

"The primary object of the short story," says Mr. Barrett, "is to amuse, though it may incidentally depict a character, plead a cause, or point a moral. Therefore, the first requisite for a short story is that the writer have a story to tell—that is, a plot. This necessitates that something shall happen in the story: the characters must move, and act, and live. They may be impossible persons, they may do silly things, yet so long as they act they will be forgiven much, for they were created to amuse us. If a writing has no plot, it may be ever so short, but it is not a story.

"A short story should not exceed 10,000 words; from 3,000 to 5,000 is the usual length.

"The short story differs greatly from the novel in that it does not need the love element, which seems typical of the novel. Many of our short stories are merely accounts of strange adventures, wonderful discoveries or inventions, and queer occurrences of all sorts—themes which amuse us from their mere oddity; or they are verbal photographs of life, which are interesting from their views of psychological and sociological problems. Ingenuity and originality are the story teller's great virtues. In other words, he must have strong

*SHORT STORY WRITING. By Charles Raymond Barrett, Ph. B. 85 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Authors and Writers' Union, 1898.

individuality, and the power of forcing this individuality into his work without its being perceived; he must look at ordinary things in a new light and make his readers see as he does, without being seen himself. Brander Matthews says that the short story should also possess 'a touch of fantasy'—the hint of, not necessarily the supernatural, but the weird; the sense of something not exactly explainable by our philosophy of life. The utility of this fantastic touch is a little hard to determine, but it seems to give to the short story that tinge of romanticism which is conferred on the novel by the usual love theme. It would seem to be one of the requirements of a good short story; at least, it adds much to any story in which it is artistically used.

"The only legitimate purpose of the short story is to amuse, and didacticism is usually inartistic; yet the ideal short story carries with it a moral that is seldom recognized, though it must be often felt.

"In its technique a short story demands the utmost care. Every flaw in a short story is plainly visible. It must have a definite form, which shall be compact and have its parts properly proportioned and related; and it must be wrought out in a workmanlike manner. It requires extreme care from its conception to its completion, and yet it must not reveal any signs of the worker's tools. It must stand forth a perfect thing, giving no hint of the pains by which it was achieved.

"It is evident that the short story is artificial, and to a considerable degree unnatural. It could hardly be otherwise, for it takes out of our complex lives a single person or a single incident and treats that to the exclusion of all else, as if it were a complete thing. Such isolation is not known to nature.

"The plot is the nucleus of the story, the bare thought or incident upon which the narrative is to be builded. A plot implies action; that is, something must happen. The event need not be anything very startling or sensational, but it must be of sufficient importance, interest, and novelty to deserve perpetuation in the form of a story. In general, the plot of a short story involves an incident or a minor crisis in the life of the hero, rather than the supreme crisis, which makes or mars the man for good. The supreme crisis requires more elaborate preparation and treatment than are possible in the short story. The short story plot must be simple and complete. A short story admits of no side issues, and no second or under plot. It must, so far as possible, deal with a single person in a single action at a single place in a single time; much more than the novel, it is dependent on a hero or a heroine. Its brevity necessitates compactness and simplicity. Every word must do its part in carrying out the action.

"Every plot is founded upon fact. The basic truth may be utilized in its original form, or it may be so skillfully disguised or ingeniously distorted that it will seem like a product of the imagination. It is impossible to find a new plot. Apparent freshness in a story is due to the treatment of a threadbare plot in a new phase. Do not, therefore, be lazily content with the hackneyed conventional aspect of the plot which you intend to use; make an effort to get a new light on it, to view it from an unexpected side, to handle it in an unusual manner—in other words, try to be original. If you have not the energy or the ability to do this, you would better cease your literary efforts at once, for you will only waste your time.

"The plot of a short story should allow of expression in a single, short, fairly simple sentence; if it cannot be so compressed, there is something radically wrong with it.

"The title of a story should be logically deducted from the plot. If you find difficulty in settling upon an appropriate title for some story, carefully examine your plot and you will usually find it too slight, too commonplace, or too involved. A title should be attractive, and it must be sufficiently interesting to induce a desire to read the narrative. The title must be specific, or it is seldom apt. That a title should be new is obvious, and for self-evident reasons the title should be short.

"Characters, like plots, are primarily based upon fact, and they further resemble plots in being different phases of a primal idea rather than intrinsically diverse. The character which seems most real is usually a composite

of the most striking characteristics of several real persons. A careful description of the appearance of the characters may be necessary to the understanding of some stories, but in the ideal story the people are rather typical than individual. It is by no means essential that the chief characters of a short story should be personally attractive. A mistake which it seems hard for the novice to avoid is that of telling everything possible about a character and leaving nothing to the imagination of the reader. This exhaustive method leads to a multiplicity of detail, which verges on baldness, and which is very apt to contain irrelevant matter; the details are usually arranged with little regard for their true value; and the intended description really resolves itself into a mere catalogue of personal charms, and conveys no idea of a particular individual. Clever character depiction consists in selecting and presenting only those salient details which will serve to body forth rather a vague image, which shall yet possess a definite personality to which the reader may give such distinctness as his imagination may impart to the hints offered.

"When once introduced, the characters should be allowed to work out their own identities with the least possible interference from the author. Their characteristics must not be invoiced like lists of goods; they themselves must display the psychological powers by which they were endowed by their creator. Their speeches and actions must seem the results of mental processes, and must appear natural, if not logical.

"On account of the technical limitations of the short story, the number of characters which may have principal or 'speaking' parts is very small — in general, only two, and frequently but one. The few real actors in the story must be made unusually interesting on account of their loneliness. They compose the story, they represent the human race, and if they fail us, we are in sad straits. They must be individual; they must stand out sharply from the page, clear and assertive, and leave no doubt of their personalities. We must see them so vividly that when they speak and act we shall perceive them as actual personages.

"A short story should be full of talk of the proper kind. Speech adds naturalness and vividness to the actors, it lends them a personal interest, it gives insight into character, and it aids the development of the plot. The short story has many dramatic qualities and not least of them is a tendency to advance action by speech. The modern trend of fiction — novel as well as short story — is toward freer speech for the characters.

"The only way to make your characters talk naturally is to imitate the speech of the persons whom they in some degree represent. People in general do not talk by book; they use colloquial language, and their sentences are neither always logical nor complete. In reproducing this, you must 'edit' it a little, using your own judgment as to which are the characteristic idioms; for the speech of people in books is admittedly a little better than in real life — except in dialect stories, where it is usually worse; and you must equally avoid the heavy rhetorical style of the extreme romantic school and the inane commonplaces of the radical realists.

"It is safe for the novice to go only to the world for literary material, and you should be content to write of what you intimately and personally know. The newspapers to-day are full of incipient plots, needing only the masterly pen to make them literature.

"It is rarely, indeed, that a fact can be used without embellishment. These facts are most unliterary, though they may be susceptible of a high literary polish. The sub-title, 'A True Story,' which young writers think so valuable a part of the tale, is too often the trade-mark of an unreadable mess of conventional people, ordinary incidents, and commonplace conversation. Thus it happens that we find few genuinely true stories, and if we do find them, we seldom care to read them through. I have read many stories which I knew to be literally true because they contained so much of the hackneyed and the irrelevant. Life itself is a very conventional affair; it abounds with dull events and stupid people; and for that reason alone fiction will demand something out of the common. In dealing with facts, then, one of the first things to learn is what to suppress

and what to elaborate, and that involves that most necessary possession of the story teller, a sense of proportion. Again, the fact that you are recounting what actually happened does not relieve you of the necessity of making it plausible. Painters acknowledge that there are color combinations in nature which they dare not reproduce, lest they be dubbed unnatural; and similarly things exist which the writer may present only after he has most carefully prepared the way for their credence.

"The crucial test of the short story is the way it begins. It behooves us to make the beginning as attractive and correct as possible. The short story has no place for the 'glittering generalities' with which young writers are wont to preface their work. If the story has any point, it will be evident in the narrative itself.

"Particularly eschew stories related in the first person, those told by letters, and those in the form of a diary. Another poor method is making the hero, so to speak, an animal or a thing, and permitting it to tell its own story. The use of narration within narration is very objectionable. Amateurs with great unanimity begin by writing strictly true stories, and they always consider it of prime importance that they had the tale from grandmother, or that it actually occurred to John's wife's second cousin's great aunt; forgetting in their unconscious egotism that the reader cares only for the narrative and nothing for the narrator.

"In locating the scene it is absurdly shiftless to designate the place by a dash, or a single letter, or a combination of the two. Never be so foolish as to say: 'The story I am about to relate occurred to my friend X., in the little village of Z———, during the latter part of the year 18—.' Specificness in minor details is a great aid to vividness, and you cannot afford to miss that desirable quality through sheer laziness.

"Briefly, the safest way to introduce a story is to begin at the beginning, write in the third person, state the necessary facts as succinctly as possible, and lead the reader into the quick of the action before he has had time to become weary.

"One of the first requirements of a correct short story is that it shall be continuous and connected. The various divisional signs to be avoided are the separate entries or letters of the diary, or epistolary forms, the introduction of stars or blank spaces to indicate a hiatus, and the division of the narrative into parts or chapters.

"The young writer must learn early and once for all the necessity of the exclusion of non-essentials. Do not go into detailed descriptions merely to gratify your love of word pictures. Do not reproduce long conversations simply to say something smart or to air your views on current topics; make your puppets talk to the point, and either assist in character drawing or further the plot. Above all things, the author must keep himself out of sight, and refrain from interpolating his opinions. In the short story no personal confidences, moralizing, comments, or confessions are allowed.

"When the outcome of a story is finally revealed, it should be a genuine surprise -- i. e., be unexpected. The only stories which may properly anticipate their own denouements are what might be called stories of premonition, in which the interest depends upon comparing actual events to the prophecy of dreams or some other mystic agency.

"The climax of a story is the chief surprise, the relief of the suspense, or the greatest relief, if there is more than one. It must have been prepared for carefully, and worked up to gradually, so that it will form a true climax—be the apex of the action of the story. It is hardly necessary to say that the climax should be very near the end of the story. When the climax has come, the story has reached its end and the quicker you terminate it, the better the reader will be pleased."

These extracts indicate the quality of Mr. Barrett's book. He illustrates the principles that he lays down by references to famous short stories by American and English writers. His work has its limitations, but unpretending as it is, it forms an interesting contribution to the literature of the technique of fiction.

*Arthur Fosdick.*

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# THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Educated people generally recognize the fact that the spelling of the English language might be very much improved, but in spite of this the cause of spelling reform has not been materially advanced since the agitation was begun. The trouble is that the world is conservative, and slow to indorse a change even when the advantages of the change are obvious. The use of the metric system, for instance, was legalized in the United States more than thirty years ago, but as its use was not made compulsory people generally preferred to stick to the cumbersome old system, and, excepting a few scientific men, nobody in the United States uses the metric system to any extent to-day. So it is with spelling reform. Almost any educated man will readily admit that the spelling "tho" is more sensible and practical and just as good in every way as the spelling "though," and yet, so powerfully controlling is the force of habit, we all keep on writing "though," even though we recognize the folly of our action. Spelling reform can be accomplished only in two ways — either by legislation which shall make compulsory the use of phonetic word-forms in legal, public, and official documents, and in the public schools, or by the gradual introduction of improved forms for certain words, the use of which in the course of time may become general. The first method is so radical that it is practically impossible. The second method is practicable, but progress under it is likely to be so slow that the improvement made in a generation will hardly be perceptible.

***

Interest in the subject has been renewed recently by the proposition made at the University of Chicago to change the spelling of twelve words in the official publications of the university. The words are catalogue, pedagogue, demagogue, prologue, decalogue, although, though, thorough, thoroughfare, through, throughout, and programme. The spellings proposed are catalog, pedagog, demagog, prolog, decalog, altho, tho, thoro, thorofare, thru, thruout, and program. These spellings are now in use in the publications of the National Education Association. "Catalog," "altho," "tho," and "program" are already rather common spellings, having been in use for some time in a good many publication offices. "Pedagog," "demagog," "prolog," and "decalog" are natural sequences of the use of "catalog," and do not shock the eye especially, while the uselessness of the terminal "ue"

will be generally admitted. The reformed spellings of these words will not meet with much opposition, and "altho" "tho," and "program" also may be accepted without espe cial protest, since the new forms are made simply by dropping useless letters. The spellings "thoro," "thorofare," "thru," and "thruout," however, will not meet with quick approval. In these words radical changes are proposed, not in the way of abbreviation or elision, but in the stem-forms, and the new forms "thoro" and "thorofare" are not phonetic. Any change made in the spelling of the language should be toward a phonetic system, and new forms that are not phonetic should not be proposed until public opinion has been educated so that the whole language can be made over. In the mean time anything that can be done to popularize shortened phonetic word-forms will help improve the English language. The substitution of "f" for "ph," for instance, is a simple change that will not excite violent opposition. The newspapers now talk freely about "the Filipinos" and "the Philippines," and nobody protests. The Spanish spelling in this case is more sensible than ours, and we might well learn a lesson from it. "Fonetic" is more sensible than "phonetic," and the change is scientific and not a violent one. It will be long years, however, before people can be persuaded to write "hwen," "hoo," and "hwich" and other irreproachable phonetic forms. If scientific spelling is ever to become the universal rule, the change must be compulsory, and then a reformed and enlarged alphabet will be required — possibly the one devised by Isaac Pitman, the father of phonography, and used with success in his phonetic publications.

* * *

Inasmuch as the table of contents of a magazine is designed chiefly to inform the reader what the magazine contains, the title of an article ought, as far as possible, to indicate its nature. Editors, as a rule, keep this principle in mind, but occasionally a marked exception may be noted. For instance, the article headed "'Tis a Fragrant Retrospection," in *Donahoe's Magazine* for January, is an illustrated review of James Whitcomb Riley's poems, and the article announced for publication in the *National Magazine* for February under the title "An Unknown Man, Known to Millions," will be a sketch of the late Daniel S. Ford, publisher of the *Youth's Companion*.

* * *

Since the death of Grant Allen the fact has been made known that he was the author of the novel, "The Typewriter Girl," which was published several years ago as the production of Olive Pratt Rayner. In connection with this announcement THE WRITER calls attention to the following paragraph, which was originally published in the *London Mail* for October 1, 1897: —

> That smart, witty, and amusing novel, "The Typewriter Girl," appears to be "catching on." Its author is an American lady, the daughter of Dr. Pratt, of Salem, Massachusetts. Dr. Pratt was a friend and admirer of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, after whom he named his son, Oliver Wendell Pratt, and also his daughter, Olive, the author of this story. Eighteen months ago Miss Pratt married Mr. Theodore Rayner, a British subject, who has vineyards near Verona, where the accomplished lady now resides, making occasional winter trips to Florence and to the Venice which she so well describes in the concluding chapters of "The Typewriter Girl." Olive Pratt Rayner is a pretty little brunette, who affects mannish manners. She is now writing another novel.

Considering the style of this circumstantial paragraph, it is fair to presume that it was inspired by the publisher of the story, or was sent out to editors as publishers' "press notices" usually are. In that case the publisher must have known that he was lying, and his deception of the public was gratuitous and entirely without excuse.

* * *

When a newspaper reviewer speaks of "Jessie Lynch Williams," Mr. Williams probably has no desire at all to lynch the culprit, but he must feel as if he would like to give him Jesse.

W. H. H.

## QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) The *Critic*, dealing with an article in THE WRITER, said recently that "gone" and

"dawn" are not rhymes. Now, as my acquaintances speak them, these words rhyme, for, with the exception of a few young ladies, they all say "gawn." Is this pronunciation so improper and so uncommon as to make the words poor rhymes? Can words rhyme on the street and not in the library? Then, as to sight rhymes, is their hold strong now, or is it loosening? By the way, in the number of the *Critic* spoken of there is a poem by Stevenson giving in the place where a rhyme for "gone" should be the word "sun." G. E. B.

[Strictly speaking, "gone" does not rhyme with "dawn." Authorities on pronunciation say that the "o" in gone should have the same sound as "o" in "accost," that is to say a sound midway between "o" as in "not" and "o" as in "nor." Webster, following Smart, puts "cross," "cost," "broth," "gone," "cough," "trough," and "off" in the same class, and says: "To give the extreme short sound to such words is affectation; to give them the full sound of broad 'a' is vulgar." Most cultivated people who should say: "He was *gone* before *dawn*" would differentiate the vowel sounds in the two italicized words. In strictly formal poetry the use of "gone" and "dawn" together is not allowable; it may be permissible in verse. "Gone" and "sun" do not rhyme at all, either in poetry or in verse, Stevenson or anybody else to the contrary notwithstanding. Generally speaking, "sight rhymes," even in verse, are not allowable in this enlightened era. Dryden could rhyme "load" and "abroad," or Pope "home" and "come," without a protest, but a comic verse maker who should offer the same rhymes to the editor of *Puck* to day would do so at his peril. Dryden made "rock" rhyme with "smoke." Pope rhymed "wise" with "inconsistencies," and Walker in his "Rhyming Dictionary" gives "birch" and "church" as allowable rhymes for "torch," but such looseness in rhyming would not be tolerated to-day by the editor of Ayer's Almanac. The tendency everywhere is to require perfect rhymes, and even rhymes which are slightly imperfect, like "gone" and "dawn," for instance, are generally frowned upon, — all of which is true, even though in the December *Century* Marian Warner Wildman rhymes "sea" with "sea," James Jeffrey Roche "cover" with "over," and Beatrice Hanscom "hear it" with "spirit." — W. H. H.]

## HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

In the first place, put it off as long as possible. Wait until your interest in your friend's letter has evaporated, and you have mislaid the same and partially forgotten its contents. Make it very apparent that nothing but stern Duty drives you to the task.

Take any paper you may happen to have. If the envelope does n't match, don't let a trifle like that deter you. If there is no pale ink at your disposal, a pencil will do. Write first horizontally and then perpendicularly, and let your pen wander to any page it may fancy. Spell a few words wrong, to show that you are no pedant; you can't be expected to be a walking dictionary. Blots may be accomplished incidentally, to indicate careless ease, and a smudge is so pretty. Ignore all punctuation marks except the dash, and use that freely When you are conscious of poverty of thought, underline that part. If you make a joke, an exclamation point will prevent its being overlooked.

When you write a business letter to a stranger there is more than one way to commend yourself to his notice. Never keep to the point. Perhaps there is n't any. Indulge in lengthy digressions and explain everything fully. For all you know, the person addressed may not have the average amount of intelligence. Make assurance doubly sure by a good deal of repetition.

Sign yourself by some nickname, and, whatever else you do, take it for granted that the reader is a seer who can tell by the very way you cross your t's whether you are "Miss" or "Mrs." You may have had occasion to write to this man before. He, of course, has your address. It would be a deplorable waste of ink to give it again.

Now as to the matter of a friendly letter. It will be well to fill the first page or two with apologies for delay. Insinuate that you have more to do than other people, and that your

correspondent's occupations are trifling in comparison.

Do not waste any time in arranging your thoughts. In fact, you need not have any thoughts. Pull at the tangled skein of life by any end that comes uppermost.

Be sure to describe your ailments in detail. Disease is so interesting. Then unload your worries. What is a friend for if not to bestow sympathy upon us? If anything cheerful presents itself to your mind, cut that short.

I strongly advise that you give not one moment's thought to the desires of the absent one. Do not ask yourself what she wishes to hear. True, her letter to you might be some guide, but that may have been merely the reflection of a passing mood. Neither should you meditate on her character, unless it is in order to produce a happy contrast. If she likes books, you can write of children. Is she always interested in dress? Then describe your house-plants. Should she not be above a little innocent gossip, you might quote something about ancient Rome. In pursuing this course you will not be alone in the world, for it is rarely indeed that any one studies the tastes of a correspondent.

It is not nearly as important that your friend should know your opinion of the marked article which she sent you as that she should be made absolutely certain whether it came on Thursday or Friday. Never study variety, or think of what kind of a letter you sent last in this direction. Why should you?

Do not insult the other's intuitions by answering any of her questions. Indeed, you might as well leave her in doubt whether her last letter was received. Reduce the connecting links and the common interests to their smallest proportions. Or, if you prefer, manifest your interest in her affairs by repeating nearly every word she has written, in order to add a commonplace comment. It will save you from thinking up anything new for her entertainment.

If you have anything it particularly concerns your friend to know, mention it briefly at the last, and say you would write more about that if you had time.

These directions, faithfully followed, will doubtless soon save you from the nuisance of writing letters. If otherwise, one is tempted to think that your friend deserves all you have given her. — *Anna Stevens Read, in Self Culture for January.*

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Caroline Brown, who wrote "The Feast in the Forest," in *St. Nicholas* for November, writes in response to a request for personal information: "My turning to writing was from a natural instinct and was developed after five years of teaching followed by a 'breaking down' of seven or eight years' duration. I have experienced the 'ups and downs,' with the 'downs' in an overwhelming majority. It was after a particularly humiliating one ('down' I mean) that my friend, Mrs. Lew Wallace, wife of the author of 'Ben Hur,' came to me in her kind way and asked me to write her a story. She insisted that it was not so much the matter as the manner in which the story was told, and when I disagreed, she cited 'Ben Hur' as being perhaps as old and often-used a theme as any in the world. She suggested that I try a Robin Hood story and I did so, attempting to make it original in treatment. I then planned a series of four tales, two of which *St. Nicholas* has already published, 'George O'Green' and 'The Feast in the Forest.' Previously the *Cosmopolitan* took the first story I was ever happy enough to have accepted by the magazines, and it proved the opening wedge. It was called 'Under the Shadow of Tyburn Tree.' My most ambitious work is a long story founded on Indian war history, with Governor Morton as the central figure. It is now in press and will soon be issued by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. It is entitled 'Knights in Fustian.' I have also done a good deal of special writing for various Western papers, but in future I shall make magazine writing my work."

Katharine Coolidge, whose "Three Sonnets of Worship" appeared in the November *Atlantic*, has just had published by Little, Brown, & Co., a book of poems called "Voices," which includes the three *Atlantic* sonnets. Before that she had published verses in magazines and

one article in the *Arena*, called "The Modern Expression of the Oldest Philosophy," which dealt with the new movement variously called "Mind Cure," "Divine Healing," etc., etc. Mrs. Coolidge is the daughter of Francis Parkman, the historian, and with the exception of six years spent in Paris, after her marriage, has always lived in Boston.

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Maximilian Foster, who wrote "A Harbor Feud," published in the November *Atlantic*, was born in San Francisco, February 27. 1871. He has lived in New York, however, since early boyhood, and for a decade has been on the big New York dailies. As a reporter and editor he has been storing his mind with incidents and situations, and "A Harbor Feud," his first magazine article, has been the fruit of some of them. The material for this was gathered while he was ship news man for the *World*—a position calling for wide acquaintance with men of the sea and much ability for picturesque description. His original story of the feud between the tugboat captains is founded on fact—the names of the tugs and the names of the men who held their helms are but thinly veiled, for every harbor man in New York knows them. It is as a newspaper writer that Mr. Foster is best known in New York. He is now in an editorial capacity with the *Journal*. Mr. Foster has written much for *Forest and Stream;* he is an ardent sportsman and the big moose which he shot in November on the Tobique river, New Brunswick, with its sixty-five inches spread of horns, is said to be the largest one ever shot in North America outside of Alaska. It is certainly the largest ever brought to New York. The day after "A Harbor Feud" appeared in print Mr. Foster received an offer from a well-known publishing firm for a collection of similar short stories to be printed in book form, or for a novel along similar lines. He comes from old New England stock, and besides being a member of the Strollers' Club, belongs to the Sons of the Revolution, the Society of Colonial Wars, and the Military Society of the War of 1812.

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William Hurd Hillyer, author of "The Ballad of Charles Martel," in *St. Nicholas* for November, was born in Atlanta, July 29, 1880. His first public production appeared in the *Atlanta Journal* in 1892, and consisted of seven stanzas entitled "Not These Alone." In June, 1895, the *New York Observer* published a poem of his entitled "Fate's Only Gift," and since then he has contributed many times to its columns. After being graduated as valedictorian from the boys' high school of Atlanta in June, 1898, Mr. Hillyer entered the sophomore class of Mercer University, at Macon, Ga., the following fall, but was obliged to withdraw in two months on account of illness, and did not return. "The Heroes of To-day" appeared in the *Youth's Companion* for November 3, 1898; and that paper has since accepted another poem which has not yet appeared. Since the publication of "Charles Martel" *St. Nicholas* has accepted another manuscript by Mr. Hillyer dealing with a more modern theme. He has also contributed to *Frank Leslie's Magazine*, THE WRITER, the *Atlanta Constitution*, and other periodicals.

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Howard Markle Hoke, author of "The Triangular Dinner-Party," published in the *Cosmopolitan* for November, is one of the story writers who have come prominently before the magazine public in recent years. His literary work has been the result of leisure hours snatched from the routine of exacting clerical work incident to a confidential position in the offices of the Attorney General of Pennsylvania, through the changing administrations of the last twelve years. Writing simply for recreation, although putting each story to the test of submission to the critical eyes of editors, he has made a number of contributions to current magazine fiction which have been refreshing in originality of theme and treatment. He has been intimately associated with men and affairs from early youth, which, combined with an extensive range of discriminate reading, with especial reference to the modern short story in all of its manifestations, has given him exceptional equipment for his work. Mr. Hoke's method of work is interesting. With some simple but unique idea as his central point, he blocks out the rough outline of the story in the form of stenographic notes. The

next step is the transcription of these notes into more coherent form on the typewriter. This rough draft is allowed to lie untouched for several weeks, sometimes for months, when it is again taken up and put through the first purging process by which everything not essential to a clear-cut telling of the story is omitted. Mr. Hoke is unsparing in his elimination of all irrelevant matter and expends more time and pains in emendation than in composition. The last stage of the work is a thorough revision of the manuscript, and sometimes certain parts are rewritten half a dozen times before the story is ready for the publisher Mr. Hoke has confined himself to stories of two kinds — the quaintly humorous and the weird, the bulk of his work being in the former vein. "The Triangular Dinner-Party" is one of his best exemplifications of the first style, and "The House of Fear," although written some years ago, is a good specimen of his treatment of the ghostly motif. In addition to these, he has written "Her Forbidding Ancestor," which won the commendation of Judge Albion Tourgée, "Their Secondary Christmas," which made its appearance in the December number of the *New England Magazine*, and others printed in the San Francisco *Argonaut*, the *Pocket Magazine*, the publications of the Bacheller Syndicate, the *Overland Monthly*, the *Ledger Monthly*, *Outing*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Short Stories*, and elsewhere.

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Charles Woodward Hutson, whose sonnet, entitled "A Spur to Genius," appeared in the November *Century*, is a South Carolinian by birth and a teacher by profession. He is now a professor in the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. His published works are "The Beginning of Civilization," "The Story of Language," a short history of "French Literature," and two little tales, "Out of a Besieged City" and "The Story of Beryl," both pertaining to life on the coast of his native state. In the *Southern Magazine*, edited by Dr. William Hand Browne in Baltimore many years ago, appeared a number of fairy tales, sketches, and essays by Mr. Hutson, then a young man. He also wrote poems at one time for the *Times-Democrat*, of New Orleans, and quite recently several sonnets of his on literary men of the past appeared in the *Bookman*. His also is a poem of humorous intention on the transcendental psychologists, which *Mind* published, seemingly without perception of its hidden meaning. The second volume of "Literary Portraits," a publication of John B. Alden's, from the pages of *Literature*, contains a sketch of Mr. Hutson's career. He has written a good deal, however, since the date of that publication.

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Ellis Meredith is a truly Western product, having been born in Montana. Her name is L. M. Stansbury. However, Meredith, her maiden name, has been so continuously used by her in literary work that she is fully as well known by one as the other. Ellis Meredith's introduction to the reading public was through the *Rocky Mountain News*, of Denver, to which she was for years a daily contributor over her own name and also as an editorial writer. She has also written for all the other Denver dailies. Her work has never been known to indicate the sex of its author. Few of the thousands who have read the Denver newspapers have imagined that many of the strong and forcible editorials were penned by the hand of a woman. She has contributed many articles to Eastern publications upon political and sociological topics. Of these magazines, the *Arena* is the best known. She was one of the leaders in the memorable fight in Colorado for equal suffrage. She is exceptionally strong-minded, but falls far short of embodying any of those objectionable ideas commonly associated with the "New Woman." The chief charm of Ellis Meredith's writings lies in the "snap and go" which uniformly characterizes them all. She is a thorough newspaper woman. At present she is editor and part owner of the *Western Clubwoman*, of Denver. She is prominent in the work of women's clubs in the West, and is widely known among club women. Her short stories have appeared in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, *Sports Afield*, the *Black Cat*, and *Lippincott's*. Several magazines have at present unprinted short stories by her. She contributed "Miss Melissa's Miracle" to the Novem-

ber *Lippincott*. She was one of the prize winners in the *Black Cat* contest of 1898, her story, "The Lost Jurisdiction," deserving much better praise than the "clever and well written."

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Ada C. Sweet, the author of the story, "Poor Miss Pym," published in the November *Harper's*, has written for the Chicago newspapers quite steadily during the past ten years, although she is not a writer by profession, but an attorney, making the prosecution of pension and other government claims her specialty. Miss Sweet's work has appeared in the *Tribune*, *Times-Herald*, and the *Record* in Chicago, in book reviews, editorials, and signed articles on current events. A few poems and short stories that she has written have been noted — especially the little poem, "Summer in Town," which appeared in the *Current* and was copied from one end of the country to the other. "The Re-Union," a dialect poem, which was published by the *Chicago Mail*, was also much copied and recited. Among her short stories, perhaps "Is Marriage a Failure?" which appeared in March, 1898, in the *Woman's Home Companion*, has been most talked about, at least until the recent advent of "Poor Miss Pym."

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Eliza Woodworth, who wrote the poem "Birds in the Autumn Woods," in *Outing* for October, is a native of New York state, and now resides in Washington, D. C. She is the daughter of a clergyman, and on her mother's side is descended from the Gastons of France. Her ancestors came to this country long before the Revolution. She has had poems published in *Leslie's*, *Scribner's Magazine*, the *Independent*, and other periodicals.

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

COMPOSITION AND RHETORIC FOR SCHOOLS. By Robert and Lindsay Todd Damon. 466 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago: Scott, Foresman, & Co. 1899.

Both of the authors of this new Rhetoric are teachers of English at the University of Chicago. They believe that in the earliest years the critical side of teaching should be subordinated to the constructive, stimulative side; that the pupil should be encouraged to write freely and even unconsciously at first, to form habits of thought and of invention before his expression is minutely criticised and pruned. Part I. of the book, therefore, tells the pupil what to write about and how to find material, treats of the development of subjects, shows how subjects should be divided into paragraphs, discusses sentence building, reviews punctuation, tells how to increase a vocabulary, and discusses letter-writing. Part II. treats of Usage; Part III. of Diction; Part IV. of The Rhetorical Laws of the Sentence and the Paragraph; and Part V. of The Whole Composition. The work is intended for school use, but it is equally adapted for home study. The student will find it a trustworthy and useful guide.

DRAWING FOR PRINTERS. By Ernest Knaufft. 246 pp. Cloth, $2.00. Chicago: The Inland Printer Company. 1899.

Mr. Knaufft is editor of the *Art Student*, and director of the Chautauqua Society of Fine Arts. His book is a practical treatise on the art of designing and illustrating in connection with typography, and contains complete information concerning the art of drawing, for the beginner as well as for the more advanced student. Mr. Knaufft not only gives innumerable practical hints about illustration, but he gives them in a novel and interesting way. His book is a complete departure from the usual instruction book in drawing. Beginning with the assertion that from the outset the student's principal work should be the education of the eye, Mr. Knaufft illustrates the principles of perspective, and shows the power of an outline. He next discusses the use of shading, although he advises the beginner to use only outline. Next he tells how to begin a drawing, gives advice about placing the elements of a picture, dwells upon the value of a line, and gives innumerable practical hints about sketching and completing work. Chapter XII. treats of the science of pen-drawing and points out the differences between magazine and newspaper illustration. Examples of different kinds of technique by well-known artists are given here, as elsewhere through the book, and fully analyzed.

A KEN OF KIPLING. By Will M. Clemens. 141 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: New Amsterdam Book Company. 1899.

Mr. Clemens's book is the best available biography of Kipling. It includes a sketch of his career, chapters on his work in prose and verse and his religion, anecdotes regarding him — as nearly authentic as current stories about great men ever are — a reprint from the *New York Herald* of August 17, 1890, of his report of an interview with Mark Twain, and a Kipling bibliography. The illustrations are a photogravure portrait of Mr. Kipling, a picture

of his Brattleboro house, and a reproduction of one of his drawings.

HELPS IN THE USE OF GOOD ENGLISH. By Albert N. Raub, LL. D. 260 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Raub & Co. 1897.

The subjects treated in Dr. Raub's book include Capital Letters, Syllabification, Spelling, Syntax, Punctuation, Letter-writing, and Diction. The greater part of the work is devoted to explaining the principles of English grammar and giving advice about the choice of words. Any one who writes will find it helpful.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By Will M. Clemens. 218 pp Paper, 50 cents. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. 1899.

For a man who has only just passed the age of forty Governor Roosevelt has accomplished a wonderful amount of varied work. Mr. Clemens relates with enthusiasm the details of his career and holds him up as an example of the highest type of American citizenship. The book is well written and of more than ordinary interest. Two fine portraits are given, one of Governor Roosevelt in ordinary dress and the other of Colonel Roosevelt in the khaki of the Rough Riders.

A YANKEE VOLUNTEER. By M. Imlay Taylor. Second edition. 383 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1898.

"A Yankee Volunteer" tells of the adventures of a young man who fought on the side of the Colonies during the American Revolution, and whose quality brought him in contact with General Washington and other leaders of the time. A charming love story runs through the book, and the character of sweet Joyce Talbot is delightfully delineated. Miss Taylor has given to the reader both a faithful picture of Revolutionary times and a most interesting story.

OOM PAUL'S PEOPLE. By Howard C. Hillegas. Illustrated 308 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1899.

The war in South Africa has created a general demand for information about the Transvaal, and the Boers, and the questions involved in the dispute between President Kruger and Secretary Chamberlain, which is well supplied in this book by Mr. Hillegas. The author is an American newspaper man, descended from Dutch stock in Pennsylvania, and he has had excellent opportunities for observing the conditions existing from Cape Town to Pretoria. His sympathies are rather with the Boers, but he tries to be unprejudiced, and on the whole he seems to do justice to all the interests involved in the disagreement which since his book was completed in September has led to war. He begins with a description of South Africa as it is to-day, and sketches the early history of the Boer race, giving then an account of the discovery of gold in the Witwatersrandt district, and showing the growth of the enmity between the Boers and the Uitlanders, which culminated in the Jameson raid. A chapter is devoted to the nature and peculiarities of the Boer of to-day, and two chapters are given to President Kruger, the second reporting an interview which Mr. Hillegas had with him. Other chapters are devoted to Cecil Rhodes, the Boer government (civil and military), the causes of the present dissensions, the Boers' preparations for defense, American interests in South Africa, and Johannesburg as it is to-day. The volume is illustrated with eight half tone reproductions of photographs, and has a good map of South Africa. At any time it would be an important contribution to current history, and just now it is of surpassing interest, because it gives just the information which one needs to get at the merits of the question in dispute and to understand the full meaning of the daily news.

THE WORLD ALMANAC AND ENCYCLOPEDIA — 1900. 540 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: Press Publishing Company, New York World. 1900.

The cheapest book in the world, considering the mass of information it contains, is the annual issue of the "World Almanac." It is a veritable cyclopedia of facts and figures, and it is a prime necessity to any writer for the periodical press. The amount of information that is packed into it is simply marvelous, and everything is correct and up-to-date. The writer on current topics who keeps it within easy reach will use it oftener than any other book of reference.

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC AND POLITICAL REGISTER — 1900. Edited by Henry Eckford Rhoades. 388 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: The Tribune Association. 1900.

For years the "Tribune Almanac" has been a standard annual, indispensable in all newspaper offices and valuable for reference in any library. The issue for 1900 is, as usual, most carefully edited and the information in it may be relied upon as accurate. The "Tribune Almanac" is particularly strong in political information, and the political platforms and convention records in the 1900 issue will be useful in this presidential year.

JENNIE BAXTER, JOURNALIST. By Robert Barr. 337 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1899.

Mr. Barr's story relates the experiences of a fascinating American girl who has determined to make her way in London journalism, and who meets with marvelous success. As an old newspaper man, the author might naturally be expected to write a probable story of newspaper life, showing the woman journalist as she is and illustrating journalistic condition

of the present day. The reader is disappointed, therefore, to find Mr. Barr's story melodramatic in the extreme. The exploits of his heroine are beyond all belief, and the introduction of a pseudo-scientific marvel at the end of the story increases the sensationalism of the book. Regarded merely as a story, "Jennie Baxter, Journalist," is an interesting tale, and the heroine in any light is a fascinating character, but the pictures of newspaper life given in the book are overdrawn, and the journalistic features are in every way unreal.

LOYAL HEARTS AND TRUE. By Ruth Ogden. Illustrated by H. A. Ogden. 352 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1899.

Mrs. Ide has a happy faculty of writing for children stories based on history in such a way that her readers are entertained and at the same time instructed without knowing it. In "A Loyal Little Red-coat" she told a story of Revolutionary days; "Loyal Hearts and True" is a tale of the present time, or at least of the time of the recent Spanish war. The children with whom the story chiefly has to do live in the New York navy yard, and the whole atmosphere of the book is saturated with patriotism. Life on the receiving ship and adventures in Cuba and with the flying squadron are graphically described, and some famous real people are introduced. The book is one that any well-constituted child will read and re-read with delight.

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN. — I. William James Stillman. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

THE MALADY OF REVISION. Contributors' Club. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

A PLEA FOR THE SHIFTLESS READER. Martha Baker Dunn. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

SECRETARY JOHN HAY. Illustrated. Henry McFarland. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for January.

WAGNER'S PERSONALITY. Gustav Kobbé. *Forum* (38 c.) for January.

GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE. — I. German Newspapers. Henry W. Fischer. *Bookman* (23 c.) for January.

SIDNEY LANIER AND HIS SONGS. With portrait. Hervey Smith McCowan. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for January.

TENNYSON'S TWO SEA POEMS. Adèle E. Thompson. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for January.

SOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN. Professor O. S. Dean. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for January.

THE POETIC CABARETS OF PARIS. Illustrated. Eliot Gregory. *Scribner's* (28 c. for January.

ETYMOLOGY AS A GUIDE. The Point of View, *Scribner's* (28 c.) for January.

THE POETIC DRAMA. William Archer. *Critic* (23 c.) for January.

THE LATE GRANT ALLEN. Clement K. Shorter. *Critic* (23 c.) for January.

LITERATURE. John Jay Chapman. *Critic* (23 c.) for January.

ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. — I The Romantic Movement. Lewis E. Gates. *Critic* (23 c.) for January.

A BOOKISH CORNER OF NEW JERSEY. Theodore F. Wolfe, M.D. *Lippincott's* (23 c.) for January.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Illustrated. Will Foster. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

AN AUTHOR'S STORY (Fiction). Maarten Maartens. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for December.

"THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE." The Point of View. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for December.

THE BRONTË SISTERS. Amelia Wofford. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for December.

DICKENS' WONDERFUL WORD PAINTING. Alice Meynell. *Collier's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 16.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Margaret E. Sangster now has a department for women in *Collier's Weekly*.

The advocates of perpetual copyright will hear with satisfaction that Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, has laid their petition before the senate. Congressman E. H. Driggs, of New York, has charge of the petition in the lower house. Authors who have not signed the roll and wish to do so may send their names to Miss Margaret Lee, No. 344 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, who will forward them to Washington.

Philadelphia is to have a new magazine called the *People's Monthly*, the first number of which will be published about January 10. It will be edited by Frank Lee Benedict, the author, who was for many years editor of *Peterson's*, and Joseph P. Reed, formerly editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Arthur's Home Magazine*, who is well known as a magazine writer and special correspondent.

*Historical New England* is a new magazine published monthly at Concord, N. H., by L. L. Whitlocke.

Caspar Whitney, the writer on sports, has severed his connection with *Harper's Weekly*, and will soon begin the publication of a magazine devoted to sport, travel, and adventure, with a weekly paper in the season of out-door sports.

Daniel Mallett, Flatbush, N. Y., will publish in February the first number of a monthly periodical entitled the *Magazine of Poetry*, and will send a specimen copy to any reader of THE WRITER who asks for it.

The *Sunday Companion* is a new children's paper published at Albany, N. Y., by D. H. McBride & Co., with editorial offices at Akron, O., where manuscripts should be addressed.

The *Story-teller* is the title of a little one-column magazine "for children of all ages," published at Terre Haute, Ind. Its purpose is to retell in simple phrase famous legends and myths and incidents in the lives of great and good men and women.

The *Chilhowee Echo* is a new journal for women published at Knoxville, Tenn.

S. S. McClure and Frank N. Doubleday have separated. Mr. McClure will hereafter publish books as well as *McClure's Magazine*, and he is also planning a new monthly periodical, to be called *McClure's Review*. Mr. Doubleday has associated with himself Walter H. Page, recently editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the new firm may be styled Doubleday, Page, & Co. It will have quarters at 34 Union square, New York.

The *Arena*, which has recently been bought by the Alliance Publishing Company, New York, will hereafter consist of signed essays — fiction and poetry being omitted. The departments will be succeeded by symposia, presenting legitimate views of all sides of the subjects discussed. The magazine will be non-partisan and non-sectarian — without creed or platform. In addition to the regular issue, there will be a quarterly, which will appear first on April 15. The quarterly will discuss problems of municipal government exclusively. The new *Arena* will be published in the Life building, under the management of N. O. Fanning.

*Demorest's Magazine* has been discontinued, and Robert Bonner's Sons have acquired the copyright, subscription lists, etc., and will fill unexpired subscriptions with the *Ledger Monthly*. Accepted manuscripts are being returned to authors.

On and after January 1, *Collier's Weekly* and all other publications issued from the presses of Peter Fenelon Collier will bear the imprint "P. F. Collier & Son." Robert J. Collier, who is now junior partner in the firm, was graduated from Georgetown University, District of Columbia, in 1894, continued his studies at Oxford, England, and at Harvard, and in January, 1898, assumed the editorship of *Collier's Weekly*. Since then his attention has been almost exclusively devoted to the improvement of that publication along progressive lines.

The *Universal Brotherhood Magazine* (New York) changes its name with the new year to the *Universal Brotherhood Path*.

The *Humane Alliance* (New York) changes its name with the January number to the *Animal World*.

Colonel W. T. Dowdall has bought *Carter's Monthly* (Chicago). Opie Read will continue to be the editor.

The Young Churchman Company has bought the *Living Church*, of Chicago, and it will be published hereafter in Milwaukee.

The *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (St. Louis) has absorbed the *Methodist Magazine* (New York).

The total liabilities of Harper & Brothers are $2,993,000. The secured indebtedness is $1,001,000. The assets available to meet unsecured claims amount to $442,607, or about 22 per cent. of the indebtedness, exclusive of cost of receivership and liquidation. In the first eight months of 1899 the firm lost $400,000. Colonel Harvey has reduced operating expenses $20,000 a month, and believes that the business can be made to pay $100,000 profit in 1900. Unless it is kept going, unsecured creditors, including authors who have claims for royalties, will get little or nothing. Some small creditors are trying to throw the firm into bankruptcy, but they will probably not be successful.

The *Cosmopolitan* (New York) offers $2,000 in prizes to students of the leading universities for the ablest presentation of the subject: "Modern Education: Does it educate in the broadest and most liberal sense of the term?"

By addressing the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Congregational house, Boston, circulars giving particulars of an offer of prizes for essays on missionary topics may be obtained. A prize of $150 is offered for the best essay from pastors, and one of $25 for the best essay from Sunday school scholars, while there are several lesser prizes.

In his essay on "Literature," in the January *Critic*, John Jay Chapman taunts editors for not daring to publish what the writers write, and he also taunts writers for not writing all that they think.

In *Ev'ry Month* (New York) for January is an interesting sketch of the life of the "Private Secretary Girl," giving the details of work in a professional field which is widening rapidly, and cataloguing the essentials of success.

An appreciation of "Ironquill," the Kansas poet, is given in the January number of the *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine*, with pictures of the poet and his home in Topeka.

"Marlowe's Assignment," in the January Magazine Number of the *Outlook*, is a story of newspaper life, by turns humorous and pathetic.

In "Literary Boston of To-day" and "Old Cambridge Days," in the *National Magazine* (Boston) for January, the reader sees contrasted the old and the new order of Boston's literary guild.

The leading article in *Brush and Pencil* (Chicago) for January is on Daniel Chester French and his work, and is written by Lorado Taft. The illustrations depict the John Harvard statue, the Lewis Cass statue, the Gallaudet monument, "Death and the Sculptor," the "Angel of Life," the figures from the John Boyle O'Reilly monument, the equestrian statue of Grant, the World's Fair works of the sculptor, the memorial angel for a monument in Forest Hills cemetery, etc., etc.

"The Real Mr. Dooley," in the *Home Magazine* (New York) for January, presents the interesting character of one James McGarry, of Chicago, who first gave to Peter Finley Dunne the idea of the now world-famous "Dooley" stories.

Mark Twain appears in *McClure's Magazine* for January in the new character of a poet. His poem is addressed to Howells, Aldrich, Cable, Stockton, and other of his fellow-authors, and is prefaced by a typical Mark Twain story, in which these friends of his have a part. The contribution is accompanied by a recent unpublished portrait of Mark Twain.

In "A Day with the Author of 'Richard Carvel,'" in the *National Magazine* for December, Joe Mitchell Chapple tells of the home life and surroundings of Winston Churchill, and of how and why "Richard Carvel" came into being.

Edward F. Bigelow, editor of *Popular Science*, a well-known specialist in nature study, is to conduct a department of "Nature and Science for Young Folks" in *St. Nicholas*, and will answer all the questions children ask him. Another new departure is the St. Nicholas League, an organization of young people, wherein prizes are offered for the best compositions, drawings, and photographs sent in.

In the January *Atlantic* Martha B. Dunn makes a winning "Plea for the Shiftless Reader,"—for the amateur, the heart-free lover of books who reads for the simple joy of it, careless whether the "authorities" have given their approval or not.

The *New York Evening Post* for December 30 contained a "Retrospect of Forty Years," by Edwin L. Godkin, its late editor, giving a review of his experience in journalism.

Daniel S. Ford, publisher of the *Youth's Companion*, died in Boston December 24, aged seventy-seven.

Professor Elliott Coues died in Baltimore December 25, aged fifty-seven.

E. V. Smalley, editor of the *Northwestern Magazine*, died at St. Paul, Minn., December 29, aged fifty-eight.

# THE WRITER:

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## PROPERTY OF AUTHORS.

The recently organized National Institute of Arts and Letters held its first meeting in Carnegie Hall in New York January 30. The president, Charles Dudley Warner, was unable to be present on account of illness, but his address was read by Hamilton Mabie. It was as follows: —

It is believed that the advancement of art and literature in this country will be promoted by the organization of the producers of literature and art. This is in strict analogy with the action of other professions and of almost all the industries. No one doubts that literature and art are or should be leading interests in our civilization, and their dignity will be enhanced in the public estimation by a visible organization of their representatives, who are seriously determined upon raising the standards by which the work of writers and artists is judged. The association of persons having this common aim cannot but stimulate effort, soften unworthy rivalry into generous competition, and promote enthusiasm and good-fellowship in their work. The mere coming together to compare views and discuss interests, and tendencies, and problems, which concern both the workers and the great public, cannot fail to be of benefit to both.

It is generally conceded that what literature in America needs at this moment is honest, competent, sound criticism. This is not likely to be attained by sporadic efforts, especially in a democracy of letters where the critics are not always superior to the criticised, where the man in front of the book is not always a better marksman than the man behind the book. It may not be attained even by an organization of men united upon certain standards of excellence. I do not like to use the word authority, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that the public will be influenced by a body devoted to the advancement of art and literature, whose sincerity and discernment it has learned to respect, and admission into whose ranks will, I hope, be considered a distinction to be sought for by good work. The fashion of the day is rarely the judgment of posterity. You will recall what Byron wrote to Coleridge: "I trust you do not permit yourself to be depressed by the temporary partiality of what is called 'the public' for the favorites of the moment; all experience is against the permanency of such impressions. You must have lived to see many of these pass away, and will survive many more."

The chief concern of the National Institute is with the production of works of art and of literature, and with their distribution. In the remarks following I shall confine myself to the production and distribution of literature. In the limits of this brief address I can only in outline speak of certain tendencies and prac-

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tices which are affecting this production and this distribution. The interests involved are, 1st, those of the author; 2d, those of the publisher; 3d, those of the public. As to all good literature, the interests of these three are identical if the relations of the three are on the proper basis. For the author a good book is of more pecuniary value than a poor one, setting aside the question of fame; to the publisher the right of publishing a good book is solid capital — an established house, in the long run, makes more money on "Standards" than on "Catch-pennies"; and to the public the possession of the best literature is the breath of life, as that of the bad and mediocre is moral and intellectual decadence. But in practice the interests of the three do not harmonize. The author, even supposing his efforts are stimulated by the highest aspiration for excellence and not by any commercial instinct, is compelled by his circumstances to get the best price for his production; the publisher wishes to get the utmost return for his capital and his energy; and the public wants the best going for the least money.

Consider first the author, and I mean the author, and not the mere craftsman who manufactures books for a recognized market. His sole capital is his talent. His brain may be likened to a mine, gold, silver, copper, iron, or tin, which looks like silver when new. Whatever it is, the vein of valuable ore is limited, in most cases it is slight. When it is worked out the man is at the end of his resources. Has he expended or produced capital? I say he has produced it, and contributed to the wealth of the world, and that he is as truly entitled to the usufruct of it as the miner who takes gold or silver out of the earth. For how long? I will speak of that later on. The copyright of a book is not analogous to the patent right of an invention, which may become of universal necessity to the world. Nor should the greater share of this usufruct be absorbed by the manufacturer and publisher of the book. The publisher has a clear right to guard himself against risks, as he has the right of refusal to assume them. But there is an injustice somewhere, when for many a book, valued and even profitable to somebody, the author does not receive the price of a laborer's day wages for the time spent on it — to say nothing of the long years of its gestation.

The relation between author and publisher ought to be neither complicated nor peculiar. The author may sell his product outright, or he may sell himself by an agreement similar to that which an employee in a manufacturing establishment makes with his master to give to the establishment all his inventions. Either of these methods is fair and business-like, though it may not be wise. A method that prevailed in the early years of this century was both fair and wise. The author agreed that the publisher should have the exclusive right to publish his book for a certain term or to make and sell a certain number of copies. When those conditions were fulfilled, the control of the property reverted to the author. The continuance of these relations between the two depended, as it should depend, upon mutual advantage and mutual good will.

By the present common method the author makes over the use of his property to the will of the publisher. It is true that he parts with the use only of the property and not with the property itself, and the publisher in law acquires no other title, nor does he acquire any sort of interest in the future products of the author's brain. But the author loses all control of his property, and its profit to him may depend upon his continuing to make over his books to the same publisher. In this continuance he is liable to the temptation to work for a market, instead of following the free impulses of his own genius. As to any special book the publisher is the sole judge whether to push it or to let it sink into the stagnation of unadvertised goods.

The situation is full of complications. Theoretically, it is the interest of both parties to sell as many books as possible; but the author has an interest in one book, the publisher in a hundred, and it is natural and reasonable that the man who risks his money should be the judge of the policy best for his whole establishment. I cannot but think that this situation would be on a juster footing all round if the author returned to the old practice of limiting the use of his property by the pub-

lisher. I say this in full recognition of the fact that the publishers might be unwilling to make temporary investments, or to take risks. What then? Fewer books might be published Less vanity might be gratified. Less money might be risked in experiments upon the public, and more might be made by distributing good literature. Would the public be injured? It is an idea already discredited that the world owes a living to everybody who thinks he can write, and it is a superstition already fading that capital which exploits literature as a trade acquires any special privileges.

The present international copyright, which primarily concerns itself with the manufacture of books, rests upon an unintelligible protective tariff basis. It should rest primarily upon an acknowledgment of the author's right of property in his own work, the same universal right that he has in any other personal property. The author's international copyright should be no more hampered by restrictions and encumbrances than his national copyright. Whatever regulations the government may make for the protection of manufactures, or trade industries, or for purposes of revenue on importations, they should not be confounded with the author's right of property. They have no business in an international copyright act, agreement, or treaty. The United States copyright for native authors contains no manufacturing restrictions. All we ask is, that foreign authors shall enjoy the same privileges we have under our law, and that foreign nations shall give our authors the privileges of their local copyright laws. I do not know any American author of any standing who has ever asked or desired protection against foreign authors.

This subject is so important that I may be permitted to enlarge upon it, in order to make clear suggestions already made, and to array again arguments more or less familiar. I do this in the view of bringing before the Institute work worthy of its best efforts, which if successful will entitle this body to the gratitude and respect of the country. I refer to the speedy revision of our confused and wholly inadequate American copyright laws, and later on to a re-adjustment of our international relations.

In the first place, let me bring to your attention what is, to the vast body of authors, a subject of vital interest, which it is not too much to say has never received that treatment from authors themselves which its importance demands. I refer to the property of authors in their productions. In this brief space and time I cannot enter fully upon this great subject, but must be content to offer certain suggestions for your consideration.

The property of an author in the product of his mental labor ought to be as absolute and unlimited as his property in the product of his physical labor. It seems to me idle to say that the two kinds of labor products are so dissimilar that the ownership cannot be protected by like laws. In this age of enlightenment such a proposition is absurd. The history of copyright law seems to show that the treatment of property in brain product has been based on this erroneous idea. To steal the paper on which an author has put his brain work into visible, tangible form is in all lands a crime, larceny, but to steal the brain work is not a crime. The utmost extent to which our enlightened American legislators, at almost the end of the nineteenth century, have gone in protecting products of the brain has been to give the author power to sue in civil courts, at large expense, the offender who has taken and sold his property.

And what gross absurdity is the copyright law which limits even this poor defence of authors' property to a brief term of years, after the expiration of which he or his children and heirs have no defence, no recognized property whatever in his products. And for some inexplicable reason this term of years in which he may be said to own his property is divided into two terms, so that at the end of the first he is compelled to reassert his ownership by renewing his copyright, or he must lose all ownership at the end of the short term.

It is manifest to all honest minds that if an author is entitled to own his work for a term of years, it is equally the duty of his government to make that ownership perpetual. He can own and protect and leave to his children

and his children's children by will the manuscript paper on which he has written, and he should have equal right to leave to them that mental product which constitutes the true money value of his labor. It is unnecessary to say that the mental product is always as easy to be identified as the physical product. Its identification is absolutely certain to the intelligence of judges and juries. And it is apparent that the interests of assignees, who are commonly publishers, are equal with those of authors, in making absolute and perpetual this property in which both are dealers.

Another consideration follows here. Why should the ownership of a bushel of wheat, a piece of silk goods, a watch, or a handkerchief in the possession of an American carried or sent to England or brought thence to this country be absolute and unlimited, while the ownership of his own products as an author or as a purchaser from an author is made dependent on his nationality? Why should the property of the manufacturer of cloths, carpets, satins and any and every description of goods be able to send his products all over the world, subject only to the tariff laws of various countries, while the author (alone of all known producers) is forbidden to do so? The existing law of our country says to the foreign author: "You can have property in your book only if you manufacture it into salable form in this country." What would be said of the wisdom or wild folly of a law which sought to protect other American industries by forbidding the importation of all foreign manufactures?

No question of tariff protection is here involved. What duty shall be imposed upon foreign products or foreign manufactures is a question of political economy. The wrong against which authors should protest is in annexing to their terms of ownership of their property a protective tariff provision. For, be it observed, this is a subject of abstract justice, moral right, and it matters nothing whether the author be American, English, German, French, Hindoo, or Chinese—and it is very certain that when America shall enact a simple, just, copyright law, giving to every human being the same protection of law to his property in his mental products as in the work of his hands, every civilized nation on earth will follow the noble example.

As it now stands, authors who annually produce the raw material for manufacturing purposes to an amount in value of millions, supporting vast populations of people, authors whose mental produce rivals and exceeds in commercial value many of the great staple products of our fields, are the only producers who have no distinct property in their products, who are not protected in holding on to the feeble tenure the law gives them, and whose quasi property in their works, flimsy as it is, is limited to a few years, and cannot with certainty be handed down to their children.

It will be said, it is said, that it is impossible for the author to obtain an acknowledgment of absolute right of property in his brain work. In our civilization we have not yet arrived at this state of justice. It may be so. Indeed, some authors have declared that this justice would be against public policy. I trust they are sustained by the lofty thought that in this view they are rising above the petty realm of literature into the broad field of statesmanship.

But I think there will be a general agreement that in the needed revisal of our local copyright law we can attain some measure of justice. Some of the most obvious hardships can be removed. There is no reason why an author should pay for the privilege of a long life by the loss of his copyrights, and that his old age should be embittered by poverty because he cannot have the results of the labor of his vigorous years. There is no reason why, if he dies young, he should leave those dependent on him without support, for the public has really no more right to appropriate his book than it would have to take his house from his widow and children. His income at best is small, after he has divided with the paper-makers, the printers, and the publishers.

No, there can certainly be no valid argument against extending the copyright of the author to his own lifetime, with the addition of forty or fifty years for the benefit of his heirs.

I will not leave this portion of the topic without saying that a perfectly harmonious relation between authors and publishers is most earnestly to be desired, nor without the

frank acknowledgment that in literary tradition and in the present experience many of the most noble friendships and the most generous and helpful relations have subsisted, as they ought always to subsist, between the producers and the distributors of literature, especially when the publisher has a love for literature and the author is a reasonable being and takes pains to inform himself about the publishing business.

One aspect of the publishing business which has become increasingly prominent during the last fifteen years cannot be overlooked, for it is certain to affect seriously the production of literature as to quality and its distribution. Capital has discovered that literature is a product out of which money can be made, in the same way that it can be made in cotton, wheat, or iron. Never before in history has so much money been invested in publishing, with the single purpose of creating and supplying the market with manufactured goods. Never before has there been such an appeal to the reading public, or such a study of its tastes, or supposed tastes, wants. likes, and dislikes, coupled also with the same shrewd anxiety to ascertain a future demand that governs the purveyors of spring and fall styles in millinery and dressmaking. Not only the contents of the books and periodicals, but the covers must be made to catch the fleeting fancy. Will the public next season wear its hose dotted or striped?

Another branch of this activity is the so called syndicating of the author's products in the control of one salesman, in which good work and inferior work are coupled together at a common selling price and in common notoriety. This insures a wider distribution, but what is its effect upon the quality of literature? Is it your observation that the writer for a syndicate, on solicitation for a price or an order for a certain kind of work, produces as good quality as when he works independently, uninfluenced by the spirit of commercialism? The question is a serious one for the future of literature.

The consolidation of capital in great publishing establishments has its advantages and its disadvantages. It increases vastly the yearly output of books. The presses must be kept running; printers, paper-makers, and machinists are interested in this. The maw of the press must be fed. The capital must earn its money. One advantage of this is that when new and usable material is not forthcoming, the "standards" and the best literature must be reproduced in countless editions, and the best literature is broadcast over the world at prices to suit all purses, even the leanest. The disadvantage is that products, in the eagerness of competition for a market, are accepted which are of a character to harm and not help the development of the contemporary mind in moral and intellectual strength. The public expresses its fear of this in the phrase it has invented — "the spawn of the press." The author who writes simply to supply this press and in constant view of a market, is certain to deteriorate in his quality; nay, more, as a beginner he is satisfied if he can produce something that will sell without regard to its quality.

Is it extravagant to speak of a tendency to make the author merely an adjunct of the publishing house? Take as an illustration the publications in books and magazines relating to the late Spanish-American war. How many of them were ordered to meet a supposed market, and how many of them were the spontaneous and natural productions of writers who had something to say? I am not quarreling, you see, with the newspapers who do this sort of thing; I am speaking of the tendency of what we have been accustomed to call literature to take on the transient and hasty character of the newspaper.

In another respect, in method, if not in quality, this literature approaches the newspaper. It is the habit of some publishing houses, not of all, let me distinctly say, to seek always notoriety, not to nurse and keep before the public mind the best that has been evolved from time to time, but to offer always something new. The year's flooring is threshed off and the floor swept to make room for a fresh batch. Effort eventually ceases for the old and approved, and is concentrated on experiments. This is like the conduct of a newspaper. It is assumed that the public must be startled all the time.

I speak of this freely, because I think it as

bad policy for the publisher as it is harmful to the public of readers. The same effort used to introduce a novelty will be much better remunerated by pushing the sale of an acknowledged good piece of literature. Literature depends, like every other product, bought by the people, upon advertising, and it needs much effort usually to arrest the attention of our hurrying public upon what it would most enjoy if it were brought to its knowledge.

It would not be easy to fix the limit in this vast country to the circulation of a good book if it were properly kept before the public. Day by day, year by year, new readers are coming forward with curiosity and intellectual wants. The generation that now is should not be deprived of the best in the last generation. Nay, more, one publication in any form reaches only a comparatively small portion of the public that would be interested in it. A novel, for instance, may have a large circulation in a magazine, it may then appear in a book, it may reach other readers serially again in the columns of a newspaper, it may be offered again in all the by-ways by subscription, and yet not nearly exhaust its legitimate running power. This is not a supposition, but a fact proved by trial. Nor is it to be wondered at, when we consider that we have an unequaled homogeneous population with a similar common school education. In looking over publishers' lists I am constantly coming across good books out of print, which are practically unknown to this generation, and yet are more profitable, truer to life and character, more entertaining and amusing, than most of those fresh from the press month by month.

Of the effect upon the literary product of writing to order, in obedience to a merely commercial instinct, I need not enlarge to a company of authors, any more than to a company of artists I need to enlarge upon the effect of a like commercial instinct upon art.

I am aware that the evolution of literature or art in any period, in relation to the literature and art of the world, cannot be accurately judged by contemporaries and participants, nor can it be predicted. But I have great expectations of the product of both in this country, and I am sure that both will be affected by the conduct of persons now living. It is for this reason that I have spoken.

## THE REVIVAL OF OLD ENGLISH WORDS.

In remote country neighborhoods one often chances upon some peculiar expression, which, when traced to its sources, proves to be a good Old English word or phrase that has become obsolete in the literary language. Such archaisms are called impurities by the rhetoricians, but they belong to a very different linguistic class from the solecisms and vulgarisms that make up the mass of provincialisms in dialectic English. The finding of such a word or phrase is a rare pleasure to the philologist. He gathers it eagerly into his collection, with a feeling akin to that of the botanist who by good fortune discovers some rare flower of a species that he knows will soon be extinct.

These Old English survivals are more common in England and Scotland than in America. Yet they are to be found with us also. I recall with pleasure the language of a country neighbor who used to be "flustrated" at all unusual happenings, and was always "much beholden" for all small favors.

A witness in a court of the Appalachian mountain region, on being asked to state the position of a certain man on a given occasion, replied: "He stood fornenst me, your honor." The judge repeated the question with the demand for a more explicit answer. "He was

just perexactly fornenst me, your honor," was all that the puzzled witness could say. After the amusement of the attorneys had subsided, some one took the trouble to look up the word, and found that "fornenst," meaning "over and against," was precisely the word that was appropriate to the occasion.

An editorial note in THE WRITER some months ago referred to the use of "onto" in the headline of a New York daily, "Fell Three Stories Onto a Feather Bed." After saying that "onto is hardly in good standing yet," the editorial deduced the sensible conclusion that in speaking of "a motion down and onward 'onto' is a very useful word." "Onto" is a good Old English preposition of the same class as "into" or "upon." Although the word had dropped out of literary use, it seems to be rapidly reviving. I have met it several times in recent high-class literature, though one recent monthly uses "on to," written as two separate words, with a meaning that would precisely justify its use as a single preposition.

Many English words have taken a new lease of life after being obsolete for a time. In the seventeenth century the words "transcend," "carve," "blithe," "blend," "sphere," "anthem," "thrill," "dovetail," "ledge," "tissue," "plunge," "resource," "tapestry," "villainy," were regarded as obsolete. Yet these had all been used by Chaucer and his contemporaries, and to-day most of them seem indispensable. In the age of Spenser "dapper," "scathe," "askance," "embellish," "forestall," and "fain" were condemned as archaic, yet all have renewed their vitality since that era.

Almost every writer of power will occasionally use with strong effect an archaic term that he has unearthed from the treasures of the older English vocabulary. This is especially true of poets, who recognize that the unusualness of the archaic word will sometimes heighten the poetic effect. With this end in view, we sometimes find the old past participles in "t," such as "drest," "dropt," "fixt," "leapt," etc., used instead of the regular form in "ed." Longfellow uses "dove" as the past tense of "dive," and Tennyson in "The Brook" speaks of "twenty thorps," meaning "villages."

The power to make compounds freely, which belonged to the older English, though in a less degree than to the German tongue, seems to be again coming to the front. It has been said that if Americans were as loyal as Germans they would say "mineral oil" instead of "petroleum," "water-stuff" and "sour-stuff" for "hydrogen" and "oxygen," and "star-knowledge," "earth-knowledge," etc., instead of "astronomy," "geology," and the other names of sciences. Some of the great scientific men are, indeed, beginning to speak of "sun-stuff," "star-stuff," and "life-stuff," and the word "soul-stuff" may be found in a recent literary book by Elbert Hubbard. "Foreword," instead of "preface," is the choice of some writers. "Outgo" is a good opposite for "income." Many other compounds of "out," such as "outdo," "outwear," "outflow," are frequently heard. "Outing" and "inning" seem to have come in through the ball game, and "outlander" for "foreigner" has found its way into English by way of the Transvaal.

Sidney Lanier uses this compound-making power of English freely and with good poetic effect. Such words as "a-tremble," "a-flicker," "far-drifting," "sea-confines," "bow-and-string tension," "unjealous," "age-feeble," and a host of others illustrate the compound making tendency that shows itself in all his verse writings.

"Lovesome," "hatesome," "book-house," "world-weal," "lack-brain," "break-vow," are Old English derivatives which have been, in a measure, lost. But they are legitimate to the language, and one need not be afraid of using them if they seem to be needed.

There is certainly much that may be said in favor of rescuing from oblivion expressive words that are native to "our Dame's tongue." One should not suffer himself to use affectation in calling back a term that is not needed, but if the vocabulary is meagre, it is better to go to the treasuries of the older English than to coin a new word or to adopt one from a foreign language. Good writers are properly shy of alien and newly-coined words, but the native and half-forgotten ones, when appropriately used, will always receive a hearty welcome.

ROCHESTER, MASS. *Mary Hall Leonard.*

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The National Institute of Arts and Letters, for which the address by Charles Dudley Warner printed in this number of THE WRITER was prepared, is likely to be an important factor in the development of American literature. The original members were selected by an invitaiton from the American Social Science Association, which acted under the power of its charter from the Congress of the United States. The members thus selected, who joined the Social Science Association, were given the alternative of organizing as an independent Institute or as a branch of the Association. At the annual meeting of the Social Science Association on September 4, 1899, at Saratoga Springs, the members of the Institute voted to organize independently. They formally adopted the revised constitution, which had been agreed upon at the first meeting, in New York in the preceding January, and duly elected officers. The object is declared to be the advancement of art and literature, and the qualification shall be notable achievement in art or letters. The number of active members will probably be ultimately fixed at one hundred. The society may elect honorary and associate members without limit. By the terms of agreement between the American Social Science Association and the National Institute, the members of each are *ipso facto* associate members of the other. As Mr. Warner says: "In no other way as well as by association of this sort can be created the feeling of solidarity in our literature and the recognition of its power. It is not expected to raise any standard of perfection, or in any way to hamper individual development, but a body of concentrated opinion may raise the standard by promoting healthful and helpful criticism, by discouraging mediocrity, and meretricious smartness, by keeping alive the traditions of good literature, while it is as hospitable to all discoverers of new worlds. A safe motto for any such society would be, Tradition and Freedom — *Traditio et Libertas*."

* * *

The simplicity of Ruskin's style is used by the *New York Journal* as the text of a short sermon to writers. Here it is: —

"John Ruskin was an Oxford graduate, an M. A., a D. C. L., an F. G. S., an F. Z. S., an F. R. I. B. A., and one of the greatest masters of style that ever wrote English, or any other language. Naturally you would think that he would write in a stately language, with a procession of the longest words he could find in

the dictionary, interspersed with Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian quotations. Well, look at this: —

The first of all English games is making money. That is an all-absorbing game; and we knock each other down oftener in playing at that than at football, or any other roughest sport; and it is absolutely without purpose; no one who engages heartily in that game ever knows why. Ask a great money-maker what he wants to do with his money — he never knows. He does n't make it to do anything with it. He gets it only that he may get it. "What will you make of what you have got?" you ask. "Well, I 'll get more," he says. Just as, at cricket, you get more runs. There's no use in the runs, but to get more of them than other people is the game. And there's no use in the money, but to have more of it than other people is the game.

"Look closely at that paragraph. There are 146 words in it, and 117 of them are of one syllable. Of the rest twenty-three are of two syllables, five of three, and one of four. None is longer than that, and even that four-syllable word is a very common one — "absolutely." There are twenty-five one-syllable words in succession. That is easy reading, but if you think it is easy writing, try to write a sentence yourself with twenty-five words of one syllable in a row.

"And that is not exceptional with Ruskin. Take this: —

Of all wastes, the greatest waste that you can commit is the waste of labor. If you went down in the morning into your dairy, and found that your youngest child had got down before you, and that he and the cat were at play together, and that he had poured out all the cream on the floor for the cat to lap up, you would scold the child, and be sorry the cream was wasted. But if, instead of wooden bowls with milk in them, there are golden bowls with human life in them, and instead of the cat to play with, the devil to play with; and you yourself the player; and instead of leaving that golden bowl to be broken by God at the fountain, you break it in the dust yourself, and pour the human life out on the ground for the fiend to lick up — that is no waste!

"Here are 128 words of one syllable against twenty-four of two and one of three syllables. There are twenty-five one-syllable words in succession in one place and fifteen in another. All good plain English words — no foreign quotations anywhere. Ruskin got good out of his Greek and Latin — they gave ease and certainty to his style — but he did not let them obtrude themselves in their raw state.

"It takes hard work to write as simply as Ruskin, and then you can't do it unless you have the knack. But at least you can write as simply as you know how, instead of putting on exhibition the longest and least familiar words in your stock."

* * *

When Theodosia Pickering Garrison begins a poem in *Harper's Bazar*: —

I cannot think of her as one of His
  Exquisite angels, fair, and very wise
In all the many ways of perfect bliss,
  Treading the flowered fields of Paradise,

etc., she shows that she needs to look up the pronunciation of "exquisite."

* * *

Thomas Dunn English says that no man should try to write poetry until after he is thirty, or a novel until after he is forty. Rudyard Kipling was born December 30, 1865.

W. H. H.

## QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Is Miss Mary Kingsley the daughter of Charles Kingsley or his niece? I have seen it stated both ways. F. D. P.

[Miss Mary H. Kingsley is the daughter of George Henry Kingsley, and Charles Kingsley was her uncle. "Lucas Malet" is the daughter of Charles Kingsley. — W. H. H.]

## "NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

| | |
|---|---|
| Can it be possible? — *Boston Transcript.* | Is it possible? |
| "Will we ever have any cold weather this winter?" is the question which Bostonians are asking each other to-day. — *Boston Herald.* | "Shall we have any cold weather this winter?" is the question that Bostonians are asking one another to-day. |
| While stopping at Stratford-on-Avon recently. — *Philadelphia Press.* | While staying at Stratford-on-Avon recently. |

## WOMAN IN JOURNALISM.

A girl anxious to become self-supporting often feels that her speediest pathway is by the road of the newspaper. Law, or medicine, or art require each an imperative term of study

after graduation from college, but journalism is less jealously guarded, and no tedious novitiate is necessary to the determined aspirant. Indeed, the only safe and sure method of ascertaining whether or not one may succeed in journalism is comprised in a single word—Try.

The newspaper woman in her early days must be a submissive and obliging maid of all work. It is important that she shall know how to spell, how to write simple and straightforward English, how to condense, cut off superfluities, and tell a large thing in a little space. Equally, it is essential for her to have mastered the art of rapid work.

And she must have insight. The whole matter of modern journalism may be described in three phases—to see, to choose, to tell. A great deal which a girl laboriously learns at college is of absolutely no value to her beyond its walls except as it may have trained her in these three particulars; that is, if she has resolved to enter journalism.

Girls often leave college with a wish to enter the drawing-room car of journalism, disdaining the climbing process, which is usually inevitable. "I prefer the writing of book reviews," they say, failing to comprehend that a wide experience of life and maturity of thought, as well as omnivorous reading, must fit one for the office of critic; failing also to understand that they are asking for dessert before they have even tasted the soup. The girl who is in dead earnest will, so to speak, lay aside all desire for ease, and at once accept any offered assignment, going where she is sent, doing as she is bidden, behaving precisely like a soldier on duty, and taking with a grateful heart whatever space rates her paper pays.

By degrees the young woman who is always on time, whose work is clean and intelligent, not slovenly and confused, and who has an ear and an eye for whatever is interesting, will win her way. In these days the news, foreign or domestic, is gathered according to organized system, and the young reporter must rather write charming and clever paragraphs about people and incidents than be on the watch for happenings outside her sphere of service.

The ability to paragraph well is not very common, and is often highly paid. It is a usual mistake to fancy that influence and introductions largely aid a beginner. Ability and pluck are far more serviceable than personal recommendations. I have seen utterly unknown young women from Maine, from Iowa, from Kentucky, who came to New York and achieved success in the newspaper world. They had the requisite perseverance and skill.

Undoubtedly a woman's charm of manner helps her, not because she is a woman, but because charm and suavity count for much with both men and women.

A woman needs a firm stock of health if she is to be a journalist, for she may have late hours and long ones, and she must work hard and encounter every sort of weather in the calendar. She must possess common sense and dress properly for her work. A short skirt, thick boots, a trim small hat, a business dress as well as a business air are requisites of the newspaper woman's outfit. Feathers and picture hats and tags and fripperies are out of place for her.

She will do well to have a specialty if she wishes to become known and trusted. There are advantages in being identified with a certain line, so that when the editor wants clubs, or conventions, or woman's congresses written up he can turn at once to a woman who has the special movement at her fingers' ends.

A woman may very properly go about with a sheaf of suggestions, offering this, that, or the other topic to editors, who may or may not see their way to asking a "story" from her on any of the themes on her list. Editors receive suggestions very cheerfully and sometimes adopt them.

If a young woman selects fashion or society as her specialty she must be careful to do no sloppy work; clear-cut, thorough, and trustworthy information is wanted. She must be honorable. A young journalist can succeed without becoming a spy or doing anything of which she ought to be ashamed.

The positions open for successful women journalists are, as a rule, departmental. No woman has ever assumed the exclusive charge as editor-in-chief of a great daily paper.

Men, the publishers, the managing editors,

and the others in authority, fancy they know what women wish to read, and they insist on having their ideas carried out. This is why so many women find the woman's part of their paper rather unsatisfactory.

A girl often does well to have an all-round training on a country paper before she comes to town. She must not come to town without a little money or people in the background ready to help her. Space rates are small. One has to walk many miles and write many words to make board and lodging on these. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, or fifty dollars covers the average weekly earnings of a successful woman journalist. The woman editor who makes more than fifty dollars weekly is rare, though there are exceptions, whose salaries range from sixty to one hundred dollars a week.

No profession is more exacting, yet none is more fascinating; and to those who love it journalism offers a great and alluring opportunity to do that which every good woman should aim at, namely, to serve the present age. — *Margaret Sangster, in the New York World.*

## JOURNALISM AS A CAREER.

American journalism to-day furnishes the very best field for young men of brains, energy, and practical application to win usefulness and success. Well as the profession is now filled, even to a large overflow, there is yet, as there always has been and always will be, plenty of room at the top. Nearly or quite one-half of those who attempt journalism fall in the race, for the reason that they are unequal to their undertaking. There is not a single competent journalist to-day out of employment. There are many who believe themselves to be journalists who are seeking positions as editors, correspondents, reporters, etc., but no man who possesses the ability and the practical knowledge of the duties of journalism which are necessary for a successful career is without employment.

I have often met accomplished scholars — young men who had won collegiate honors and proud of their scholastic attainments and earnestly intent on turning them to profitable account — who were no more useful in newspaper work than the coal heaver. Journalists and ministers are too prone to forget the first study to which they should give constant devotion. No man can make a successful journalist who does not understand that the "proper study of mankind is man." Journalism must be in touch with the public pulse; must know the wants of the people who are expected to be its readers, and without an intimate knowledge of the people who read public journals no man can be successful in that profession. The misfortune of many ministers is that they study very carefully the Bible and the dogmas they preach, and give little or no study to the people to whom they preach. Many of the most intellectual ministers of the land live, and work, and die with few stars for their crowns because they have not understood the people they were teaching. Ministers who lack this essential attribute may be the respected rectors of parishes, but there can be no such success for the journalist who is not first of all thoroughly acquainted with mankind.

It is now fifty-three years since I began newspaper work as the editor and proprietor of a village newspaper, and became somewhat familiar with the journalistic field of that day. There were then few opportunities for journalists. The country newspaper was conducted by a man who was, as a rule, sole editor, reporter, clerk, cashier, and canvasser, assisted usually by an apprentice in typesetting and press work. The city newspapers of that day had little circulation and employed a very limited number of writers.

I regard journalism as one of the most promising fields for usefulness and success that the brainy, energetic, practical, and progressive young man of to-day can find. Journalism will continue to lead in the marvelous progress of the age. How newspapers are to improve in their resources for educating the public seems hard to understand, but I have long since learned that each new day brings some new duty, some new opportunity, and some new resource for the advancement of our civilization.

There is hardly a week that I do not receive letters from young men asking what preparation should be made to begin work in the profession of journalism. It is simply impossible to give any intelligent answer to these inquiries that

would be generally applicable. I do not believe that any course of collegiate instruction can make a journalist. It may greatly aid him in his work, but even after he finishes his college course he must begin at the lower round of the ladder to understand the duties and opportunities of journalists. In olden times journalism consisted in the ability to write political and other essays, but later such men as Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, and John W. Forney made their names memorable as paragraphers. Weed rarely wrote what would now be called a leader, but he had the capacity to crowd into a paragraph more than most men could say in a column. Greeley and Forney were the most forceful and pungent paragraphists of their day, while both often wrote elaborate leaders.

Until a quarter of a century ago editorials were the great feature of our leading newspapers, and every influential public journal received its chief power from some strong personality. That age of journalism has passed away, never to return. The newspaper of today is first of all a newspaper, and its news is paramount. In addition, it must be a magazine of literature; it must be brightened by sparkling correspondence and reports, and it must cover the whole field of popular education, including literature, politics, art, science, and all else that goes to complete the circle of the newspaper work that is to-day the great teacher of our nearly 80,000,000 people.

The field of journalism seems to have widened until it covers every feature of intellectual progress; and where can young men of ability, energy, and practical effort find an equal opening for their labors? There are specialists in journalism, as in all other pursuits, thus opening the way for even the cloistered student, but his usefulness is limited. The all-around capable and honest journalist has all the varied channels of intellectual advancement to invite him into journalism, and he cannot fail to succeed, if true to himself.— *Colonel A. K. McClure, in the New York World.*

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Arthur Grissom is one of the youngest and most successful of the popular writers of the day. He was born January 21, 1869, at Payson, near Quincy, Ill. He comes of a "writing family," his father, Rev. William Grissom, being one of the leading writers for the religious press, and his mother a cultivated woman who occasionally writes for her own amusement. He began his literary career at twelve years of age by a wonderfully adventurous story of adventure for western newspapers. At thirteen he wrote a 20,000-word novel, which he sold to a New York publisher. From this beginning he rose by easy gradations, through the successive steps of syndicate and magazine writer, managing editor and editorial writer of the *Kansas City Evening World*, contributor to *Life*, *Truth*, *Puck*, and the Leslie and Munsey publications, to the dignity of the authorship of a collection of clever *vers de société*, "Beaux and Belles," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Mr. Grissom has always been a prodigious worker. He has crowded into eighteen years more labor than falls to the lot of or is assumed by the average writer in a lifetime. Yet he modestly disclaims having "done anything," and says he is "only beginning." In his library are thirty scrapbooks, full of "some of the little things" he has had published over his signature. The bulk of his work, and that some of his best, has been of an editorial nature, and so lost in anonymity. His fame rests chiefly upon his verses, humorous, pathetic, and satiric by turn, but his fiction is a shade more meritorious. His short stories have the qualities of tenseness and dramatic force, with something of a De Maupassant combination of clearness and vigor. That he is surely versatile is shown by the fact that he combines organizing and managerial ability with the writing talent. He was the pioneer in the cheap magazine movement. *Spirit*, a bright little five-cent periodical published in New York in 1890, was the child of his brain and enterprise. It was a precocious and sturdy youngster, and he abandoned it only to take editorial charge of one of the Munsey publications. The *Independent*, a brilliant weekly newspaper published in Kansas City, which sells on the streets at three cents, is another of the successful cheap publications fathered by this young man. Mr. Grissom has recently re-

turned to New York to take up more serious work than he has yet done. He is but thirty-one years old, and his working power is boundless. It may be conservatively predicted that Mr. Grissom's place in literature will be no mean one.

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John Uri Lloyd, author of "Stringtown on the Pike," the serial which will begin in the March number of the *Bookman*, was born in western New York, and removed to Cincinnati, where he became a clerk in a retail drug store. In his spare time, rescued from the long hours then and now inseparable from that occupation, he taught himself to be so good a chemist that he is now a member of the principal pharmaceutical societies, not only in this country, but abroad as well. He is the author of a number of technical works which have a cosmopolitan reputation. As a business man he has been eminently successful, having been made, early in life, a partner, and now, with his brothers, proprietor of the business which he served as a lad. His knowledge of chemistry has led to his accumulating a fortune in the manufacture and sale of preparations which have a world-wide reputation among the medical profession. A few years ago he wrote a book called "Etidorhpa," which was published at his own expense in Cincinnati, and has passed through ten or twelve editions of as many thousand copies each.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Blackmore.** — It is said that "Lorna Doone" furnishes another proof that the publishers' Readers are not possessed of infallible judgment, in that it was offered to eighteen houses before it found a taker. The book also offers proof that the public is not always sure to accept quickly the greatest work that is laid before it. After the eighteenth rejection the manuscript was offered to a new publisher just starting. He accepted it, but the book did not sell. The reviewers were very lukewarm, and the public would not buy. Then came an event which was the making of the reputation of the novel. The Marquis of Lorne's marriage with the Princess Louise was announced, and everything about that event was greedily read. There seems to have been an impression that "Lorna Doone" had something to do with Lord Lorne, and it at once began to sell. The public found there was nothing in the tale about this marrriage, but they discovered that it was a most charming story, and from then till now the sale has been large. It is possible that, if the Marquis of Lorne had not married the Princess Louise, the merit of "Lorna Doone" would never have been recognized. — *Columbus Dispatch.*

**Bullen.** — Frank T. Bullen, whose stories of the sea have won him fame, never had proper education. He was a poor boy, and his youth was spent in toil. Asked to what source he owed his power of writing, he answered: "The source of my 'style,' as you are pleased to term it, is the Bible. I began reading that earlier than I can remember; I have lived forty-three years, fifteen of which I spent at sea, climbing up from cabin boy to chief mate, and I have read the Bible through from cover to cover twenty-five times. You cannot quote me the first half of any verse but what I will be able to give you the second half. Nothing has taken hold of my heart and soul like the Bible. I used to preach in the open air, and sometimes, when I felt I had no words of my own, I would recite a whole chapter by memory from Isaiah, or Job, or one of the Gospels. The Bible and John Bunyan have really formed my style. But then there's the inspiration of the sea! What colors in sky and water! Dip your pen in those, and you can't fail to be picturesque and interesting." — *Chicago Times-Herald.*

**Crawford.** — Marion Crawford will probably take steamer for Italy about February 24. He will carry back to his home in Sorrento a certain marine document which is possessed by no other amateur yachtsman. This is a certificate issued by the local United States marine board, which permits Mr. Crawford to command any ship on any ocean. To obtain the paper the author passed a severe examination. This is entirely distinct from the not uncommon certificate possessed by yachtsmen, which enables them to command their own yachts on

any ocean. From the wording of Mr. Crawford's certificate it appears that about the only craft afloat that the bearer of it cannot command are men-of-war and transatlantic liners. — *New York Times.*

**Lyall.** — The popular English novelist, Edna Lyall, has been letting the literary world into some of the secrets of her literary experiences. Her first story, "Donovan," was almost a failure. Her next, "The Young Woman," was refused by several publishers before it was accepted, but it proved an immediate success, and her position was assured. First of all, she says, she maps out her stories completely, making a detailed synopsis, which she does not greatly alter, though she revises a good deal as she writes. She works with a typewriter, notwithstanding the protest of some of her friends. "How can you write a love scene with that tram-car bell ringing?" She soon got perfectly used to the "tram-car bell," so that she never noticed it any more than the mechanical act of dipping her pen in the ink. She passes some of her time in London during the year, and spends a great deal of time in the British Museum, studying up the foundation of her subjects. Miss Bayley comes of a legal family. Her father was a barrister of the Inner Temple, and on her mother's side she is descended from the distinguished Thomas Bradbury, a divine of Queen Anne's time. — *St. Louis Republic.*

**Swinburne.** — More extraordinary tales are told of Mr. Swinburne than of any other modern author, nearly all being marked by an erratic genius of the first order. A recent one, however, throws new light upon his character.

A young gentlewoman in reduced circumstances came to London to better her fortune. She had considerable literary skill, and tried hard to market a poem of more than mediocre merit. Her endeavors were unsuccessful, and finally, in a spirit of desperation, she called upon Mr. Swinburne. He heard her patiently, took her name and address, and promised to write to her within a few days. When she had left he looked at her manuscript, and finding it of some worth, took his pen and revised and embellished it with a master hand. When he had completed the task he carried it to a publisher, and did not leave the latter until the poem was accepted and a check dispatched to the struggling author.

The news of his kindness reached the ears of a friend, who congratulated him. He shrugged his shoulders and replied: —

"Oh, don't speak about it. It's the only good action I've done in five years, and I'm already ashamed of it." — *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.*

**Wallace.** — The most beautiful author's studio in the world has just been completed by General Lew Wallace. For the past three years General Wallace has found his recreation in superintending the erection of his palatial workshop. The edifice is a dream of oriental beauty and luxury. Its style of architecture is a combination: the portico, pure Greek; the body of the building, Byzantine, with copper roof; the towers, of Romanesque design. Rose-colored vitrified brick and stone are the materials from which the walls are built. The structure stands in the centre of the wooded grounds surrounding the author's home in Crawfordsville, Ind. It is nearly surrounded by a moat, and suggests simultaneously a mediaeval castle and an oriental mosque. The interior is one great room, with the exception of an entrance corridor and a mechanical apartment in the rear. The great study-room is flooded by day with mellow light, which enters only at the dome; at night it is brilliant with a score of electric lamps of many varieties. The ceiling of the dome is frescoed in imitation of ivory; the walls down to the bookcases are finished in a silver green, or, as General Wallace expresses it, the color of the under side of an olive leaf. On the book shelves filled with the author's working library sit busts of Ben-Hur, his sister, the prince of India, and Princess Irene, the heroine of the writer's last romance. Numerous engravings, paintings, bits of statuary, and oriental relics enhance the artistic flavor of the room. By nature General Wallace is an artist as well as warrior, statesman, poet, novelist. Several of the paintings are the products of his own brush. In the centre of the room stands a big mahogany table, littered with letters, books, and manuscript. Large and small rugs partly cover the

cement floor. The building is heated by a furnace in the basement, which is kept going day and night, summer and winter. The basement comprises cemented damp-proof rooms, including a wine cellar and a kitchen, with a stove for preparing hot collations for visiting friends. In this dreamlike structure, which only the imagination of a romancer could have designed, and only an author whose books had sold by the million could have transformed into cold reality, sits General Wallace day after day hard at work on a new novel, which he hopes will duplicate the success of "Ben-Hur." — *Pittsburg Dispatch.*

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

JOURNALISM AS A BASIS FOR LITERATURE. Gerald Stanley Lee. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

HISTORY. James Ford Rhodes. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. Herbert Putnam. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN. — II. William James Stillman. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

PAUL LEICESTER FORD. Arthur Bartlett Maurice. *Bookman* (23 c.) for February.

THE EQUIPMENT OF THE LITERARY MAN. R. V. Risley. *Bookman* (23 c.) for February.

THE GHETTO IN LITERATURE. Annie Nathan Meyer, Martin B. Ellis. *Bookman* (23 c.) for February.

GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE. II. — French Newspapers. Adolphe Cohn. *Bookman* (23 c.) for February.

ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. — II. Professor Lewis E. Gates. *Critic* (13 c.) for February.

TWO NOTABLE WOMEN (Kate Field and Julia Ward Howe). Jeannette L. Gilder. *Critic* (13 c.) for February.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS. With frontispiece portrait. Professor Albert H. Smyth. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for February.

THE MASTER OF EDGEWOOD (Donald G. Mitchell). With frontispiece portrait. Arthur Reed Kimball. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for February.

FREDERIC FRANCOIS CHOPIN, POET AND PSYCHOLOGIST. James Huneker. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for February.

METHOD AND INSPIRATION — THE IMPERFECT LIBRARIAN. The Point of View, *Scribner's* (28 c.) for February.

THE WEST, AND CERTAIN LITERARY DISCOVERIES; OR, HOW FICTION MAY BE STRANGER THAN TRUTH. E. Hough. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

FRANK STOCKTON'S NEW HOME IN WEST VIRGINIA. Clifford Howard. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for February.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A LIBRARIAN. Herbert Putnam. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for February.

WOMAN AND THE STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE. Anna Randall Diehl. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (13 c.) for February.

THE DAVID HARUM I KNEW. Illustrated. Hon. John Rankin. *Home Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

THE MAN WHO WROTE "DAVID HARUM." With portrait. J. Hubert Cornyn. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for February.

THE AUTHOR OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND." Illustrated. Jennie Lou Finney. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

AMERICAN CARTOONS AND CARTOONISTS. E. Lyell Earle. *Donahoe's Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF DANIEL S. FORD. With portrait. Hezekiah Butterworth. *Success* (13 c.) for February.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

"Rafford Pyke" is Professor Harry Thurston Peck.

H. Rider Haggard is in Florence, and later will go to Cyprus and to Palestine.

Dr. Conan Doyle is going to South Africa, not as a writer, but as a surgeon.

Edward Clodd, who has undertaken to write a biography of Grant Allen, desires the loan of any letters or other matter concerning his subject. Communications may be sent to Mr. Clodd, care of Grant Richards, No. 9 Henrietta street, Covent Garden, London.

The London Society of Authors has started the formation of a pension fund for needy authors. The pensions are not to be smaller than £30 a year and not to exceed £100, except in certain cases of total inability to work. Candidates for pensions must be more than sixty years old and must have been members of the society for ten years. George Meredith, Walter Besant, Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope, Dr. A. Conan Doyle, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Jerome K. Jerome are supporting the scheme by subscriptions.

Miss Elizabeth Jordan has resigned the place that she has held for ten years on the *New York World*, and is now the editor of *Harper's Bazar*.

*Scribner's Magazine* for February has for its frontispiece a portrait of Donald G. Mitchell, recently drawn from life by A. I. Keller. This is printed in tints, and is a striking likeness. It accompanies an article on "The Master of Edgewood," by Arthur Reed Kimball.

"Mark Twain's" recent scathing denunciation of Christian Science was inspired largely by personal experience. Mr. Clemens's daughter, who died a few years ago, was an ardent "Scientist," and during her last illness she refused to employ a physician. Her father, who has never had the least sympathy with the faith, finally succeeded in bringing a doctor to her bedside, but it was too late. The girl's death may not have been attributable to this neglect, but Mr. Clemens so regarded it, it is said. Underneath all that light and brilliant satire in the Christian Science article, that brought smiles to the faces of so many readers, was the father's deep, unspeakable grief.

*Correct English* is a new monthly magazine devoted to the proper use of English. It is edited and published in Chicago by Josephine Turck Baker.

The *Universalist Leader* (Boston) in the new form which it took on at the beginning of the year is very much improved.

*Health-Culture* (New York), which has been published for five years as a quarterly magazine, is now a monthly. W. R. C. Latson, M. D., is the editor.

The publication formerly known as the *Metaphysical Magazine* (New York) is now called the *New Cycle*. Leander Edmund Whipple is the editor.

The *Home Monthly* (Chicago) has changed its name to the *New Century*. It accepts manuscripts only from subscribers.

The prizes offered for the three best poems antiphonal to Edward Markham's "The Man with the Hoe," which appeared in the *New York Sun* last July, have been awarded as follows: John Vance Cheney, Chicago, first prize, $400; Hamilton Schuyler, Orange, N. J., second prize, $200; and Miss Kate Masterson, New York, third prize, $100.

The Royal Academy of Sciences in Turin has offered a prize of 30,000 francs for the best critical history of Latin literature which shall be issued before December 31, 1906. All nationalities may take part in the competition. Only printed works — not manuscripts — will be taken into consideration.

Gerald Stanley Lee, in his paper on "Journalism as a Basis for Literature" in the February *Atlantic*, calls attention to the contempt with which newspapers and newspaper writers are generally regarded, but affirms that from them is yet to spring the literature of the future at the hands of men who shall develop the self-respect of the press, and establish literature, not by denying the newspaper, but by raising it to its highest power. This article is one of more than ordinary interest.

The West as the Eastern author sees it, or at least writes about it, and the West as it actually is, is the theme of a trenchant essay by E. Hough in the February *Century*.

Hon. John Rankin, ex-mayor of Binghamton, N. Y., who is the original John Lennox of "David Harum," writes of "The David Harum I Knew" in the *Home Magazine* (New York) for February.

In the February *Critic* Professor Lewis E. Gates continues his papers on "The Literature of the Nineteenth Century." The first installment was on the Romantic Movement. The present one deals with the Return to Conventional Life, and in it Professor Gates discusses Arthur Hugh Clough and Mrs. Browning.

Among the more notable of the illustrated articles in the February magazine number of the *Outlook* are H. W. Mabie's "William Shakespeare" and Edward Everett Hale's "James Martineau."

The home of Rev. Father Sheehan, author of "My New Curate," and reminiscences associated with it, form the subject of a paper by Andrew McAleavy in *Donahoe's Magazine* for February.

Dr. W. A. Hammond died in Washington January 5, aged seventy-one.

Dr. James Martineau died in London January 12, aged ninety-four.

G. W. Steevens died at Ladysmith January 15, aged thirty years.

John Ruskin died at Brantwood January 20, aged eighty-one.

R. D. Blackmore died near London January 21, aged seventy-five.

# THE WRITER:

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## A PLEA FOR ACCURATE ENGLISH.

The chief aim of every writer should be to carry his reader directly to the end in view. Theoretically, the reader should be wholly unconscious of style and diction, and any intricacy or ambiguity which compels him to turn back for the sense, or which sets him studying over possible interpretations, weakens his interest and tires his patience. Because of this, writers should strive to write accurate English, so that in the fewest words they may express clearly and exactly what they have to say. The right use of words is so important that I feel impelled to call attention to a number of common errors.

"Without" is strictly a preposition. When used as a conjunction it grates on the cultivated ear and calls a halt in the reader's progress, which the right word ("unless") never does. Webster mentions "without" as a conjunction, but does not sanction its use as such by good writers.

"In" and "into" are often treated as synonyms, though there is really a distinct difference in their application. "In" is properly used before the name of the place in which, or within the limits of which, the action takes place; as: "One lives in a house." or "He walks about in the garden"; while "into" is used after verbs of motion; as: "One goes into the house," "gets into a carriage," or even "gets into mischief."

"Have got" for "have" is an interloper, which "to be hated needs but to be seen" in its true light, but which has a way of escaping the notice of unwary authors and sneaking into print, thus spoiling many a passage otherwise smooth and fair.

Employing the word "like" as a conjunctive adverb is a sin of provincialism which should be most religiously shunned. "As if" with the subjunctive mood and "as" or "just as" with the indicative or the potential are the proper connectives.

"More preferable" is a stumbling-block over which some writers trip. "Preferable" in its own meaning carries the idea of comparison. Why load it down with another word of the same import?

The word "where" needs to be more strictly confined within the range of the adverb. With too much assumption of its own value, it tries to do the duty of "in case," or "in the case in which," or "when," and in so doing it makes but a sorry appearance.

The preposition "of" before a participial word or phrase is another snare for the unwary. A moment's old-fashioned parsing would clear the path of all obstructions. "There is danger of them causing trouble," must be classed under false syntax and changed to "of their causing trouble," before it is presentable in print.

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"Each other" strictly applies to two, and when a greater number is plainly mentioned or implied, "one another" is the proper phrase.

In case nouns of different genders are followed by their distinguishing pronouns, the latter should stand in the same order as their respective antecedents, as: "seamstress and fisherman, — her and him," not "him and her."

The split infinitive ought to be relegated to the realm of the totally obsolete. Compare "to intelligently write" with "to write intelligently." Which suggests the hand of the apprentice, which that of the master?

Passive verbs and participles involving the use of a preposition should be very cautiously handled. Such verbal expressions have a trick of appearing at the end of a sentence, with sometimes only a two-lettered word upon which to lean for all time, although a relative pronoun wisely inserted would call the preposition back to its proper place. Also, most of these awkward phrases have more dignified substitutes. "Ought to be put an end to" deserves the fate its own words imply. "Ought to be stopped" is certainly a better phrase.

Scrupulous care and even diligent study of the best authorities on rhetoric are required to enable one to use a number of qualifying phrases in succession without so loosely arranging them that the reader must retrace the lines, perhaps to find himself hopelessly entangled in their labyrinthine meshes.

In regard to the value of careful punctuation, it would seem as if there were nothing more to be said; but evidently commas and periods are scarce commodities in some localities, and dashes and parentheses are the only available substitutes. In many cases, with a little thought, the matter held in durance between parenthesis marks might be condensed to a word or a phrase and assigned to its proper place or might be omitted, leaving the sentence and thought clearer and more direct. For a very brief example, "The honest man takes pride (and justly) in his integrity." The adverb would carry with itself much more dignity and force if it stood in its place before the verb. The quotation mark is a study in itself. Its use in combination with other marks is a branch of an exact science; yet the mere difficulty of its use is as nothing to the writer who is in earnest. Whether to put the quotation mark inside or outside of the interrogation point is something that every writer ought to know. Too many quotation marks mar the page and are apt to tire the reader. Often they savor of the tyro's effort to use words not quite admissible in good literary society. Such words would better be suspended from service and the more accurate word added to one's vocabulary, even at the expense of an hour's foraging through the dictionary. The coinage of words is also a lame expedient for presenting one's ideas.

A frequent fault of some writers is that of requiring one preposition to stand waiting until another can be presented, when they must divide one object between them; as: "live among and be acquainted with such people." Likewise, some authors oblige one auxiliary to wait till another appears, then bring in the principal verb and make of it a common support; as: "It may and does happen." One feels like rising and offering the waiting auxiliary or preposition an arm or a chair.

To employ in one article, only too or three lines apart, "Even though he be," and "Even though he is," in exactly equivalent situations, is to violate symmetry.

Verbosity is the fault of the sentence, "It is we readers who are the losers." "We readers are the losers," is shorter by three words, is simpler, and more pointed.

"I never sent it to but one of them," may plead the excuse of colloquialism as a reason for existence, but "I sent it to but one of them" expresses the author's evident meaning and avoids the double exclusion, "never — but."

"This gives him a clearer insight than he might otherwise have into what is to follow," is not unintelligible, it is true, but the sentence is much more rational and more quickly comprehended if re-arranged with the relative clause next to its antecedent.

The sentence, "It is astonishing in what shape editors leave their manuscripts and the

errors authors overlook in reading," compels the reader to turn back in search of the full meaning, and finally to supply a "what" in place of "the."

The phrase, "to the beginner just starting out," is guilty of tautology, and while it may suggest to some that ready offhand style of composition of which we are all dreaming, in reality it gives a strong hint of the need of the pruning pencil.

That writing that looks simplest and most natural is not always mere spontaneous expression, as our most successful writers can testify. Few are so well trained or so gifted that they "lisp in numbers," or even in perfect prose, so that it behooves every writer to pave the way to success by closely watching his own work, searching out his own weaknesses, and exacting of himself his best every day, and requiring each day's best to be better to-morrow. *Jeannette Nichols Phillips.*

UNADILLA, N. Y.

## ENGLISH TO FOREIGNERS.

Since it is hard for those to whom English is the native tongue to write the language correctly, no one can wonder that foreigners have difficulty with it. Some of the struggles of outside barbarians to write English have brought about ludicrous results. The *Youth's Companion* a while ago quoted a notice placed above the alms-box of the Milan Cathedral in order to attract the attention of English visitors. It was as follows: —

"Appele to Charitables. The Brothers, so-called, of Mercy ask slender arms for the Hospital. They harbor all kinds of diseases, and have no respect to religion."

The *Philadelphia Medical Journal* recently gave three specimen paragraphs from a circular issued in Vienna in reference to a proposed revival of the *Index Medicus.* Here they are: —

The necessity to have an organ of information of the whole medical literature of world is wellknowne percieved by all investigators and practitioners all days more and more.

Through the persuasion of prominent authorities and by co-operation of professioners, we resolved, to satisfy this pressing whishes, to produce such an underprize and so we founded the "Index Medicus Novus." The "Index Medicus Novus" will become a collection for consultation quite unsurpassed and as theer has been nothing likewise before it in the medical knowledge science.

Though all this performances we set the price for subscribition very low, to make it possible to each scientific searcher to buy the "Index Medicus Novus." So we hope confidently that the interested circles well assist (to this undertakement quite as important than scientific and exertions) by her participation and furtherance. We will not omit to say that our bureau translates in all languishes each essay wished by anyone.

To illustrate the difficulty Frenchmen have in getting a thorough grasp of English, a French professor once referred to our comprehensive use of the verb "to get." In the following sentence as many as nine different French verbs are used; whereas in English they can all be rendered by the verb "to get": —

Après avoir flané toute la journée, fatigué, je rentrai chez moi; et après avoir soupé, je me mis au lit, où je ne tardai pas à m'endormir. Après une bonne nuit de repos, le lendemain matin je m'eveillai frais et dispos, mis mes habits et bientôt après reçus un telegramme.

In English this might be expressed as follows: —

Having got tired with knocking about all day, I got home, got my supper, got to bed, and soon got to sleep. After a good night's rest I got up refreshed, got my clothes on, and shortly after breakfast got a telegram.

Is it any wonder that foreigners find the English language a perpetual puzzle?

BOSTON, Mass. *Arthur Fosdick.*

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Max O'Rell calls attention to a serious evil when he says: "An American newspaper is like a shop-window where each article is labeled in loud letters, black and sometimes red, to attract the attention and tickle the eyes of the passerby. The appearance of the American papers is spoiled by all these gigantic headlines, as the whole of this great continent is disfigured by the advertisements for soap and liver pills." Headlines are indispensable aids to hurried readers in these days of cyclopedic journalism, but they ought to be the index to the reading matter underneath them, rather than catchy and flippant advertisements to attract readers to matter that they would ordinarily neglect. "The Americans are the busiest people on the face of the earth," Max O'Rell continues. "Every day what they want is to learn in a few minutes what is going on, and headlines help them to choose quickly what they want in that endless menu which is served to them every morning; but I object to the restoration of the health of the President being recorded under the heading, 'Bill's All Right.'" Flippancy and lack of proportion are the worst features of headlines in the American newspapers of to-day. Headlines are written not to explain the news to readers, but to attract readers to what the papers print as news. To accomplish this end poster type and colored inks are used, and as a screaming headline is demanded whether there is any real news or not, worthless items are "headed up" beyond all reason. Theoretically the size of a headline should vary according to the importance of the article beneath it, and a headline should always be written, primarily, to summarize the news, and not to arouse interest in it. So long as newspapers are run chiefly from the counting-room, however, reform in headline-writing will probably continue to be an iridescent dream.

***

Publishers' press notices are often funny. The advance sheet of the March *Critic*, for instance, has a "literary note," describing the contents of the magazine, which says: "Papers of timely interest in the number are 'Two Glimpses of Blackmore,' one by Henry T. Bailey, and the other by 'G. H. P.,' whom we shrewdly suspect to be George Haven Putnam." Inasmuch as the press notice is sent out by the publishers of the magazine from the office of G. P. Putnam's Sons, one of whom is George Haven Putnam, this "shrewd guess," which

newspaper editors are expected to plume themselves upon, is probably quite accurate.

* * *

Louise Chandler Moulton is right in her belief that editors are better critics than fellow-writers. "Nothing," she says, "is so foolish as to send manuscript to other writers for criticism." In these days, when the literary bureau offers expert criticism of manuscripts for a moderate fee, it is really an impertinence for a writer to submit a manuscript to another writer for critical comment.

* * *

According to a publisher's Reader in *Unwin's Chap-Book:* "Delicate work sells worst, because very few people understand delicate work. In general, the great public will buy anything that is not too individual in its sensationalism, crudeness, or vulgarity. For clever work, not unconventional in the ideas it brings, there is a fair market. The nervous temperament of the artist is betrayed, to a certain extent, by the character of his handwriting. There are certain common forms of commonplace or mediocre handwriting which are never seen to express delicate or original work. The publisher's Reader's aim should be to let nothing that he holds is good go unpublished. The expenses of delicate and original work, especially of the work of beginners, should be paid out of the sales of the popular and successful works." Writers with reputations still to win will subscribe heartily to the sentiment expressed in the last two sentences.

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The *King* is a new London magazine, published by Sir George Newnes, and edited by James Walter Smith. The appropriateness of its title will be conspicuous when the reign of the queen is ended.

* * *

The price of *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* has been reduced to twenty-five cents a number. It's a pity that the name cannot be reduced as well.

* * *

Opening a book is not such a simple matter as to make unnecessary the following directions, taken from a publisher's circular: "Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections, till you reach the centre of the volume. Do this two or three times and you will obtain the best results. Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place and you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves. Never force the back of the book."

* * *

So many cases of plagiarism have been discovered of late years that many editors of leading magazines now require references from unknown authors whose manuscripts seem worthy of acceptance. No matter how widely read an editor may be, he cannot be expected to have seen everything that has been printed. Since there are some dishonest writers, the demand for references is only a reasonable safeguard against literary imposition.

* * *

The *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* points out some blunders of writers in making musical allusions: "It is alleged of the heroine of a popular novel," says the critic, "that she seated herself at a piano in a dimly lighted parlor and enchanted her listeners by playing several of 'Auber's plaintive symphonies.' In another story a beautiful young girl with a deep contralto voice performs the remarkable feat of singing Schumann's 'Warum.' And we are told in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for February of a male vocalist of such wondrous accomplishments that he was able to sing 'consecutive fifths' with ease. The musical person, smiling and shuddering at these statements, will wonder why authors should abandon themselves to such riotous blundering in matters pertaining to music, and why editors and publishers do not employ musical censors charged with the duty of seeing that the blunders do not get into print."

* * *

Something unusual will be done at Tomahawk, Wis., when the members of the Wisconsin Press Association meet there in July. When the editors arrive, it is proposed

that they shall appoint from among themselves a committee of twenty-five, who are to go into the woods, and chop down a hemlock or spruce tree, each one of the committee sharing in the work. After the tree has been cut into logs, the logs are to be transported to the paper mill, where, in the presence of the editors, the tree is to be transformed into pulp and from that into paper, and in the afternoon F. E. Grayson, of the *Tomahawk*, will print off an edition of his paper on the paper thus prepared, and to each editor and his wife will be presented a copy as a souvenir.

* * *

Writers generally will be interested in the fact that of the 8,000 manuscripts submitted without request to the *Ladies' Home Journal* last year, only eighty were accepted for publication. One chance in a hundred of acceptance is hardly worth taking.

* * *

According to a current anecdote, Thomas Bailey Aldrich is said to have received not long ago from an ambitious young author a volume of forbidding length "for him to read." For a moment he was staggered; then a happy inspiration seized him, and he made this delightfully ambiguous reply: "My dear Mr. Smith: I have received your book and shall lose no time in reading it." Dr. Holmes when he was similarly favored always used to write: "My dear Sir: I have received your book of poems, and anticipate much pleasure in reading it." If the kind-hearted Autocrat was ever disappointed in these optimistic anticipations, the author never knew it.

* * *

The *Philadelphia Press* headline writer who speaks of Dr. Lyman Abbott as "the noted Boston divine" ought to run over to New York occasionally.

* * *

"The most threatening aspect of the daily paper of the average sort," remarks Gerald Stanley Lee, "is not merely that it is making it impossible for a man to write a masterpiece, but it is making it impossible to find anybody to read it, if he does." Mr. Lee need not spend his valuable time in worrying. If he will only write a masterpiece, enough readers can be guaranteed to him to make him reasonably rich within a year.

* * *

A good many writers are vainly trying to contribute to *Scribner's* and the *Century* who might shine in the columns of the local newspaper.

* * *

The Scotch are proverbially economical. None the less, THE WRITER notices that the canny literary editor of the *Edinburgh Scotsman* wastes an "e," just as so many American editors do, in misspelling the name of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

* * *

"The best books of the year" and "the best selling books of the year" are phrases not necessarily synonymous. W. H. H.

## THE DREAM OF ROGET.

An editorial note in THE WRITER for March, 1899, quoted Senator Hoar's description of one of Webster's peculiarities as an orator. This was his use of several words having almost the same meaning until he got the one that most perfectly expressed the idea that he wanted to convey. When his speeches were published, only this one of the several synonymous words was retained. An exaggeration of this trick of speech appears in "The Dream of 'Roget,'" a tautological tale, printed in *St. Nicholas* for February, over the signature of Grace Fraser. It is as follows: —

Roget was a man who composed a thesaurus of words. Now, a thesaurus, or treasury, of words is a system of verbal classification. You take all the words and phrases that mean pretty much the same thing, range them in a row, make these rows into sections, call the sections by appropriate names, and—there you are!

Falling asleep, one night, over Roget's curious book, I dreamed that I was Roget himself, and a very fat man into the bargain. A gentleman behind me was admonishing me to hasten with the words: —

"Come, come, my good fellow, bowl, trundle, roll along."

"H'm," thought I, "what it is to be stout!"

Quoting my very words, is he? I'll show him!" And turning, I exclaimed: —

"Go! begone! get you gone! get away! go along! be off! off with you! get along with you! go about your business! go your way! avaunt! aroynt! away with you!"

"Whew!" cried the saucy man. "What an irascible, susceptible, excitable, irritable, fretful, figety, peevish, hasty, quick, warm, hot, touchy, testy, pettish, waspish, snappish, petulant, peppery, fiery, passionate, choleric fellow it is!"

This annoyed me.

"Sir," I said, "You shall not ridicule, deride, laugh at, mock, quiz, rally, flout, twit, roast, taunt, or make game of me; this is ill-treatment, annoyance, molestation, abuse, oppression, persecution, outrage, of a kind that I shall not stand!"

The man apparently wanted to fight, for he continued meditatively: "What a corpulent, stout, fat, plump, chubby, chub-faced, lubberly, hulky, unwieldly—"

This was more than flesh and blood could stand. I tried to chastise him, but he turned into a policeman, took me to the station, and accused me before a judge of attempting "by tooth and nail, *vi et armis*, at the point of the sword, and at one fell swoop, to be violent, to run high, ferment, effervesce, run wild, run riot, to break the peace, to out-Herod Herod, and to run amuck."

I denied the charge with vigor. "It is false, untrue, unfounded, fictitious, invented, *ben trovato*, counterfeit, spurious!" I cried. "The policeman is a hypocrite, tale-teller, shuffler, dissembler, serpent, and Baron Munchausen. I am innocent, stainless, unspotted, inoffensive, dove-like, lamb like, with clean hands, and with a clear conscience. I demand atonement, reparation, compensation, propitiation, amends, and satisfaction."

"Take them all, Mr. Roget," said the judge; and I was going for the policeman when I awoke. And so the conversation, which could hardly be called a model of conciseness, brevity, terseness, compression, condensation, or pithiness, came to a close, termination, conclusion, finis, finale, finish, determination, and end.

## THE AUTHOR AND THE PUBLISHER.

The art of selling good books in quantities equal to modern opportunities is just beginning to be discovered. There is not a good book in the market to-day the sales of which could not be doubled if the publisher were wise enough to hit upon the right methods. Look at the problem frankly. Here is a book of intrinsic value and charm and of popular qualities. Five thousand copies have been sold. Now, if there is a good reason why five thousand copies should have been sold, the same reason is good why five thousand more copies should be sold. I am assuming that it is a book of popular quality and not a book of interest to a special class only. The usual methods of publishing—advertising in the newspapers and the literary journals, sending copies for review, etc.—have caused five thousand to be bought. Then the sale generally stops. Why? Often because only routine methods have been applied to the problem. But when routine methods are exhausted (for anybody can apply routine methods) the chance is presented for the real publisher's work to begin. Anybody can sell a few copies of a new book; but how to sell copies of a good book continuously after it has ceased to be new is the real task.

Never in the history of the world were there so many readers of good popular books as there are now in the English language; and there are ways of finding new "audiences" that fairly astound old notions. The art of book-selling in the United States is just coming to a realization of its opportunities. The prosperity of the great mass of the American people and their intelligence afford the best book market perhaps that there has ever been in the world.

Moreover, the description and the interpretation of the life of these millions of prosperous people in our own country is a subject for literature that is just beginning to be appreciated. The great popularity of American historical fiction is proof that we have come to a feeling of national consciousness that is aware of a background. So strong is the feeling that even commonplace romances of this kind take a strong hold on the popular mind. The almost incalculable number of books about Lincoln that have been eagerly bought bears testimony to the same general fact.

The most helpful American publisher of the future will know intimately the people of the United States and keep in the closest possible intellectual sympathy with them. Such close contact and sympathy is in itself a sufficient equipment for a great publishing career.

Another secret of successful publishing in the future will, I suspect, consist in publishing few books instead of many. There is one publisher who has endowed colleges and enriched a large family and maintains a yacht out of thirty years' profits on a single book, and he publishes no other. A dozen good books a year are better than a hundred of doubtful value — alike for publisher, and bookseller, and reader.

And another necessary condition of success is that the publisher has not only a personal knowledge of the books he puts out, but a strong personal confidence in them. A writer is a fool who puts his books in a publisher's hands who has not read them and does not himself have an intellectual sympathy with them; for under any other condition the service the author gets is but mechanical and the reward the publisher secures is only pecuniary.

There is little use in discussing merely transitory books which happen to have a large sale by reason of some whim of the public. There is no law that governs whims or classifies accidents, and now and then something happens in the publishing world that admits of no rational explanation. But accidental successes are obscure reasons apart; there are legitimate secrets about selling books that men with a clear understanding of the popular mind are just discovering. This conclusion is inevitable from even a superficial study of the growth and well-being of the people. The wail that the great public now reads only the Sunday newspapers comes from despondent persons who do not know the habits of men and women in Kansas and Michigan, not to speak of Massachusetts, which is yet the best market for good books in the country, perhaps in the world. I have been struck with wonder every time I have had occasion to see how many copies of Shakespeare, Burns, Scott, Cooper, Longfellow, Omar Khayyam, Tennyson, and good books in American history and biography (I could call a hundred great titles) are sold every year by several publishers whose records I know. The number of good books that can be sold to the American people — men and brethren who write and gossip about "Literature," the trouble is not to find readers, believe me, but to find books worthy to offer them! The man or the woman who can write a great narrative, can tell a noble experience, can construct a great novel; what incentive or reward does such a person want? If his book be good enough, more readers await him in a year than Shakespeare had for fifty years, as many as Scott had for a dozen years, as many as Macaulay, with his enormous popularity, had during his lifetime. "But the surest way to miss a wide popularity," said a great novelist to me the other day, who has himself won it — "the surest way to miss it is to try for it; and the surest way to get it is not to think about it."

The increased efficiency of publishers in selling books and the increased number of authors who have caught the knack of pleasing the public taste — rather, who have a true insight into American character — have made the incomes of authors much greater than they formerly were. This is a legitimate result to the writers of successful books; but it has caused a misapprehension in the minds of not a few writers of less successful books. "Writers have gone on a strike," recently exclaimed one of the best of all our publishers, "and some of the younger ones, I observe, regard all publishers with suspicion. They forget, if they ever knew, the part — the important part — that publishing plays in the game." The adventurer who has turned publisher finds these writers easy prey. He simply offers them extravagant royalties and gambles on the chance that some of them may succeed. The author of this kind almost always has to pay the penalty of his misinformation and of his suspicion. He takes only the business view of the publisher. There has been developed within a few years the distinct type of the suspicious writer. It is exceedingly difficult, perhaps it is impossible, for a publisher to serve such an author with the best results. The relation implies a confidence so frank and complete that it is hard for the most efficient publisher in the world to take a genuine and permanent interest in a writer's work when the writer himself considers his own work and the publisher's in only a mercenary way. There are authors who for this reason have no real publisher. Their books are brought out and

put on the market in a routine fashion, and they often wonder why they meet with no greater success. In many a case neither writer nor publisher nor the public understands the failure. The most successful authors are, as a rule, always the easiest to serve and to deal with. They enter into a real copartnership with their publishers, and the publishers can and do become their true servants. One of the most successful writers now living has lately shown his publisher the consideration to refuse as large a royalty as was agreed on for a book that has not turned out to be as successful as they both hoped it would be when it was published.

A publisher has not the privilege of choosing his authors except by exclusion; but the author can choose his own publisher if he go about it right. And no writer of a book in these days goes long without a publisher of some sort. Every once in a while an adventurer comes forward who publishes (at the writers' expense) all those books that have been declined by the legitimate publishers during the previous three or four years. These scavengers of the literary nether world appear periodically, and they do a thriving business for a year or two. At less frequent intervals a corresponding adventurer begins the publication of a magazine, and accepts the manuscripts that have been rejected by other editors on condition that the contributors also become paid subscribers! A magazine in one of the Central States lived five years on this basis.

At some time just before the millennium some enterprising public servant will establish a school of instruction to authors how to select a publisher. The existing literary agents do not quite accomplish this aim, since they not unnaturally work along the line of the greatest immediate profit, and especially since their method tends to substitute a relation between themselves and the publisher for a personal relation between the author and the publisher. For this personal relation between publisher and author there can be no substitute. An author, however successful, can get the best results of his work only by the sympathetic interest — I came near saying the affectionate interest — of his publisher, and no publisher has a right to add to his list any writer's book that he does not himself know and have an intellectual interest in. The true publisher becomes identified with his authors, and their aims become his aims. He lives and works to further them. He makes a continual study of public opinion with reference to his chance to affect it by the machinery that he controls. Then the selling of books becomes not a mere trade, but a noble profession; it is directed toward an intellectual and moral end. A publisher's list stands for the ideas of the authors on it, for their art and their influence; and the well-directed and long-continued use of his machinery develops it into an institution as a university or a great gallery is an institution. With its foundations in the business of selling books, his house becomes an encouragement to Literature. But its real foundation, nevertheless, is the confidence of good writers and identification with them. — *Walter H. Page, in the New York Times.*

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**Introductions and Prefaces.** — We judge that the introduction for books is decidedly in vogue; the preface appears to be coming again into fashion. The introduction is for the new aspirant to literary fame, while the preface is used by the author who is a little more certain of his audience. The reappearance of the preface probably is due to the popularity of the introduction. So many kind things are being said of new writers, by distinguished literary friends, that it is no wonder that other writers feel that it is high time for them to say something for themselves. Of course, the preface cannot praise the work; that is where the introduction has it at a disadvantage. But in the preface the author can try to arouse his reader's interest, or enlist his sympathy. In works of fiction, it is the personal word from the playwright before the curtain goes up; for the essay or the history it is coming to be considered as the necessary bit of explanation — perhaps of attempted justification, although the writer ought to be aware that if his book does not justify itself, nothing he can say about it will justify it.

Introductions are pleasant illustrations of

fellowship in the craft of letters, and they may be regarded as high-grade advertisements. Because they are advertisements, there is great danger of over-doing them. The kindly spirit in which they are written takes them out of the class of discriminating criticism, and their effect on young authors is more likely to be for evil than for good. Too much patting on the back in public is indulged in nowadays; writers are as human as the rest of us, and are as likely to suffer from an exaggerated sense of their own abilities. From the reader's standpoint it may be said, mildly, that too frequent recommendations, even from distinguished literary persons, are apt to be taken at a discount. If there were a more general recognition of the responsibility assumed in presenting literary efforts to the public, the number of such presentations would undoubtedly be lessened.

As for the preface, the fashion — if it becomes a fashion — cannot be viewed with equanimity. Delightful prefaces there are — prefaces revealing the author's personality to the reader charmingly, and oftentimes in a more intimate way than the book. Of these prefaces we cannot have too many. But all writers are not Stevensons or Kenneth Grahames; and duty prefaces are not only bores, but they do their best to detract from whatever merit the book may have. The artistic preface is spontaneous; it not only begins the book, but it completes it. It may be read before beginning the volume and after finishing it, with equal pleasure in both cases. Such a preface is farthest removed from a statement of dry fact, and it has nothing of apology. It is an integral part of the book.

Of course, there are certain necessary prefaces — prefaces of acknowledgment, prefaces called for by the matter discussed in the book — just as there are certain necessary introductions. But these prefaces are not written at the dictate of any literary "fashion." Neither, writers should remember, are the prefaces that are at all likely to be called artistic. — *Hartford Courant.*

**The Lack of Poets.** — The recent prize award by the *New York Sun* in connection with the questions raised by Markham's poem, "The Man With a Hoe," was accompanied by the statement that the poems submitted in competition were not up to the standard expected. It would seem that such a competition should have aroused interest among our poets. The subject was inviting, the monetary award alluring, — for poets must eat, and their wares are ordinarily somewhat of a drug on the market, — and the chance to achieve distinction considerable. But in making the announcement of the poems selected by the judges, the *Sun* was compelled to say that the product received was not of the high quality expected.

This fact is only one among many that might be mentioned which indicates the scarcity of what may be called high-grade poets. Take the case of the leading magazines which publish and pay for the best that they can get. During the past year how much poetry was printed that will be read this year?

If it is true that poets are born, and not made, as we have always been taught to believe, how is it that so few are being born latterly? The question would, if fully pursued, lead into the somewhat obscure and unsatisfactory questions of heredity that are outside of the scope of a brief comment; but is it not singular that so few poets happen to swell the birth rate in these latter days? It is possible that as many are born as ever, but that they die young; finding the atmosphere uncongenial, they pale and perish. Or do they follow other callings, forsaking the muse, and thus force commentators to conclude that the race of poets is dying out?

At any rate, it is discouraging to see that a country like ours, which is advancing along all other lines rapidly, is not what it was in earlier times as a producer of poetry. It is a far cry from Longfellow to Bliss Carman, and James Whitcomb Riley does not altogether fill the void, although doing his best, and some of that is excellent. Sticking to our text, if it is true that poets are born, and not manufactured, is there not some way of stimulating the birth rate in this respect a little? — *Hartford Post.*

**The Pensioning of Authors.** — The Society of English Authors, which proposes to pension its members when they have reached the age of sixty-five, will probably be confronted with

many questions of puzzling character, which, however, must be answered if the society is to be established on a working basis. For instance, is the claim to professional authorship to be considered valid when based upon a pamphlet? Is the man who publishes his books at his own expense to stand on the same footing as the man for whose patronage the publishers contend? Is the man who writes one successful book to be rated above or below him who has produced twenty that did not pay? Are the people who write for magazines entitled to membership, and those who write editorials and articles and stories for the newspapers, are they authors or are they only scribblers? Are men who write for glory to be preferred to those mercenary spirits whose motive is coin? Are poets or novelists to stand the higher when pension claims are made out? Where will the historians be placed, and the biographers, and the men who work up Adamic jokes and Abrahamic repartees into so-called plays? Is the lecturer also an author, and will the comic orator have a place among the elect? Is the editor entitled to a pension on the score of authorship, or will he be left in outer darkness? Will there be a classification of editors, and will the classification, if made, be on the basis of circulation, of years of service, or of the number of scoops recorded to the credit of their journals? These, it must be admitted, are questions of no small importance to those who would share in the benefits of the proposed pension scheme, and further light will be awaited with impatience by a crowd of pensioners expectant.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

**Hide-Bound Journals.**—If any man doubts the hide-bound character of our journals to-day, let him try this experiment: Let him write down what he thinks upon any matter, write a story of any length, a poem, a prayer, a speech. Let him assume as he writes it that it cannot be published, and let him satisfy his individual taste in the subject, size, mood, and tenor of the whole composition. Then let him begin his peregrinations to find in which one of the ten thousand journals of America there is a place for his ideas as they stand. We have more journals than any other country. The whole field of ideas has been covered, every vehicle of opinion has its policy, its methods, its precedents. A hundred will receive him if he shaves this, pads that, cuts it in half; but not one of them will trust him as he stands. "Good, but eccentric." "Good, but too long." "Good, but new."—*John Jay Chapman, in the Critic.*

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Alexander.**—One of the pluckiest of women lives in London on Maida Hill. Her pen name is known all over the United States, but few, perhaps, would recognize an old friend under the name of Mrs. Annie Hector, which is the proper appellation of the lady who has written some thirty odd novels under the name of Mrs. Alexander.

The author of "The Wooing O't" is at this moment engaged in writing another novel. She is writing it by hand—something not so often done in these days of secretaries, stenographers, typewriters, and phonographs—and she is doing it with as much interest and animation and good spirits as if, in the first place, she were not seventy-six years old, and as if, in the second place, she had not been an almost helpless invalid for several years.

Mrs. Alexander chuckles when she says she is seventy-six, as if it were a sort of joke on Father Time, and perhaps it is, for the old gentleman with the hourglass has been unable to make her look a day over sixty; and her talk is as bright and cheery as that of a woman in the prime of life. Yet rheumatism has pursued her like a fiend, and for four or five years she has been able to leave her chair only with the greatest difficulty. The affliction meant a great deal to her, for she was vastly fond of getting about among her friends and of going to the theatre, yet she has never grumbled, and has written on almost without interruption, sitting all day as cheerfully as you please behind a big flat-topped desk, with all sorts of literary materials close at hand and a stout cane within reach. She prefers that cane to a bell.

Mrs. Hector is an Irishwoman, and has all the mother wit that is called for by traditions of her race. She must have been a beauty when she was a girl. She married a well-to-do Scotchman, and never took seriously to writing

until her husband died, leaving an estate in such condition that an extra income was most desirable.

Mrs. Alexander always wanted to write for the stage, and although one of her books was dramatized, Fate always stepped in just as it was about to be produced.

The novel to which Mrs. Alexander is now giving the finishing touches will take her readers into new territory, for the hero and the villain both find themselves hunting big game in the south of Africa, and having some adventures in the liveliness of which Mrs. Alexander perhaps finds her compensation for the painfully enforced quietness of her own life.— *Washington Times.*

**Bronte.** — It is a pitiful tale that Mrs. Ward has to tell in her introduction to Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley," the second volume of the elaborate Haworth edition of the works of the Brontë sisters. The novel was begun when the entire Brontë family was borne down by the return of the novelist's dissolute brother, Branwell, to his father's home. The first volume was completed shortly before his death. Relieved of this distraction, the poor author may well have looked forward to a few tranquil hours for the completion of her task — but in vain. Scarcely had the relief come when Emily, the favorite sister, was seized by the dreaded consumption, and in a few months was borne to the Haworth churchyard. Again Charlotte turned to her work for relief. Her publishers were eager for the entire story, and she set herself resolutely about its completion. Anne sickened, and Charlotte took her to Scarborough, where she died. It is scarcely remarkable that, written under such harrowing circumstances, the book contains so much of sadness and melancholy. The scenes at Caroline's bedside are drawn from life, — or death, — and her ultimate recovery is but Charlotte's dream of what might have been. — *Buffalo Commercial.*

**Dickens.** — Of Dickens, John W. Hollingshead says in his recent book, "According to My Lights": "He was a short, upright man, of spare figure, who held his head very erect, and had an energetic, industrious, not to say bustling, appearance. His command of his talent was greatly superior to that of Thackeray, for, as a rule, he generally contrived to do his day's work in writing between ten in the morning and two o'clock in the afternoon.

"But when he was struggling with a new and perhaps difficult story, this hard and fast rule was relaxed. At two o'clock he would start on those monotonous twenty-mile walks, undertaken with a mistaken idea that intellectuall work required to be balanced with a plentiful amount of physical exercise. His walks were always walks of observation, through parts of London that he wanted to study. . . . He was a master in London; abroad he was only a workman."

**Seawell.** — Pathetic news comes to us of the gradual loss of eyesight to Miss Molly Elliott Seawell, whose unremitting industry in letters has, perhaps, brought this hard fate upon her. Miss Seawell has by no means resigned her activity, however, but by dictating to her secretary manages to get through more work than many unhandicapped writers, and under these circumstances we may suppose her latest book, "Gavin Hamilton," a vivid chronicle of the time of Frederick the Great, to have been written.— *Boston Transcript.*

**Stannard.** — It is always interesting to have authentic details of the earnings of popular novelists. "John Strange Winter" has for the first time publicly disclosed her actual earnings during her first fifteen years of study and work. Mrs. Stannard is one of the very few women novelists of the day who chose their vocation during childhood, and laboriously worked at it as a life profession, much as a doctor, soldier, or lawyer would do.

When Mrs. Stannard suddenly achieved popularity in 1885 with "Bootles' Baby," she had already been assiduously working at her craft some fifteen years, which to some extent accounts for her success in steadily holding a front place among light fictionists from that day to this. Her forthcoming book, "The Money Sense," will bring her output to the total of seventy volumes since her marriage in 1884. A letter in which she records her early earnings appears in the Christmas number of *Pearson's Magazine*, as part of an interesting

paper by Miss Maud Churton, who had asked many writers to tell of "My First Guinea." Here Mrs. Stannard says: "My first guinea was ten shillings, if I may be pardoned the bull. I was just twenty then, and had been sending out my manuscripts since I was fourteen years old. . . . What strikes me most in looking over my account book (for from first to last I have religiously put down every farthing that I have ever received) is surprise that I could have been so extraordinarily patient and persevering as I certainly was, for no fewer than six years went by between the day when I first sent a story to try its fate and the joyful morn on which I received that first ten shillings.

"It was little wonder that my initial effort was still-born. I was only fourteen years old when I wrote 'Clotilde's Vengeance,' which was a story of the French Revolution, and might fitly be described as a sprig of dear Whyte Melville's 'Cerise' grafted on a stem of Ouida's glowing romances. I sent it to a publication called *Wedding Bells*, and never heard any more of it from that day to this.

"After that six years went by, during which I spent a greater part of my time writing, wasting paper, if the truth be told. I tried many times to get acceptance, but — until at the end of four years a friend of my father took a little sketch of mine for the *Yorkshire Chronicle*, and thought the honor of seeing myself in print a sufficient return for a very smart skit — I had no luck. It was two years after this that I received my first payment, the ten shillings before mentioned. But think of the six long years between fourteen and twenty, when every day seems a week and every week a month. I marvel when I realize that I stuck so closely to my point.

"Yet I am told constantly that I have been so lucky, that I don't know what the grind of literary effort is. Don't I! Well, then, here is a list of figures showing what my income was during the years which followed on the receipt of my first earnings down to the day when I received from the editor of the *Graphic* the check for the serial use of 'Bootles' Baby': Income for 1876, £4 9s.; 1877, £33 7s.; 1878, £88 14s. 6d.; 1879, £127 12s. 6d.; 1880, £82 10s.; 1881, £132 10s.; 1882, £150; 1883, £125 15s.; 1884, £112 15s. (not including the sum received for 'Bootles' Baby').

"The grand total of receipts for nine years of real hard work amounts to £857 8s., to say nothing of the six years of unrewarded toil which went before. I do not cite this by way of grumbling at what I made, only when young writers tell me that I do not know what literary grind is I smile, and look back over the early days of my account; and my natural inclination is to say: 'Go thou and do likewise.'" — *New York Times.*

**Tennyson.** — Lord Dufferin has written a letter to W. H. Rideing, in which he tells this anecdote: "Lady Dufferin and I were paying Tennyson a visit, accompanied by my eldest daughter, who was then a slip of a girl of about fifteen. Tennyson read us a poem he had just written. I think it was 'Tithonus.' When it was finished my daughter, in her girlish enthusiasm, cried out, 'Oh, how awfully pretty!' upon which Tennyson, putting his hand on her shoulder, said, 'My dear child, don't use that dreadful word!' In a voice of deep compunction she exclaimed, 'Oh! I'm awfully sorry,' to the immense amusement of the whole company."— *Chicago Tribune.*

**Thackeray.** — John Hollingshead's reminiscences contain the following account of Thackeray's quaint habits in writing a novel: "He wrote a very small, neat hand, and used slips of note paper. These he would often gather up and put in his coat pocket, leaving his secretary at work, and stroll down to the Athenæum Club. Here, if he could get a comfortable table and was not waylaid by any gossip, to whom he was always ready to give an attentive ear, he would pull out his slips and carry his story a few steps further. In an hour or two he would again collect the scattered papers and go on to the Garrick Club, where, if not interrupted, he would resume his writing. This habit of composing in public frightened many of the old club fogies, who thought they were being caricatured for posterity, and no doubt helped to get him blackballed at the Travelers'."

**Wilkins.** — Mary E. Wilkins is absolutely without affectation in speaking of her work.

She does not belittle it, but talks of it with a frank simplicity that is misleading, and sometimes entraps her listener into the temporary belief that there is nothing so wonderful about it, after all; that this modest, unspoiled woman has not had her name flung broadcast over two continents in honored recognition of the gift of genius.

The misleading quality of her conversational reference to her work, for example, is apparent when she replies to that stock question of the author's interviewer, "Do you have a regular time to write?"

"Yes, but I never write in it," Miss Wilkins answers, so promptly and almost carelessly as to give to her listener a first impression that putting together these stories, in which a large part of the world delights, is her least concern. Afterward one knows better.

"I say," she adds, "that I will write a thousand words a day, but I rarely do so. Usually I let the days pass till my time is up, and then I write hard from morning till night. I have composed seven thousand words a day, typewriting them myself as I go; but a day of work like that tires me greatly, and I am idle for several days, recovering from it. I do not dictate—have never even tried it—because I am sure it would be impossible for me. I use the typewriter from the start, rushing ahead when in the throes of composition, without pausing to correct any errors either of the machine or of grammar or style. This rough copy I carefully revise before sending it away for a second fair typewritten copy. I use two machines, and keep two novels going, one on each at the same time. It rests me to change from one story to another, or perhaps I should say that sometimes I am in the mood for one more than for the other, and I work at the one which suits me best at the moment.

"Moods? Yes, I have them, as I suppose any worker in any field must have in relation to his work. There come days when I cannot write at all; then I wait. At other times I write with an effort, and accordingly accomplish much less."—*Harper's Bazar.*

**Zola.**—M. Zola looks upon the use of the capital "I" as one of the most singular features of the English language. He calls attention to the fact that "a Frenchman referring to himself, writes '*je*' with a small 'j'; a German, though he may gratify all his substantives with capital letters, employs a small 'i' in writing '*ich*'; a Spaniard, when he uses the personal pronoun at all, bestows a small 'y' on his '*yo*,' while he honors the person he addresses with a capital 'V.'" The English "I" strikes Zola as being very arrogant.—*Geyer's Stationer.*

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name—the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

JOHN RUSKIN: POET, PAINTER, AND PROPHET. Illustrated. Lucking Tavener. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for March.

JOHN RUSKIN. Illustrated. Roger Riordan. *Critic* (23 c.) for March.

TWO GLIMPSES OF BLACKMORE—(Blackmore at Seventy-three. Henry T. Bailey. An Afternoon with Blackmore. G. H P.). *Critic* (23 c.) for March.

ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—II. (Continued.) Lewis E. Gates. *Critic* (23 c.) for March.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN.—III. William James Stillman. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

THE PLACE OF FRENCH LITERATURE. George McLean Harper. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

A GIRL OF SIXTEEN AT BROOK FARM. Ora Gannett Sedgwick. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

STEVENSON FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

ROBERT HERRICK, THE MAN AND THE POET. With portrait and title-page facsimile. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE. III.—French Newspapers (second paper). Adolphe Cohn. *Bookman* (23 c.) for March.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE DIME NOVEL. Firmin Dredd. *Bookman* (23 c.) for March.

ITALICS IN FICTION. William Le Queux. *Bookman* (23 c.) for March.

GERHART HAUPTMANN—THE IDEALIST REVIVAL IN EUROPE. Paul S. Reinsch, Ph.D. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for March.

THE PASSING OF RUSKIN. Katherine Louise Smith. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for March.

THE SPIRIT OF RUSKIN'S TEACHING. With frontispiece portrait. James Main Dixon. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for March.

SUGGESTIVENESS IN WRITING. Frank Ingold Walker. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for March.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI AND HER MESSAGE. A. Smellie. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for March

THE BEST 100 BOOKS FOR A YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for March.

THE AUTHOR OF "CYRANO" (A Study of Edmond Rostand's Personality and Methods of Writing). Illustrated. Cleveland Moffett. *McClure's* (13 c.) for March.

A SOUTHERN PORT: HENRY TIMROD. Stockton Axson. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for March.

THE REAL HOWELLS. Illustrated. Theodore Dreiser. *Ainslee's* (13 c.) for March.

MY FIRST ACCEPTED MANUSCRIPT. Kate Sanborn, Harriet P. Spofford, Octave Thanet, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Laura E. Richards. Illustrated. *Household* (13 c.) for March.

JAMES MARTINEAU. Edward Everett Hale *Outlook* (13 c.) for February 3.

THOREAU, THE POET-NATURALIST. Professor O. B. Super. *Central Christian Advocate* (8 c.) for February 7.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS. Jennie Campbell. *New York Observer* (8 c.) for February 22.

THE ART OF THINKING. Paul Siegvolk. *New York Home Journal* (8 c.) for February 28.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

"Mark Twain" and his family will soon return to Hartford, and take up their permanent home there.

Mrs. Grant Allen, the widow of the English novelist, is about to open a book-shop in London, West End.

Now that young Grant Allen is going into the publishing business, it is recalled that his father, the novelist, gave this advice to aspirants: "Don't take to literature if you have capital enough to buy a good broom, and energy enough to annex a vacant street crossing."

Horace E. Scudder will write the new critical biography of Lowell to be published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

The late Richard Hovey was to write the life of Poe in the "Beacon" series of biographies, and his death makes it necessary for another author to be secured.

Ruskin books are now in order. M. H. Spielmann has already completed a volume, "John Ruskin: A Sketch of His Life, Work, and Opinions, with Personal Reminiscences" (Cassell & Co.); while Mrs. Meynell has well under way a critical appreciation of Ruskin as writer and as art critic.

Moira O'Neill, the poet, is of Irish birth, is married to an Englishman, and lives on a farm in Canada.

Edmund Clarence Stedman has sold his seat in the New York stock exchange, and hereafter will devote himself entirely to literature.

Henry M. Alden, editor of *Harper's Magazine*, was married February 22, in Washington, to Mrs. Ada F. Murray, of Norfolk, Va.

Observing that Frank Norris, author of "Moran of the Lady Letty" and "McTeaque," was married February 12 to Miss Jeannette Black, of New York, the *Chicago Times-Herald* expects to see Mr. Norris's work gain in cheerfulness from now on, while losing nothing in power.

S. R. Crockett made his literary hit in 1894. He has issued twenty novels since then, at the rate of three a year.

Rudyard Kipling went to the Cape solely in search of a warm climate. After his illness of last year he was forbidden by the doctors to spend another winter in England, and he would have left England some time ago had he not been detained by a tedious attack of influenza. Probably he will write a few newspaper letters, but he has not gone to the Cape as a correspondent.

The Society of American Authors has added one hundred new members during the past year. The following officers were elected at the annual meeting February 14: President, Rastus H. Ransom; first vice-president, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; second vice-president, General Lew Wallace; third vice-president, Dr. Thomas Dunn English; fourth vice-president, Hubert Howe Bancroft; fifth vice-president, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth; sixth vice-president, Miss Grace Denio Litchfield; treasurer, Morris Patterson Ferris; secretary, James Berkeley Laux; members of the board of managers, to serve until February, 1903, Rev. Dr. E. Walpole Warren, William Nelson, J. Beverley Robinson, G. Grosvenor Dawe.

The J. B. Lippincott Company announces that book manuscripts are most available when they are between 60,000 and 100,000 words in length. Manuscripts intended for consideration in the *Lippincott Magazine* department should be, if for the complete novel, 40,000 words; if for shorter articles, not more than 5,000 words long.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's son, Arnold Ward, is in Egypt, about to make his way into journalism as a correspondent of the *London Times*.

Karl Stephen Herrman is now the editor of the *Literary Review* (Boston).

Sidney Low is editing the *Anglo-Saxon Review* during Lady Randolph Churchill's absence in South Africa.

Jesse Lynch Williams has resigned his position with the Scribners, and will become the editor of the *Alumni Princetonian*. Mr. Williams has been induced to accept this place because it will give him more time to pursue his literary work. He will move his family to Princeton early in the spring.

Joseph I. C. Clarke, who has been editor of the *Criterion* (New York) for the last two years, has retired from that place, consequent on the change of the publication from a weekly to a monthly. His stock in the company has been bought by Mrs. G. L. Davidson, the president.

The *Library* is a new high-class literary weekly to be published in Pittsburg. The first number will appear early in March.

A new magazine to make its appearance in New York, April 1, is to be called *Womanhood*, and will be published by the Society for the Study of Life.

The *Sphere*, which is issued from 6 Great New street, London, is an important addition to English weekly illustrated papers. Clements Shorter is the editor.

Chicago has a new magazine called the *Bachelor Book*, by Marion Thornton Egbert and Page Waller Sampson. "It is intended for bachelors, but others may read it," say the editors.

For the purpose of developing a magazine to be devoted entirely to sport, travel, and adventure, *Outing* has been purchased by Caspar Whitney, Fletcher Harper, Robert Bacon, David M. Goodrich, S. R. Bertron, Walter Camp, C. C. Cuyler, S. F. Houston, T. D. M. Cardeza, and Charles Hodgman. The magazine will be edited by Caspar Whitney. Later on the firm will begin the publication of books and a weekly of current comment.

*Success* (New York) is now published monthly instead of weekly.

The Young Churchman Company, of Milwaukee, which recently bought the *Living Church*, has sold the *Church Eclectic* to James Pott & Co., of New York.

The house of Harper & Brothers is to be reorganized, with none of the Harpers in it. All amounts due authors are to be paid in full.

The Board of Education of Sierra Leone has offered a prize of twenty guineas, or a little over $100 in gold, for a small history of that colony, which shall be most suitable as a text-book to be used in the public schools there. The copyright of the successful book is to remain the property of the author, who will derive a revenue from it as long as it continues to be used in the Sierra Leone schools. Manuscripts should contain not more than 75,000 words, and should be sent to the clerk of the Board of Education, Freetown, Sierra Leone, by July 31, 1900. If no book is approved by the board, a prize of £10 will be given to the author of the best, but it will not be published.

The *Bookman* classifies as follows the new books published in this country in 1899: Fiction, 719; juvenile, 434; law, 454; education and language, 397; theology and religion, 393; literary history and miscellany, 304; poetry, 302; biography, 208; history, 246; political and social science, 226; travel and description, 190; humor and satire, 26. In the same period the English production of new books was 5,971 and the reprints were 1,596. Of the new books, 1,825 were works of fiction.

A dainty calendar in water colors, printed on six sheets of fine Whatman paper, size 10 x 12½ inches, fastened together with silk ribbon, is given to every subscriber for *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (New York) for 1900.

"A Day in Thrums," in the *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* for March, is an account of a visit to the town of Kirriemuir and the scenes of J. M. Barrie's popular works.

Henry Duff Traill died in London February 21, aged fifty-seven.

Richard Hovey died in New York February 26, aged thirty-five.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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## THE ROAD TO LITERARY SUCCESS.

"THE AUTHOR'S OWN COOK BOOK. Fifty Ways for Preparing Red Herrings, with an Appendix containing a Directory of Herring Dealers and of Periodicals which Pay on Acceptance."

A merry writer in the *New York Times* recently offered the title quoted to such authors as are reduced to cooking and eating red herrings and have time and learning for the foreshadowed book. His laughter was stirred by the London *Author*, in which a contributor bemoaned the fate of a man found frying his breakfast herring while a review damp from the press complimented his book! And the *Times* man pokes fun at the moans — laughs in a delightfully contagious fashion.

Well, truly, there are worse things than the savory sputter of a herring well buttered and peppered; and when a sauce of compliments is added, who could grumble? Complaints are for the fish, says the laughing man. And, in answer to that dry, old, old query, "Can a man live by authorship?" he cries: "Can a man live by shoemaking? Why, yes, if he can make good shoes and keeps pegging away. . . . What constitutes a living for an author? Why should he live like a prince? The fact is, he should n't. Luxury would be a bad thing for him. . . . Authorship, like other forms of virtue, should be largely its own reward," *et cetera;* all jolly, grinning prods, mock solace for the man down the hill of his cash account.

Then the merry writer divides them — the writers who cannot make a living — (good red herring daily and a box of sardines for Sundays) into two classes: —

1. Those who won't work.

2. Those who have not the special talent required.

That's where, for all the laugh in his sleeve, he gets serious and stops, does n't give a recipe for talent or even tell how many pegs go to the making of a shoe.

"Special talent?" "Why — er — ah — I know, but I can't express it," as the young geographer said about the capital of Iowa.

Is it a strange sleeping thing that leaps up sometime for a death cry, as in "David Harum"? Does it sometimes die unwaked or strangled in sluggish blood? Was the heart of it in that reply, stirred to new forms in "Richard Carvel," the reply of John Paul Jones to the Serapis? —

"Have you struck, sir?"

"Sir, I have not yet begun to fight."

Or is it all from the tink, tink of hammer and anvil?

*Apropos*, there is that plucky English woman who tells in the Christmas *Pearson's* of her

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first earnings. A zero stands for the cash value of six years! Consider it, grumbler; six times twelve months of days of rejection slips! Then there came 10s., and the account goes thus: —

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1876 . . . . . | £4 | 9s. |
| 1877 . . . . . | 33 | 7s. |
| 1878 . . . . . | 88 | 4s. 6d. |

and so on to "Bootles' Baby" in 1885, when she went "upstairs into the world." Between "Bootles'" and "The Money Sense" in the February *Lippincott* are about seventy novels — and little need of herrings. Certainly hers is a pleasant, most encouraging illustration of "pegging away" results. "The grand total," she says, "of receipts for nine years of real hard work amounts to 857 pounds, 8 shillings, to say nothing of the six years of unrewarded toil that went before. 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

Thank you so much, kind, plucky one, for that last! Such going is so simple; just attain patience infinite, industry the most tireless, and to back them the no-surrender soul such as possessed a few folk in history.

Still, even with lesser share of those high attributes, I humbly hope that our "a-movin'-on" may bring us somewhere near the line of "Bootles' Baby" and not into the herringless bleaks of poor Joe; for our cheery man of the *Times* allows but *two* necessities, but *two*.

There came an eager question from the Young Person with the new rejection slip: —

"What two?"

"First, *work*, the tink, tink of hammer and anvil, the peg, peg, pegging at the shoe."

"Oh, glorious," cries the Young Person. "Any one can peg. What else?"

"Second, special talent required."

"Special talent re——— Oh!" says the Young Person, and wrathfully prods the *Times*. "Pass me the special talent, you wicked discouraging man."

"And see," added the Old Person, with a sadly learned smile, "see that its label is on."

*E. E. Garnett.*

DUNNSVILLE, Va.

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## THE NIGHT EDITOR.

The routine of the night editor of a morning newspaper is exceeding irksome. He works while others sleep, turns night into day, and slumbers during the long sunlit hours, completely reversing the whole current of nature. Excepting once a week, an evening of normal social enjoyment is denied him. No other position on a newspaper is so little to be desired as his. Its dull monotony is never varied by the scenes of life and excitement in which the chronicler of events, the reporter, constantly mingles, and even the day editor, sedentary as is his kindred pursuit, is not quite so largely shut out from the contact of the outer world as the toiler at the night desk. There is always plenty to do, but it is not so much because of this fact as because there is so little to relieve the tedium of copy editing, head building, and proof reading, that the night editor leads the most humdrum and monotonous existence. Fortunate is he who under such circumstances can keep out of the ruts.

I am speaking now of the night editor in the average New England city outside of Boston. He goes to work at about other people's supper time. The first part of the evening is enlivened, perhaps, by the gossip of the reporters, who, while preparing some belated bit of afternoon copy or getting in readiness to go out and "cover" their evening assignments, talk together of their day's doings and experiences. Presently there are apt to come in a few visitors, generally a very few, the number being gauged by the size of the city, and the customs of its

people, and the methods pursued by the newspaper. Of course, there are the "kickers." One of these, of the mild type, is merely desirous that a slight mistake made in the evening paper shall not be repeated in the morning issue, and his case is an easy one to handle.

Of quite another sort is the noisy and obstreperous individual who demands that certain news be suppressed, and angrily threatens all sorts of vengeance dire if his request cannot be granted. Then there are the men whose names are always to be seen in the newspapers, with axes to grind in the shape of items about themselves which they offer for publication. Possibly one or two men, finding the counting room closed, have ascended to the upper regions with late advertisements for insertion. Bicycle racers, baseball players, and pugilists toil up the stairs, but are quickly turned over to some reporter having the sporting news in charge. Sometimes, and particularly during the war, a friend of the paper drops in to learn the latest news, and while he sits conning the neat typewritten pages of telegraph copy, finds it necessary to unload upon the night editor his opinions upon every conceivable topic, interlarded with a few stories, which must needs be laughed at, and all his talk must be given courteous and respectful attention.

Meanwhile the work is piling up on the night editor's desk. The telegraph news is accumulating with great rapidity. Evening mails have come in, bringing suburban correspondence, through which it is necessary to proceed with the utmost caution in trimming it into shape for publication. There are clippings from exchanges to be carefully considered and digested, and perhaps in part rewritten. The telephone bell tinkles every few minutes, and somebody at the other end of the town wants to know who won the Boston-Baltimore ball game, or is very anxious (to settle a bet) to learn the date of the Brooklyn Theatre fire. Or perchance the telephone announces that if the editor will send a reporter to a certain place, he will obtain a good item of news, — whether a surprise party, a wedding, an arrest, an accident, a fatality, or even a murder, the editor is not informed. Another bell sounds its warning note, and the foreman of the composing room, utterly out of patience, is ringing for copy.

As the evening waxes the air clears and matters shape themselves. The night editor and his assistants — if he be fortunate enough to have assistants — are subjected to fewer interruptions, until, anywhere between ten o'clock and midnight, the reporters begin to come in and reel off their copy. The night editor soon finds he has a great mass of city matter, while the news that has been clicked over the telegraph wire is also very important on this particular night. Now comes the struggle, the exercise of the best judgment, to decide what shall be used in full, what shall be cut down ("boiled," as the newspaper men say), and what shall be omitted entirely. These judgments must all be formed, and formed correctly, on the spur of the moment, where in similar cases in another line of business a man would require hours or days to decide.

At last the reporters have finished and gone home. Some nights, it may be said, they have little to do and depart early. From then on until morning there is a period of comparative quiet, although there is no let-up in the work until the last. Finally, the night editor departs, brain-weary and nerve-wrung, with his senses deadened by the monotonous routine of what may have seemed here in the telling to be a night of excitement and variety.

There are times, however, in the silent watches of the night, when the editor feels a thrill of pleasure and gratification. The city is slumbering, wholly unaware of what is going on in the great world. Connected with unseen, far-away cities only by the tenuous telegraph line, the night editor touches the very pulse of the universe. Dynasties rise and fall; an assassin kills a king; the Maine is blown up in Havana harbor; Dewey vanquishes the Spaniards at Manila bay; the American fleet at Santiago demolishes Cervera's squadron; diplomats at Washington sign the parchment that heralds the dawn of peace; and the night editor smiles to himself in a gratified way as he realizes how in the morning the town will be stirred from end to end with surprise and excitement as the result of his nocturnal endeavors.

*William M. Emery.*

FALL RIVER, MASS.

# THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The *Church Progress* prints a review of what it calls "Mrs. Catherwood's Last Book." Probably, however, Mrs. Catherwood's latest book is what is really meant.

* * *

Some would-be contributors to magazines are abnormally sensitive about rejections. It pains them to have an offering refused, and it hurts their pride, moreover, to have others see their manuscripts returned. Such people may be interested, perhaps, in an extract from a letter received by a Boston editor from a writer down in Maine. "You are at liberty to use the enclosed rhymes as you see fit," he says, "only *please* don't send them back, as I wish to be in a position so I may truthfully say that no publisher ever returned manuscript to me." The word "truthfully" must have different definitions in various people's private dictionaries.

* * *

The *Chautauquan* quotes some mixed metaphors which seem to be worth embalming. The first comes from a reporter's account of an address, which says:—

> The speaker likened the business college (the only school in the world that fits young men and young women with a business education) as the gateway to the commercial whirlpool, wherein all must be well equipped who hope to ascend the ladder to success, and bespoke for it a permanent and indispensable place as a factor in fitting young men and young women for positions of usefulness.

The second is ascribed to an aspiring young orator of the South, who began his speech by saying:—

> Ladies and Gentlemen: The apple of discord has been sown in our midst, and unless nipped in the bud, it will produce a conflagration whose waves will deluge this fair land with anarchy.

Worthy to go with these is the eloquence of a free-silver orator at Arkansas City, noted in 1897. He said:—

> The muddy slough of politics is the rock upon which our party has split in twain and fell to pieces from the pinnacle of imperishable fame. Let us then gear up our loins so that we may go forth with a clear head.

Free-silver orators, however, are not the only sinners, when it comes to mixing metaphors. Lowell forgot himself long enough to write:—

> Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
> Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
> Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

If the historian Merivale and the poet Lowell have met in the Unknown Land, possibly Mr. Merivale has delicately called these lines to Mr. Lowell's attention. There might be reason

for the act. Merivale wrote in "The History of the Romans Under the Empire": —

The shadowy phantom of the Republic continued to flit before the eyes of the Cæsar. There was still, he apprehended, a germ of sentiment existing, on which a scion of his own house, or even a stranger, might boldly throw himself and raise the standard of patrician independence.

"Now," said Mr. Lowell, commenting on this paragraph, "a ghost may haunt a murderer, but hardly, I should think, to scare him with the threat of taking a new lease of its old tenement. And fancy the *scion* of a *house* in the act of *throwing itself* upon a *germ of sentiment* to *raise a standard!*"

* * *

Addison wrote in his "Letter from Italy": —

Fired with that name,
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a nobler strain,

and Dr. Johnson vigorously protests: His muse "is in the first line a *horse*, in the second, a *boat*, and the care of the poet is to keep his *horse* or his *boat* from *singing*." Mill in "The Subjection of Women" describes society as "*building up propensities* with one hand which it has to *curb* with the other." Others have similarly sinned, and no mention of the subject can be made, of course, without quoting the immortal Sir Boyle Roche, who said: —

Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat, I see him brewing in the air; but, mark me, I shall yet nip him in the bud.

* * *

The editor of the concern that sends out "plate matter" to the country newspapers apparently does not know that Oliver Wendell Holmes is dead. In a batch of notes, headed "Personal and Literary," which he distributed early in February was included this paragraph: —

The autocrat of the breakfast table is not averse to giving his autograph, even when it is asked by mail, but drew the line sharply not long ago on receiving a petition addressed to "Miss Olive Wendell Holmes." The doctor says: "I don't think that an applicant who does n't even know my sex is entitled to my autograph."

As another paragraph in the same column speaks of "the late Bernard Quaritch," the stereotype plate is evidently new.

* * *

Here is a beautiful sentence taken from Henry James's story, "Maud-Evelyn," which is a prominent feature in the April *Atlantic*: —

Lavinia was one of nine, and her brothers and sisters, who have never done anything for her, help, actually, in different countries and on something, I believe, of that same scale, to people the globe.

No prize is offered for the solution of the puzzle. W. H. H.

## QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

In "Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis, I read as follows: —

The lamp in the wheelhouse threw a broad belt of light across the forward deck as they passed through it into the darkness of the bow, where the lonely lookout turned and stared at them suspiciously, and then resumed his stern watch over the great waters.

Why was the lonely lookout placed in the bow to keep a stern watch? J. H. B.

["J. H. B." might have asked also why the travelers passed through the forward deck into the darkness of the bow. — W. H. H.]

(1.) How far, and in what sense, if any, does the critical instinct conserve true literary excellence?

(2.) Is the so-called "edited" magazine, consisting, solely, of solicited material, worthy of a permanent place in the literary affairs of a nation?

(3.) Why is it that books published by authors, or for authors, are rarely, if ever, financially successful?

(4.) Ought not the "review" or criticism of a book, or other literary effort of another, always to have the author's signature attached, in fairness to the publisher, who has invested his capital in the venture, to the author, whose work is held up for public judgment, and to the public itself, who may place some estimate on the reviewer? D. M.

[(1) and (2). Before these questions can be answered, a definition of terms is necessary. What does "D. M." mean by "the critical instinct" and "the literary affairs of a nation"? Self-criticism, leading to revision, will in most cases improve an author's work. The criticism of others, competent to criticise, should, if it be duly heeded, produce the same results. As for the magazine made up wholly of solicited material, it may be literature or it may not, according to the nature of its contents. It is

conceivable that Mr. Kipling, being asked to write a poem on a given subject for the *Century*, might produce a literary masterpiece, although the chances are against it. On the other hand, judging by the style of General Shafter's official letters and reports, it is hardly possible that he could write an account of the battle of San Juan which could properly be called literature, although as historical material such a report written by him might possess the highest value. The best literature, theoretically and practically, is work done by writers for the sake of the work itself, without regard to possibilities of publication, or other reasons for writing than the irresistible desire for expression.

(3.) Books published at the expense of the authors are usually books which the regular publishers have examined and condemned from a business point of view. Once in a while a book so rejected turns out to be a success financially when it is published by the author, but the fact that publication by authors is rarely profitable indicates that the business judgment of publishers is generally good. Authors publishing their own books, moreover, are handicapped by the lack of experience in publishing and of the machinery that is requisite for selling books. The real labor of publishing begins after a book is printed, bound, and ready for the market. The author who tries to sell his own books is as foolish as a farmer would be if he should try to get along without the help of the commission merchant.

(4.) No injustice is done to author, publisher, or the public by the publication in any periodical of an unsigned review. An anonymous review in a newspaper, for instance, is taken as the expression of the paper itself, the publisher of which has generally invested a great deal more capital in his enterprise than the book publisher has invested in the book reviewed. It is conceivable that the book reviews in any issue of the *Boston Transcript*, for instance, may be written by a dozen different people, more or less unknown. If each review were signed, the author, the publisher, and the public would be unable in most cases to determine without investigation the standing of the individual reviewers. The editor of the *Transcript*, however, knows his writers, and by publishing their reviews unsigned he endorses their criticism and gives to it the prestige of his paper. What John Smith says in conversation with his friends may have little weight. What John Smith publishes as an unsigned editorial in a leading newspaper influences thousands of people, because those who control the paper, recognizing their responsibility and remembering that they have a reputation to sustain, endorse by publication that which he has written. Criticism of all kinds, moreover, should be as frank as possible, and a reviewer is more likely to be frank when his criticism is impersonal. Mr. Aldrich, for instance, reviewing Julia Ward Howe's "Reminiscences" over his signature might omit to say some things that ought to be said and that would be said if his criticism were to be published merely as the expression, for instance, of the *Nation*. Anonymity in criticism does not imply either cheapness or enmity. Anonymity encourages frankness. In the case of the ordinary book review anonymity may raise the standard of the criticism, since the editor naturally watches closely what the reviewer says, because he, the editor, must bear the responsibility alone. A signature would put the responsibility chiefly on the reviewer, and the editor would be less interested to see what opinions were expressed. Signed reviews, of course, will always have due value. People are interested to know what the professional critics, whose critical ability is generally recognized, have to say regarding current literature. Unsigned reviews, on the other hand, have the value which is attached to the personality of the periodicals that publish them. Two unsigned reviews of "Richard Carvel," one in the *Crawfordsville* (Ind.) *Weekly Mirror* and one in the *New York Independent*, would not have anything like the same value to the author, the publisher, or the public. Yet they might be identical in expression of opinion, and it is conceivable that Maurice Thompson might have written both of them. — W. H. H.]

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Will you please edit in THE WRITER this sentence from an editorial article which was

printed not long ago in the *New York Times* : —

His platform is confined to denunciation of monopoly without any indication of what constitutes monopoly, while in his personal address he merely renews the old talk of Federal control of corporations by means which require a constitutional amendment to apply.

The chief trouble comes in the last two words.

H. C. C.

[ The *Times* editor apparently means, in the final clause: "By means which can be applied only after an amendment to the constitution has been secured." — W. H. H. ]

## "NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dr. Backus some time ago compelled the resignation of the superintendent of the hospital, who was the son-in-law of Raines, for the very best reasons. —*New York Evening Post.* | Dr. Backus some time ago, for the very best reasons, compelled the resignation of the superintendent of the hospital, who was the son-in-law of Raines. |
| William and Mary College enjoys the income of a sum secured from Congress to reimburse it for the destruction of its buildings by the federal troops in the civil war through the efforts of that noble son of Harvard, Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts. — *Letter in New York Sun.* | William and Mary College enjoys the income of a sum secured from Congress through the efforts of that noble son of Harvard, Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, to reimburse it for the destruction of its buildings by the federal troops in the civil war. |
| Prior to the dinner. — *Wilmington (Del.) Every Evening.* | Before the dinner. |
| Mr. Vandegrift gave material evidence of his abilities as a first-class caterer, and the following tempting menu was served by an efficient corps of waiters. — *Wilmington (Del.) Every Evening.* | Mr. Vandegrift gave material evidence of his abilities as a first-class caterer. The menu was: — |
| Princeton, N. J., Mar. 9.— G. M. H Woodhull, professor of Romance language, has been chosen to succeed Bliss Perry, who has accepted the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* in the Holmes chair of Belle Letters and English literature. | Princeton, N. J., Mar. 9.— G. M. H. Woodhull, professor of the Romance languages, has been chosen to succeed Bliss Perry in the Holmes chair of Belles Lettres and English Literature. Mr. Perry has accepted the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly.* |

## THE VOCABULARY OF A SCOLD.

A scold's description of her husband, in the following terms, gives an excellent example of the copiousness of the English language. She said: —

"He is an abhorred, barbarous, capricious, detestable, envious, fastidious, hard-hearted, illiberal, ill-natured, jealous, keen, loathsome, malevolent, nauseous, obstinate, passionate, quarrelsome, raging, saucy, tantalizing, uncomfortable, vexatious, abominable, bitter, captious, disagreeable, execrable, fierce, grating, gross, hasty, malicious, nefarious, obstreperous, peevish, restless, savage, tart, unpleasant, violent, waspish, worrying, acrimonious, blustering, careless, discontented, fretful, growling, hateful, inattentive, malignant, noisy, odious, perverse, rigid, severe, teasing, unsuitable, angry, boisterous, choleric, disgusting, gruff, hectoring, incorrigible, mischievous, negligent, offensive, pettish, roaring, sharp, sluggish, snapping, snarling, sneaking, sour, testy, tiresome, tormenting, touchy, arrogant, austere, awkward, boorish, brawling, brutal, bullying, churlish, clamorous, crabbed, cross, currish, dismal, dull, dry, drowsy, grumbling, horrid, huffish, injurious, insolent, intractable, irrascible, ireful, morose, murmuring, opinionated, oppressive, outrageous, overbearing, petulant, plaguy, rough, rude, rugged, spiteful, stern, splenetic, stubborn, stupid, sulky, sullen, surly, suspicious, treacherous, troublesome, turbulent, tyrannical, virulent, wrangling, yelping, dog in a manger."

How often this woman called her husband by this bad name in a day I have not heard, but it would not be a bad piece of practice to find out how many of these words we can properly place and spell correctly.

MILLTOWN, N. B. *W. J. Kirby.*

## HOW TO WRITE A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE.

Probably not one reader in a hundred has paused to notice that a newspaper article is written on a plan just the reverse of that of a sermon or oration. It is worth the while of every man and woman to know the general plan on which newspaper articles are written, for almost everybody desires at times to announce something through the press. The mere knowledge of the theory will not make a successful writer in this or any other department, but it is the first step.

The skillful preacher or orator usually reserves his most important points until toward the end of his discourse, closing with a climax. The skillful newspaper reporter puts his climax into his first sentence, and ends with the most non-essential detail. While the novelist secures

his dramatic effect by keeping the secret of his story hidden as long as possible, the reporter attains success by revealing his secret as quickly as words will let him. Both are working on principles as clearly defined as that on which a sonnet is constructed, but the modern newspaper article is of so much more recent date that few critics have analyzed it, and even many of the best newspaper writers work daily upon the foregoing principle without knowing it. No man can work many days under a metropolitan city editor without learning it. If he does not pick up the knack promptly, he is given a chance to learn some other business.

The reasons for this method of construction are plain. The object of a newspaper "story" is to tell the news for its own sake. The majority of readers do not have time to read the whole of an article. What they want is a compact statement of the essential facts of an accident, or a crime, or a public meeting. The best newspaper is the one that gives them the pith of the whole matter in the first paragraph, following this with the more important details and closing with the least important. The reader then glances down the column far enough to get the vital facts, and does not waste time on the rest. He can get a fair knowledge of the whole world's news for the day by merely reading the headlines and opening paragraphs of the paper, while perhaps but one article is interesting enough to read every line.

There is also another important cause which has contributed to this method of presenting the news with the cream always on top. As startling events do not occur in this world with any regularity, though the paper must always be issued at the same hour, it naturally follows that there is an ever-varying pressure on the columns. The reporters begin work on a morning paper at one o'clock on the preceding day. At the time when they do their "afternoon assignment" there may be space in abundance and their articles may be written in considerable detail. Late in the evening there may be a great fire or some important victory on the battlefield that will suddenly demand a dozen or a score of columns. It becomes necessary to "cut" everything of ordinary importance. By that time the earlier "stories" are in type and cannot be rewritten. The condensing is done by dropping off the latter part of the article, which can be done without injuring its essential parts if it is constructed on the proper plan. Every large newspaper nightly "kills" many columns of matter in this way, either before it is in type or afterward. If the vital news were scattered through the article, there would be no alternative but to leave it all out.

Here is where the would-be correspondent so often meets his Waterloo. The young and ambitious editor of a country weekly gets a commission to represent his town as telegraphic correspondent of a large city daily. Perhaps there is a bad fire in the village, and several lives are lost. He telegraphs a graphic account of it in detail, telling it in such a way that one must read a thousand words to discover how many persons were killed or injured and what is the total value of the property destroyed. The "story" reaches the telegraph editor at a time when he is working under high pressure to cut down all news "to the marrow," in order to make room for some event of world-wide import. The country correspondent's matter is useless unless printed entire or rewritten. There is neither the space for the one nor the time for the other. The result is that the article goes into the waste-basket, and the aspiring correspondent receives notice that his services are no longer desired.

Nearly every reporter learns this lesson by hard experience and much wasted labor. Every editor has had his patience tried to the boiling point by contributions that might be used if they did not violate the first commandment of the newspaper decalogue — tell the news in the first sentence. I should not like to compute how many columns I wrote for the waste-basket before I discovered this simple rule of journalism, or how many I have blue-penciled or rewritten for other beginners since I have attained to the dignity of "desk-work." If the public had a better realization of the hard drill on such points that must precede all success in newspaper work, there would be a less general impression that any man who has failed in other lines can be an editor *impromptu*.

Briefly stated, the chief rules for an ordinary news article are these: Tell the whole story in your first sentence, or at least in your first paragraph, and the briefer the paragraph the better. Be sure to give in your opening lines the time, place, and chief actors concerned, along with the scope and nature of the event chronicled. Avoid exclamations, fine writing, flaming adjectives, or editorial comment. If it is a piece of news in which timeliness is an important element, get it to your paper as quickly as your lucky stars will let you. Tell your story in the fewest words possible without omitting essential details. If you cannot shake off the hallucination that an introduction is needed, put it at the end, where the editor can cut it off. — *Edwin L. Shuman, in the Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Benjamin Paul Blood, whose poem, "Thoroughbreds," is printed in *Scribner's Magazine* for April, made his first success with "The Lion of the Nile," which was published in *Scribner's* in December, 1888. Since then he has had poems published in May, 1892; August, 1895: July, 1899; and March, 1900—all in the same magazine. Mr. Blood has now in press another poem, entitled "Thyreus in Alexandria," and treating of the youth whom Octavius Cæsar sent to lure Cleopatra from Antony.

Mary E. Bradley, whose story, "The Doubtful Member," appeared in the January *St. Nicholas*, did a great amount of literary work, covering a period of more than forty years. She contributed to all the leading magazines, and her children's books—a score or more of them—from "Douglas Farm" and "Bread Upon the Waters," published in the 'fifties, down to the later books, "Earl's Rock" and "The Stranger in His Gates," have delighted generations of young people. She wrote many spirited ballads which appeared in *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, *Harper's*, and elsewhere, but her only collection of poems is a little volume, published by Roberts Brothers in 1885, called "Hidden Sweetness." Although a Southerner by birth, most of Mrs. Bradley's married life was spent in New York. She was a close friend of the Stoddards, and Mr. Stoddard's appreciative tribute, published in the *Mail and Express* closes as follows: "It is not the literary art, which impresses me in this poetry, but the nature, the genius, of its writer, with whom poetry was a rare and beautiful gift." A stroke of paralysis, in the spring of 1895, made further work uncertain, but "The Doubtful Member," "Cousin Jane's Mistake" (to which this latest story is in some sense a sequel), "Diddledock" (accepted by the *Youth's Companion*, but not yet published), "The Growing of the Peach" and "Why the Sea is Salt" (poems in *St. Nicholas*), with many other mannscripts, published and unpublished, were written during the three years which followed. Though Mrs. Bradley was a prisoner in her own rooms, the days were generally passed by her at her desk, and the work that came from that sick-room bore no trace of sadness or failing health. Her sudden death, in April, 1898, took from the world "a gracious personality, a poet of fine intuitions, and a writer whose stories of child-life are classics of their kind."

Josephine Dodge Daskam, author of the ballad, "The Little Dead Child," in the *Century* for March, comes from Stamford, Conn., and was graduated two years ago from Smith College. She was a member of the leading literary society in college and editor-in-chief of the college magazine, delivering on her graduation the Ivy oration, one of the senior honors. Besides some children's stories in the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas*, two or three stories of hers have appeared in the *New York Evening Post*, and one or two yet unpublished have been accepted by the *Century* and other magazines. Besides "The Little Dead Child," Miss Daskam has published a poem, "The Old Captive," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and other poems have been accepted by both the *Century* and the *Atlantic*. Since her graduation she has lived in Northampton, Mass. This college town is the scene of her book, "Smith College Stories," recently published by the Scribners, a collection of ten short

stories illustrative of the social life of the modern college girl.

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Elizabeth Paton McGilvary, whose poem, "The Larger Hope," appeared in the March *Century*, writes in answer to a request for personal information: "My love for poetry developed at a very early age with my discovery of a curious old book of ballads. I began at once to read verse wherever I found it, and even attempted to write what I called 'poetry.' At sixteen I had a chance to do some clerical work on an encyclopedia, which increased my interest in all sorts of literary composition. I married when I was eighteen, and went immediately into the heart of Siam. We were there only three years, but from that wonderful experience I date my first earnest desire to write. During the two or three years immediately after our return to America, domestic duties and social interests made literary effort almost impossible, but I published, by request, in the *Sunday School Times* my first paper, a sketch of child-life in Lao, and later in the *New York Evening Post* a series of short articles on Siam. My efforts to get certain stories published failed, and I was only a little more successful with verses. The recent publication in the *Century* of 'The Larger Hope' has brought me offers to write for one or two other publications. My present work I regard merely as an attempt to gain experience enough to enable me to realize in time certain long-cherished literary ambitions."

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Theodore Roberts, the author of "The Winter Camp," in *Outing* for November, wrote the poem in 1898, in New York, when he was longing for the woods of New Brunswick. Mr. Roberts is twenty-two years of age, the son of Rev. Canon Roberts, rector of Fredericton, the youngest brother of Charles G. D. Roberts, and Bliss Carman's cousin. In the winter of 1897-98 he left home and worked on the *Independent* as sub-editor. In April he left New York and went south as the *Independent's* war correspondent. He reached Baiquiri with Shafter's army, and went under with fever. The summer of 1899 he spent in Newfoundland, writing a little for the *Independent*. "Northland Lyrics," a book of verses by his only sister, a brother, William Carman Roberts, and himself, has recently been published. Mr. Roberts has written one short novel, "The House of Jeetons," which was bought for serial publication by the American Press Association, and which will soon appear in book form. His verse has been published by the *Century*, the *Independent*, the *Canadian Magazine*, *Ainslee's*, the *Criterion*, the *Chap-Book*, and many lesser periodicals. He has done a few short stories, but his ambition is to do a good novel.

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Frederick Truesdell, who wrote the poem "Crafty Cupid," in *Scribner's Magazine* for March, graduated in 1895 from Yale, where he made a special study of English literature. Upon leaving the university he joined Augustin Daly's Company, and has appeared variously with Miss Rehan, W. H. Crane, and "Ben-Hur" ever since. It was in his third and last year with Daly that bits of half-forgotten Latin scansion began to run in his head and soon afterward whole rhyme schemes. He tried his hand at verse, but found himself hampered by a lack of technical knowledge. This realized, he bought books on the subject and worked hard on the mechanics of verse-making, reading poetry furiously the while. In the last two years Mr. Truesdell has spent all the time he could spare from the stage in writing, purely for the love of it. "I was amazed," he modestly says, "when *Scribner's* accepted 'Crafty Cupid,' all the more as it seemed to me by no means the best thing I had written. However, I am such an amateur in these matters and feel so little literary self-confidence that I am inclined to look upon these verses as some happy accident which may never occur again."

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## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Bronte.** — The registers of the school at Castleton, where the Brontë children were educated, contain the following entries, which have recently been brought to light, in the course of Mrs. Humphry Ward's work on her introduction to the "Haworth Edition" of the Brontës: —

"Charlotte Brontë. Entered August 10, 1824. Writes indifferently. Ciphers a little, and works

neatly. Knows nothing of grammar, geography, history, or accomplishments. Altogether clever of her age, but knows nothing systematically [at eight years old!]. Left school June 1, 1825. Governess.

"Emily Brontë. Entered November 25, 1824, age 5¾. Reads very prettily, and works a little. Left June 1, 1825. Subsequent career — Governess." — *New York Mail and Express.*

**Crawford.** — "I believe," says Marion Crawford, "that the novelist is a result of a demand. Consequently, I believe that it is the province of the novel to amuse, to cultivate, mainly to please. I don't believe that the novel ought to instruct. The story is the great thing. Therefore, I don't believe in problem novels, or what they call realism. It is disagreeable to the people. What a novelist needs in order to succeed is energy above all else. But he also needs to be very poor. No man with money will work hard enough, when he is young, to succeed. He needs to begin early, work hard, and sit many hours in one place. If he has money, he won't sit long in one place." — *Utica Press.*

**Gilbert.** — When Mr. Gilbert has gathered all his ideas for a play, his practice is to put them into the form of a short story, which he writes as completely and carefully as if he intended it for publication, describing the scenes, the persons, their actions, and their talk, according to the requirements of literary fiction. Then, having the story, with its development, clear in his mind, he proceeds to give it its proper dramatic form, using little or none of the dialogue he has written for the story, the manuscript of which has been promptly destroyed. With a brain so alert as Mr. Gilbert's, it is not surprising that he can work very quickly. He told me that he conceived his brilliant little drama, "Comedy and Tragedy," in the few minutes occupied by the passage of a train between Sloane Square and South Kensington stations. The late Miss Marie Litton, who was then manager of the old Court Theatre, asked him to write her a short play, and he left her with the intention of thinking out something, got into the train, and the whole idea of the piece had flashed through his mind by the time the next station was reached. Miss Litton was delighted with the scheme; but, with becoming modesty, she considered it beyond her histrionic powers. So it awaited its chance until Miss Mary Anderson played it and made it famous. — *Malcolm Salaman, in Cassell's Magazine for March.*

**James.** — Henry James denies the report that he dictates his stories. "I never dictated a line of any of them," he says, "and I do not believe that any good literary work can be done in that way. I write every word with my own hand, and write it many times before it reaches publisher or public."

**Kipling.** — "My first book was a collection of poems which had been published in an Indian paper on which I held the position of sub-editor," says Rudyard Kipling in *Success* for April. "This book was a lean, oblong docket, wire-stitched to imitate a department order envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all government officials, and among a pile of papers would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service."

"Of these books, we made some hundreds, and there was no necessity for advertising, my public being to hand. I took reply post-cards, printed the news of the birth of the book on one side, the blank order form on the other, and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore, and from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount, no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commissions, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees, and was transferred from the publisher, the left hand pocket, direct to the author, the right hand pocket. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of expenses to profits, as I remember it, has since prevented me from injuring my health by sympathizing with publishers who talk of risks and advertisements."

**Reade.** — Edward Marston, in his reminiscences in the *London Chronicle*, tells of Charles Reade's fine way when dealing with his publishers. He wanted £3,500 for "Hard Cash," and wrote Mr. Marston in this fashion: "Dick-

ens has pronounced it incomparably my best production, and looking at the research and labor I have bestowed, I should not be compensated by the sum I ask. . . . With this fair warning, I can only say that I shall be happy to see you here either as negotiator or visitor whenever you have half an hour to bestow on me."—*Time and the Hour.*

**Sardou.** — Sardou's method of writing plays is unique. He goes about it in a mathematical way. At first, he selects no characters, no scene, no historical setting. All he starts with is a climax: and he does not even assign his personages names; he letters them. A, for example, may be a jealous husband, B the wife, and C her lover. He twists these letters around until he gets the great scene for which he has been manœuvring, and then he fills out the other characters and the other scenes. After the plot has thus been constructed he looks about for some historical setting. He is a profound historical student, and usually has no difficulty in finding a period into which his plot fits naturally. Then he fills it all out, and, in a short time, for he works at a rapid pace, the play is complete. — *Interview with Laurence Irving in the New York Sun.*

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**"Had Rather."** About once a year we explain, with a weary and hopeless spirit, but for the sake of the truth, that "had rather" is a perfectly sound and kind phrase, of the best usage, old and new, straight as a string, and long accustomed to the best society in the English language. About once a week we get a letter like this: —

To the Editor of the Sun — *Sir*: "Had rather be Governor" (*Sun*, this morning).

Can you parse that? Thousands of grammarians hang on your reply. R. H. T.

New York, Feb. 8.

Well, the sight of thousands of grammarians hanging would be some comfort to us, and to the rest of mankind. "Can you parse that?" Notice the undertone of expectant triumph. We can parse it, but why should we want to parse it, O victim of thousands of grammarians? Does the English language exists for the sake of being "parsed" by a gang of grammarians who itch to breech it if it "won't parse"? Is English literature a vast parsing-book?

Plenty of persons think so; and when they get hold of a good idiom, and cannot explain it by rule of thumb, they sniff at it, and say it "won't parse," call it an error, and warn the world away from it. Before his soul was lost to grammarians, did our correspondent never read in the Psalms? —

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

Did he never read in First Corinthians?—

Yet in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.

Probably the makers of the King James version did not dream that "had rather" would be any more of a stumbling block than "might teach" to the grammarians. Shakespeare makes Hotspur use the forbidden phrase twice in one scene, the first of the third act of the first part of "King Henry IV.": —

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew, than one of these same ballad-mongers.

And a little further on Hotspur "had rather live With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far, Than feed on cates and have him talk to me In any summer-house in Christendom." We take these extracts from Dr. Cruden and the "Shakespeare Phrase Book." Accessible authorities enough, we should suppose; and we must not neglect to call in our little friend, the Standard Dictionary, but for the last time on this subject: —

In certain phrases of preference, as — *had rather, had better, had as lief, &c.*, the *had*, early *hadde*, subjunctive preterit, is equivalent to the modern potential, *would have, might have; I had rather die* = I would have death rather; *I had liefer die* = I would have (hold) it, *i. e.*, to die, liefer, dearer. From Anglo-Saxon to Chaucer, *me were liefer to die*, to me it would be dearer to die, was the more common idiom; from 1450 to 1550, *I had liefer*; from 1550 onward, *I had rather*. Since Johnson, grammarians and reformers have urged *I would rather*."

And they urge in vain. "Had rather" remains in good use, both in the written and in the spoken speech. The objection to it arises from a misapprehension of what the English language is, from an attempt to discard an expression that has grown up naturally and become instinctive. The grammarians imagine that they can make the English language. With just as much reason a census collector

might pretend to be the Creator. It is for the grammarian to take the facts of language as they are, and not try to alter them. Parsing is not the chief duty of man or language. — *New York Sun.*

**Obscurity in Writing.** — Nearly everybody who writes now attempts at the beginning to make it impossible for those who read to understand him. If he can do this, his success is assured. After his first line has been read without yielding any meaning, the reader exclaims: "Here is genius. I can't tell what he is driving at, so he must be great!"

Take this from a story in one of the current magazines, for instance: —

In his sitting room, the tacit connivance of the inanimate had centred the lamplight on a photograph of Alexa Trent, placed, in obligatory silver frame, just where, as memory officiously reminds him, Margaret Aubyn's picture had long throned in its stead.

Presently this author will go around lecturing on what he tried to say in his story. The members of the Sic Semper Literary Club will give a reception for him in the afternoon, and in the evening he will stand before the crowd and impressively say:—

Ladies and gentlemen, the incarnadined nucleus of the crystalline development leads naturally to the caliginous incubrations of the impenetrable abundans cautela non nocet. Thus we come naturally to the diaphanous juxtaposition of the recondite theory that the translucent assuagement of the parhelion is wrong, or, in other words, accensa domo proximi, tua quoque periclitatur.

Wherefore his hearers will whisper to one another: "This man is a wonder, I never heard the case so eloquently stated before," and he will become the literary lion of the hour. He will be represented by a monthly contribution to each of the magazines; he will read papers at all public functions, lecture six nights a week, and get out a new book every fortnight.

Yet they say our people are so busy making money that they have no time for literature! — *Chicago Times-Herald.*

**Synonyms for "Said."** — It is said that Shakespeare used about 15,000 words upon which to base the intricate combinations of his wonderful plays; Milton, with his gorgeous imagery and a perfect command of Latin derivatives, was not far behind the master in the use of synonymous terms; Dryden, Pope, De Quincey, Coleridge, Browning, Ruskin, and the literary geniuses of the early and middle periods of the nineteenth century went far afield in search of "the right word in the right place," and the verbal elements of their vocabularies may be estimated in the thousands. Readers of what is called "modern literature," however, have observed that the novel-maker of yesterday and to-day is not only as plentifully supplied with words for the expression of his paucity of ideas as were the writers of the elder time, but that in special departments of his art he surpasses the most prolific of the ancients.

The *Cleveland Leader* illustrates this specialty in the use of the word "said" as employed by the author of a very popular novel published recently. In this book, as it has been analyzed by the *Leader* investigator, the characters are made to use verbs beginning with no less than twenty-three letters of the alphabet. In some instances the representation is small, but by dint of insisting that men and women hummed and howled, jeered, jerked out, laughed (entire sentences), lamented, negatived, queried, quoted, quizzed and questioned, urged, vociferated and vowed, and finally yelled, the alphabet is very nearly covered.

It is shown that the people who talk in the pages of the novel in question began, continued, went on, ended, and finished in their conversation. They broke in and broke out, burst out, without bursting in, and also blurted out. They asked, appealed, begged, besought, beseeched, demanded, entreated, implored, importuned, pleaded, persuaded, requested, and solicited. All these things they did in speaking, and all these words are used as substitutes for "said."

It is not strange that they answered, announced, asserted, acknowledged, agreed, affirmed, and advised. But they likewise gasped, aspirated, moaned, and bemoaned. They muttered and growled, and thundered, trumpeted, roared, and bellowed. At other times they snorted, stuttered, stammered, scoffed, sneered, snarled, and sniffed. They sobbed, groaned, and bewailed. They screamed and swore; they likewise shrieked; some of them wailed and whined; others sighed or grieved. Voices-

were not lacking that sputtered, stormed, fumed, grunted, grumbled, objurgated, threatened, railed, and bawled. In lighter moods the characters of this novel acceded, assented, bantered, and confided, as well as chimed in and cheered. They greeted, gloated, and gave, all strictly in the manner of saying things. They murmured, made reply, and made answer. Some snickered and sniggered, but others chuckled, bubbled, and caroled.

As objectors these characters corrected, chided, caviled, denied, deprecated, dissented, and demurred. They also expostulated, protested, rebuked, reproved, and retorted. They remonstrated, scolded, and snapped. On the other hand, they seconded, owned, and echoed. Some evaded and fibbed, but faltered. Others interposed, interjected, intervened, and interrupted.

The reviewer finds 189 synonyms for "said" in this novel, indicating that the author made extensive use of Roget's Thesaurus, and also affording opportunity for this particular reader to reach a point of view of the work from which the absurdity of modern novel-making may be best observed. — *San Francisco Evening Post.*

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

BROWNING IN ASOLO. Illustrated. Katherine C. Bronson. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

THE SCULPTOR FRENCH. Illustrated. William A. Coffin. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

A TENNYSON LETTER. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

ON THE READING OF POETRY. Topics of the Time, *Century* (38 c.) for April.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S START IN LIFE. With portrait. Leonard Huxley. *McClure's* (13 c.) for April.

MY FIRST BOOK, WHICH I DIDN'T WRITE. Bret Harte. *Success* (13 c.) for April.

MY FIRST LITERARY BABY. Rudyard Kipling. *Success* (13 c.) for April.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR. Hon. Charles B. Landis. *Success* (13 c.) for April.

THE UNMANAGEABLE MOTHER-TONGUE. Arthur Russell Taylor. *Critic* (23 c.) for April.

JOHN RUSKIN. W. C. Brownell. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for April.

ART CRITICISM AND RUSKIN'S WRITINGS ON ART. Russell Sturgis. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for April.

THE POLITICIAN AS LITERARY MATERIAL. Arthur Bartlett Maurice. *Bookman* (23 c.) for April.

NEIL MUNRO. James MacArthur. *Bookman* (23 c.) for April.

GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE. — IV. Austrian and Hungarian Newspapers. Eugene Limedorfer. *Bookman* (23 c.) for April.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN. — IV. William James Stillman. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

RECOLLECTIONS OF RUSKIN. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

A GREAT MODERN SPANIARD (Armando Palacio Valdés). Sylvester Baxter. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION. Professor Brander Matthews. *Forum* (38 c.) for April.

THE AUTHOR OF "LORNA DOONE." Illustrated. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for April.

JAMES BRICE, THE HISTORIAN. With portrait. Cunninghame Moffet. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for April.

RUSKIN AS A TEACHER. Professor Lewis A. Rhoades. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for April.

SOME RECENT MAGAZINE POETRY. Herman I. Stern. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for April.

A CHRISTIAN EDITOR (Daniel Sharp Ford). With portrait. Hezekiah Butterworth. *Young People* (13 c.) for March 17.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Captain Henry Drisler, for twenty-two years associated with Harper & Bros., has bought an interest in the Frank Leslie Publishing House, and will manage the company's affairs. Mrs. Frank Leslie will continue to be the editor of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, with Henry Tyrrell as managing editor.

Richard Duffy is now the editor of *Ainslee's Magazine.*

Roy McCardell is the editor of the *Metropolitan Magazine* (New York).

R. H. Russell, of New York, promises great things for his periodical venture, the *New Magazine*, the first number of which is to be issued in May. Ample capital is to be furnished by a stock company, of which W. R. Hearst, of the *New York Journal*, is a prominent member. The magazine, which will be of ordinary size, will consist principally of fiction, but timely articles on all subjects will be included.

The *Future* is a new monthly magazine, published by the Future Publishing Company, of Boston.

*Cram's Magazine* is a new Chicago publication, devoted to history, geography, and current topics of the day, and edited by Israel Smith Clare and Dr. Eugene Murray Aaron.

A new theological magazine, called the *Bible Student*, is published at Columbia, S. C. The Rev. Drs. Purves, Warfield, and Davis, of the Princeton Theological Seminary, have been elected to the board of editors.

*Rare Bits*, a new weekly, made its initial appearance March 17, in Philadelphia, where it will be published weekly in the future.

New Orleans now has a high-class weekly devoted to art, letters, music, and politics. It is called *Harlequin*, and its editor and proprietor is Joseph M. Leveque.

Douglas Malloch, of Muskegon, Mich., has begun the issue of a little booklet entitled *In Many Keys*, which is to appear every six weeks, and to be sold for five cents a copy.

John Lane's *Bodley Head Bulletin*, published monthly in New York, is a new enterprise in archaic form. Its two-fold purpose is to comment upon the latest works of the best authors of the day and to announce the production of artistic reprints of classic subjects.

*Personal Impressions* is a new magazine published by D. P. Elder and Morgan Shepard, of San Francisco. The point of the magazine is to give "a simple record of current literature, enlivened by the touch of personal opinion," and in addition, to champion the cause of anything pertaining to the art and beauty of San Francisco and California. Some pages also will be devoted to children.

Professor Charles A. Bennett, of Peoria, Ill., is the editor of a new quarterly magazine to be issued from the press of the Chicago University.

*The Children of the United States* is the title of a little monthly magazine edited and published by Miss Grace Sorenson, of 584 South Twenty-sixth avenue, Omaha. The contributions are by school children from all parts of the country, of ages varying from ten to nineteen years, the name and age being given in each case.

Charles Albert Jones, formerly editor of the *New England Sportsman*, has started in Boston a new illustrated monthly named *Current Events*. It will be printed in two colors, and will be typographically one of the handsomest publications in the country. Ernest Newton Bagg will regularly conduct a department on the review of events of the day, and E. B. Bird, the artist, will look after the artistic side of the magazine.

*Masters in Art* is the title of a new monthly publication issued by the Bates & Guild Company, of Boston. Its object will be to present half-tone reproductions of the masters, their biographies, critical comments on the paintings reproduced, and other valuable material.

Seattle, Wash., has a new publication, called the *Alaska and Northwest Quarterly*. Arthur C. Jackson is the editor, and the Alaska Geographical Society, of which he is president, publishes the magazine.

The *Dilettante*, a journal of literature and criticism, formerly published in Spokane, has been revived in Seattle. It confesses its desire to become the literary magazine of the Northwest.

The *Pennsylvania German* is the title of a new quarterly edited by Rev. P. C. Croll, of Lebanon, Penn., and "devoted to the history, biography, genealogy, poetry, folk-lore, and general interests of the Pennsylvania Germans and their descendants."

The *Christian Forum* is the title of a new magazine which is soon to appear from the press of the Christian Union Literature Society, P. O. Box 131, Madison Square, New York city.

A weekly illustrated journal, exclusively devoted to the interests of collectors of ancient art, antiques, curios, ivories, books, engravings, arms, silversmith works, pottery, furniture, coins, medals, etc., is now published in New York city under the name *Antiques*. It is the first paper of its kind in the United States.

*Conscience* is the name of a new monthly magazine "for the advancement of higher Christian thought and for the teaching of better economics," published at Berthoud, Colo., and edited by W. F. Phelps.

A new Canadian magazine, entitled *North American Notes and Queries*, is published by Raoul Renault, of Quebec. Mr. Renault has devised as an epigraph for his magazine the following legend: "Quis? Quid? Ubi? Quibus? Auxilis? Cur? Quomodo? Quando?" and announces that the periodical will be devoted to literature, history, biography, bibliography, archæology, ethnography, folk-lore, numismatic, philately, curiosa, and general information.

The *Western Trail* is a new magazine published at Seattle, Wash.

The *New Hampshire Magazine* is a new monthly published by Herbert N. Davidson at Manchester, N. H.

After being published for nine years as a quarterly, *Current History* (Boston) now makes its appearance as a monthly.

The name of the *Quaker* has been changed to the *Junior Munsey*.

The *Harbinger of Dawn* (San Francisco) has changed its name to the *Psychical Science Review*, and has improved its form.

The *New Cycle* (New York), the publication that was formerly the *Metaphysical Magazine*, is devoted to science, psychology, art, literature, philosophy, and metaphysics. The editor is Leander Edmund Whipple. It carries departments for original essays, the home circle, philosophy, and editorial matter.

The *Criterion* (New York), which will hereafter appear in monthly form, will be under the management of Francis Bellamy and the editorship of Albert White Vorse. The publication will be devoted to all that pertains to literature, art, music, and the drama. It is the intention of the editor to conduct these four fields in the light of authority and news. Mr. Bellamy, who is now connected with the house of Silver, Burdett, & Co., has had editorial experience with the *Youth's Companion* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He was editor-in-chief of the *Illustrated American* in its most successful days. A sketch of Mr. Vorse was published in THE WRITER for April, 1899.

The *Philadelphian* has just gone under the editorial direction of Martha Lafitte Vieira, one of the most able and talented woman journalists of Philadelphia.

N. O. Fanning is now the editor of the *Arena*, which recently removed its publication office to New York. John Emery McLean is Mr. Fanning's associate in charge of the editorial offices.

The American edition of the *Pall Mall Magazine* has been discontinued.

The failure of D. Appleton & Co. was announced March 22. It is hoped that the business of the house will be carried on as usual.

At a hearing before Referee Cantine in New York March 29, Mr. Rives, appearing for the reorganized corporation of Harper & Bros., said: "The publishing business is to be carried on under the supervision of A. E. Orr, Colonel Harvey, and J. Pierpont Morgan. The reorganization committee is going to pay all debts to authors in full. It is the intention of the committee to keep the Harpers, the same gentlemen who have been conducting the business heretofore, in the concern still, and, as far as the committee can do it, the business will go on in the old way. The committee considers it to its interest to continue the pleasant relations with authors, and, as far as they are concerned, the business will go on just as if there had been no change. The financial affairs of the concern may be conducted differently. There will be new money to carry on the business, that is all. There will be no controversy with authors as to claims."

*Life* offers a prize of fifty dollars for the best statement of facts (limited to 300 words and received before May 1) which will prove that any particular city is the meanest one in this country.

In *Scribners* for April W. C. Brownell, the art critic, gives a brief estimate of John Ruskin as a writer and critic of art; and Russell Sturgis touches on the same subject in The Field of Art.

It is asserted that the man who, under the veil of "Responsibility," offered $700 through the *New York Sun* for prizes to be awarded to poems in answer to "The Man with the Hoe," is Collis P. Huntington.

Archibald Forbes died in London, March 29, aged sixty-one.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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## THE INS AND OUTS OF COPYRIGHT.

The peculiarities of the United States copyright law are so imperfectly understood that some information on the subject given by the *Patent Record* of Baltimore will be of general interest: —

Section 4948 of the revised statutes provides that "All records and other things relating to copyrights, and required by law to be preserved, shall be under the control of the librarian of Congress, and kept and preserved in the Library of Congress."

Copyrights are granted for a period of twenty-eight years, and may be renewed by the author or his heirs for a further period of fourteen years, if the renewal is applied for within six months before the expiration of the first term.

Copyrights may be assigned by an instrument in writing, but such assignment must be recorded in the office of the librarian of Congress within sixty days after its execution, in order to be valid as against any subsequent purchaser without notice of the first assignment.

Protection under the copyright law is granted not only for books and literary productions, but also for maps, charts, dramatic or musical compositions, engravings, cuts, prints, photographs or negatives thereof, paintings, drawings, chromos, statues, statuary, and models or designs intended to be perfected as works of the fine arts.

Under the general designation "books" are included books proper, pamphlets, leaflets, and newspaper and magazine articles. The words of a song also are copyrighted as a book, where protection is desired for the words alone. If protection is desired for both the words and the music of a song, application should be made under the designation "musical composition."

A book, in order to come within the copyright law, must be of a literary character; that is to say, it must contain reading matter, either original or compiled. Mere blank books, account books, albums, or other books containing nothing but special ruling, or arrangements of columns, cannot be copyrighted.

The words "engraving," "cut," and "print," as used in the copyright statute, are construed to mean only a work of art, and only such articles or designs of this character as possess artistic merit can be protected.

Other articles not subject to copyright are

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badges, banners, blank agreements, blank forms, price-lists, bonds, buttons, medals, cards, checks, coats of arms, crests, drafts, election tickets, envelopes, fans, flags, games, letter-heads, puzzles, seals, and tickets.

Labels are not subject to copyright protection, but may be registered in the Patent Office.

The principle which determines the definition of prints registerable in the Copyright Office, and prints requiring to be registered at the Patent Office, is set out in the decision of the Commissioner of Patents in the case of *ex parte* Heinz Company (Official Gazette of the Patent Office, Vol. 62, p. 1064), and reads as follows: —

"It [the purpose of the act of Congress] is believed to be to relegate to the Patent Office all registry in the general nature of, or akin to, copyright of things which are mere adjuncts or appurtenances of articles of trade, and to leave to the librarian of Congress the registry of things whose value in exchange resides in themselves."

In connection with this, it may be said that, under the present practice of the Patent Office, prints or labels which contain merely printed names, titles, or directions of use cannot be registered, but registration is confined to prints or labels having some artistic merit or pictorial representation.

A fanciful cut or design which constitutes a trade-mark cannot be copyrighted, but may be registered in the Patent Office.

Games of all kinds are regarded as inventions, and are therefore not within the copyright law, and should be protected by letters patent.

Anything in the nature of an article of manufacture, if new and useful, can be patented, but not copyrighted.

The publication of a work before securing a copyright is a dedication to the public, and the author loses his right to copyright protection.

The law requires that the subject of the copyright be marked as copyrighted, and no copyright can be protected against infringement unless the notice prescribed by law is inserted in every copy produced.

The wording of the notice is determined by the statute, and must be one or the other of these two forms: "Entered according to act of Congress in the year —— by —— in the office of the librarian of Congress at Washington," or "Copyright (date) by (full name of claimant)."

The law imposes a penalty of $100 upon any person who shall insert the notice of copyright, or words of the same purport, upon any book or other article which has not been copyrighted, or who shall knowingly issue or sell any article bearing such false notice.

In order to constitute an infringement of a copyright, it is not necessary that the entire work be copied *verbatim*, but the use of material portions of the copyrighted work would be an infringement.

In deciding whether one publication is an infringement of the copyright of another, the inquiry is whether or not it is substantially the same as that copyrighted. Mere colorable changes are infringements.

Infringement is not established by showing merely that one work may have been suggested by another, or that some parts or pages of it have resemblances either in method or detail. Such resemblances must be so close, full, and striking as to lead to the conclusion that the one is a substantial copy of the other or borrowed from it. The question is: Is the work complained of a servile, evasive imitation of the copyrighted work, or a *bona fide* original compilation?

In brief, the facts of each particular case govern the courts upon the question of infringement, the aim being to determine, upon all of the facts, whether or not the alleged infringing matter is a substantial copy of the protected work.

Abridgments of copyrighted works are not infringements, but the doctrine that an abridgment of a copyrighted work is not a piracy must be received with qualification. The question whether an abridgment is allowable is influenced by various considerations: whether it is made in good faith, or evasively by the omission of unimportant parts; whether it will prejudice or supersede the original; whether it will be adapted to the same class of readers, etc.

A fair abridgment, though it may injure the

sale of the original work, is not actionable as a violation of copyright.

To constitute a fair abridgment, within the privilege, there must be real, substantial condensation of the materials, and intellectual labor and judgment bestowed thereon, and not merely the facile use of the scissors, or extracts of the essential parts constituting the chief value of the original work. The work must be in good faith an abridgment, not a treatise interlarded with citations.

To copy certain passages from a book, omitting others, is in no just sense an abridgment, as the judgment is not exercised in condensing the views of the author; his language is copied.

In determining whether a work complained of as an infringement is a fair abridgment, neither the intention of the party nor a comparison of one page or a number of pages is a guide, but the character of the work must depend upon its matter, and the question is to be determined upon the facts of the particular case.

If the leading design truly is to abridge a work and cheapen the price, and this by mental labor is faithfully done, there is no ground for a prosecution by the owner of a copyright of the principal work; it is otherwise if the abridgment or similar work is colorable or a mere substitute.

Some similarities and some use of prior works, even to the copying of small parts, are tolerated in such books as dictionaries, gazetteers, grammars, maps, arithmetics, almanacs, concordances, cyclopedias, itineraries, guidebooks, and similar publications, if the main design and execution are in reality novel and improved, and not a mere cover for important piracies.

In compiling such works, the materials of all, to a considerable extent, must be the same. Novelty and improvement can be substantial in scarcely any case, unless the matter is abridged, or a material change is made in the arrangement, or more modern information is added, or errors are corrected, or omissions are supplied.

In addition to the information given by the *Patent Record*, it may be said that when an article has once been published, even in an obscure journal, without the protection of copyright, it cannot afterward be sold by the author. Publication without copyright gives a manuscript to the world, and the author has no more right to it afterward than anybody else.

The ethics of reprinting published matter are not universally understood. Matter from an uncopyrighted periodical may be reprinted without permission, but as a matter of courtesy due credit should be given. If the periodical is copyrighted, permission must be obtained before the article can be reprinted in full, but in common practice such matter can be reprinted without permission if no more than one-third of any prose article is used and if proper credit is given. Publishers of copyrighted magazines usually do not object to the reprinting in full of short poems, provided due credit is given. When either poetry or prose is reprinted, credit should always be given to the author, as well as to the periodical in which the matter originally appeared.

An author may copyright his manuscript before offering it to editors, but if when it is published the announcement of his copyright is not printed in the ordinary way, "Copyright (date) by (full name of claimant)," his copyright afterward is void, although the matter may be protected by the general copyright of the publication in which it appears.

To perfect a copyright of a story that is printed serially, as in a magazine, two copies of each part must be sent to the librarian of Congress as soon as published, and when the matter is brought out in book form two copies of the book also must be forwarded.

Copyright in the United States began in 1783 when Massachusetts and Connecticut passed copyright laws. No copyright legislation was enacted by the United States till 1790, when the law of May 3 was enacted, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned." Under this law it is probable that Dr. Daniel Ramsay, of South Carolina, copyrighted the first books, his History of the Revolution, and his History of South Carolina. He had appealed to Congress, May 5, 1789, for the passage of such a law. *Edward H. Spencer.*

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Publishing a book generally is slow business, even after the manuscript has been accepted. The form of the volume must be decided on, the type to be used must be selected, the style of the pages must be fixed, the title-page must be prepared and copyright secured, the manuscript must be duly edited to prepare it for the printer, suitable paper must be found and bought, a cover design must be prepared, and illustrations in some cases must be made. After the book has gone through the press, advance copies must be made for the publishers' salesmen, by whom the whole country is canvassed for orders from the booksellers. Copies must be sent to England for copyright, and for simultaneous publication there. Review copies must be sent to the newspapers, and press notices and advertisements must be prepared and properly sent out. Finally, when the day of publication comes, the edition of the book must be distributed, and from that time on constant endeavor must be exercised to promote its sale.

***

Perhaps authors will see after reading this why it is not reasonable to send a manuscript to a publisher in November with the expectation that it will be brought out in book form for the holidays. Ordinarily it takes months to get a book ready for the market, after its publication has been decided on. Occasionally a book is hurried through in shorter time, as in the case of Miss Glasgow's "Voice of the People." Her manuscript left her hands late in February, when it was forwarded from Richmond, Va., to New York. It was read and accepted at once, and the first week in April it was on sale everywhere. The record for quick printing of a book was made in New York several years ago, when a publishing house took an order on Monday for a cloth-covered 12mo volume of 350 pages, and actually shipped 2,000 copies of the book on the following Wednesday. The type was set (by machinery) for the whole 350 pages before work stopped Monday night. Electrotype plates were made so rapidly that on Tuesday morning several printing presses were set in motion. In the mean time covers were being made in the bindery, and by Wednesday morning the binders had the book in hand. Two thousand volumes were completed that day, and the edition of 10,000 copies was wholly out of the way before Saturday night. It should be noted, however, that this was a feat of book-making, not of publishing.

Making a book and publishing a book are two widely different things.

* * *

The derivation of the word "preface" implied in Joel Benton's article reprinted in this month's WRITER is not exactly accurate. "Preface" is derived from the Latin *præfatio*, from *præfari*, to speak or say beforehand, from *præ*, before, and *fari*, *fatus*, to speak, not from *præ*, before and *facere*, *factum*, to do or make, as Mr. Benton seems to think. A preface, therefore, is not something "made before," but something to be "said before," and it makes no difference when it is written, so long as it is printed at the beginning of the book. The German "Vorwort" and the old English "Foreword" express the same idea: viz., some introductory remarks, like the prelude to a song.

* * *

To the examples of mixed metaphor given in the April WRITER may be added a sentence by the renowned M. Blowitz, who recently wrote from Paris to the *London Times*: —

*La Liberté* is one of those amphibious journals that, waiting to see which way the wind blows, sometimes unexpectedly turn the scale.

* * *

Also to the examples of freak English given in the March WRITER in Arthur Fosdick's article it seems fitting to add this letter, received by a New York publisher from a man in Havana and printed in the April *Critic*: —

"Sir X. X — and Co.

"My respectable Sir

"I have one manuscript over 'Cuban Prehistory' he have 100 fourth of paper writing made for my; if you please made of the book print stamp, I for those he soon the dominion property of the book if you by she in the cuestion give me one price, I don't you forget that the business is it very good, I would some 100 book print made in his house

"— Direction streat . . . in Havana City.

"S. S. . . ."

* * *

Commenting on this letter, "The Lounger" of the Critic says: "We are led to believe that this writer acquired his command over the language by means of some such book as the famous Portuguese Grammar. The publisher who received this gem might well have replied in the words of that famous text-book, 'Don't you are ashamed to give me a 'letter 'as like?... never i was seen a so much bad' piece of English."

The Portuguese Grammar, by the way, was published in Paris forty-five years ago by J.-P. Ailland, Monlon e Ca., and the full title was *O Nova Giua da Conversacao em Portugueze Inglez*. The preface concluded with this striking sentence: —

"We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

The publishers, it is said, on learning that the great demand for the book was not due to its educational value, attempted to recall the edition and never printed another. The book was, however, reprinted in England, but in the new form lost much of its *naïve* and childlike charm. Here is a quotation; it comes under "The Fishing": —

"Give me quick the rod, Ah! there is, it is a lamprey. You mistake you, it is a frog! . . . Perhaps I do best to fish with the leap. . . . I desire that you may be more happy and more skilful who a certain fisher, what have fished all day without to can take nothing."

* * *

That others besides foreigners can write remarkable English is shown by this letter, received not long ago by a New York publisher from a literary "aspirant" down in Tennessee: —

Mayesville, Tenn., March 19, 1900.

Gentlemen: —

I wish to put my life Before the puBlic if I can Get Anuf Out of it to give me a start in the world. I led a Criminal life 21 years Arested 29 times shot at 27 times Released on 9 haBis Corpas Warents. Broke 13 Jales Convicted 7 times Broke 1 pen and taken 27 Convicts with me. Waylaid and shot my fathern law twice married and seperated and Divossed and have reformed with nothing if I can get a start in the World Bye putting my life Before the puBlic I will doo so I have Consulted several company But I want the Best I can get so I Will close hoping to hear from you soon Youes truley,

* * *

The poem headed "The Peacemaker," which was printed in *Leslie's Weeky* March 24, over the signature of Lue Vernon, was copied, with one slight change, from McGuffey's "Fourth Reader," where it is entitled "The Dying Soldier."

* * *

The *Ideal Review* is the name chosen for the magazine that has been published for the past few months as the *New Cycle*, and that

was formerly the *Metaphysical Magazine.* THE WRITER will try to keep its readers informed as to the name of this periodical, even if it changes every month. W. H. H.

## PREFACES AND THE COLOPHON.

I am not sure that any one knows the inventor of the preface, except that it is coeval with books. Once the prefatory fashion was strenuously exigent, and in no case optional. A house might exist without a doorplate or a name, but no book could properly go forth without a preface. In ancient times many books were top-heavied by this lumbering and stilted portico; and, so elaborate and solemn it often was, that it must have sometimes been harder to prepare than was the making of the book it heralded.

The Latin members of the word hint with no uncertainty that the preface is constructed before the writing of the book to which it is attached. But here comes the paradox. While saying "made before" it is almost invariably made after the book itself is finished, for an author never knows with much exactness whither his fancies will carry him. The book he begins is not always the book he finishes.

Prefaces are not uniformly of one type, though the early and most prevalent kind is the apologetic. Bookmaking, to be sure, is not necessarily a crime: but when we consider how plentiful books had become as far back as Solomon's time, on which unnumberedness he made an enduring remark, we must be seriously impressed with the grave responsibility an author takes upon himself when he throws upon the market one more. The reasons given for this audacity are not always very convincing: but it is on some accounts a thoroughly wholesome convention that has for so long a period compelled an author to justify in some way his performance. On occasions not infrequent some greater author than the maker of the book has prefaced it, and stood sponsor for it, or it has been dedicated by permission to a great notability, to make it seem important, and to smooth, if not make, its career.

The preface explanatory of the book's contents, and the preface condescending, such as Uriah Heep might have written, are well known. The first species, in a scientific or historical treatise, has its use, but the last named were better left unwritten. There are prefaces, like Matthew Arnold's to Wordsworth's selected poems, that are really not so much prefaces as they are monographs upon the subject matter that follows them. These, when written by an author so charming, and wise, and witty as Arnold, cannot well be spared. They justify not only what follows, but they justify themselves.

Then, too, there is the preface which Charles Lamb only, or some one of kindred gifts, can write, which the "Elia" essays have long made familiar to us. Its very form and manner give a fillip to its deliciousness, so that nothing in the book surpasses it. In this fact, perhaps, may rest the objection that to write the preface so well is to incur the charge of offering the best wine at the beginning of the feast. But in thus recording the death of "Elia" with humorous and grotesque realness, the supposedly dead writer proved himself to have been never more alive.

After all, it is the pompous, big-worded, and long-drawn-out preface that is the misery to be exclaimed against. No reader cares for this thing. The wisest authors now omit such superfluous "scoring" or running about before the race begins. It is all very well for an author to be serious in his book if his topic or aim requires this quality, but he should be careful in talking about what he has done. In other words, he must not himself take himself, or his performance, too seriously. And, besides, have we not all heard that "good wine needs no bush"?

Should not good books amply justify themselves, even as the almanacs and directories, which are "no books," do? If their contents fail to do this, who but the author is to blame? He should feel that he has made a mistake in the majority of cases if his reader must go to the long preface to find what his book is driving at. For a book, like beauty, should be "its own excuse for being."

I know that the elder Disraeli says (or something like it) that it shows a failure in taste to leave an elaborate preface unread, for in this, he claims, the author has put his "attar of

roses." But he forgot to say that of that commodity one drop is more than enough, as any perfumer could have told him.

Were the preface reduced to the space of the colophon, that useful and ornamental device, now nearly obsolete, one need not so much object to it, since egotism and superfluity cannot live or be offensive in so narrow a compass. Good taste would suggest that we should more often call the colophon back, and relegate the wordy preface to some appropriate limbo for antiquated and outworn bric-à-brac. — *Joel Benton, in The New York Times.*

## THE LITERARY ASPIRANT.

The literary aspirant in New York, which is typical of other literary fields, is, generally speaking, according to my personal experience, *persona non grata* in editorial offices. The youth in his rural nativity who fondly dreams, therefore, of metropolitan literary conquest had best reckon with this fact before his journey hither. A return ticket as traveling companion might also well be provided in case of bad or protracted walking. It is, of course, extremely fascinating to dream of awakening some morning to find one's self famous, to have the so-called literary world at one's beck and call, to be the social lion, sought after, toasted, and petted, but there are some difficulties in the way of securing the realization of such a dream. Many have bitterly noted the tendency of dreams to go by contraries.

Theoretically, it seems so easy by means of pencil and paper, available to any one, to write undying words, and to tell stories that shall move the world, by means of which the name of the writer shall go thundering down the ages and be numbered among the immortal band. The road seems royal, and with visions of Benjamin Franklin entering Philadelphia with a loaf under each arm, many literary aspirants have entered New York, from time to time, with manuscripts carefully written on one side of the paper and folded ( not rolled ) neatly bestowed in their pockets, presently to find, only too quickly, that the most cherished illusions will fade, and that the world is, after all, very cold and unfeeling.

Let us suppose that the first professional visit of a literary aspirant chances to be made at the *New York Sun* office. A bright youth receives the manuscript and says, without emotion, that "it will be handed to our Reader, who will report upon its acceptance in a few days, perhaps to-morrow, and if you can return, you can then have an answer." The literary aspirant, whose ideas of newspaper methods are apt to be somewhat rudimentary, of course, returns the next day. It may be so that the eye can follow the boy to the Reader's desk, upon which many manuscripts are littered. The one left the day before has possibly lingered unread. The boy says a few words to the Reader. A search follows: the precious manuscript is found. The Reader seizes it, withdraws it from its envelope, hurriedly glances at page one, noting name of unknown author, turns quickly to the middle of the story, skims half a page, and as a finality looks at the last sheet before mechanically handing it back as unavailable. The ordeal is soon over, and the literary aspirant journeys down the winding stairs to the open, feeling that, somehow, the expected and possibly deserved consideration of the submitted manuscript has not been given.

The *Sun* pays eight dollars a column should it accept, but the contributor must cut from the paper the contributed article and mail it to the business office on or before Thursday, in order to receive payment on the Saturday following. Discovering all this for the first time, the literary aspirant, with limited capital, is apt to have a pronounced chill. In the offices of the *Tribune*, the *Times*, the *Herald*, the *World*, the *Journal*, and indeed most of the daily papers, similar methods are in use, and, as a rule, the only persons with whom the aspirant can have personal contact are boys, often impertinent and generally indifferent.

The *Herald*, in particular, discourages by every possible means, except exclusion, the visits of those one would suppose they would be glad to welcome. They provide, it is true, a reception room for visitors, around the walls of which pictures are hung. Any one calling to see the *Herald* must fill out a signed requisition, stating business, and is then kept waiting in this room while the uniformed attendant goes

ostensibly to find out if the editor is in. (He really goes to see if the editor covering the department wants to bother with the aspirant or not.) The visitor is told that the editor is out, or that he is very busy, according to circumstances. Most of the correspondence conducted by the *Herald* with would-be contributors is anonymous, possibly because the staff is so apt to be shaken up, reorganized, or entirely changed.

The young writer who visits the *Outlook* office has polite attention, and is met by an editorial delegate, but is very soon made aware of the fact that the editors of the *Outlook*, as well as the delegate, are all very busy, and that most of their material is derived through regular channels; "we shall, of course, be very glad to consider anything you may be pleased to submit, but as to its acceptance, it would manifestly be impossible to decide until after we have had an opportunity of examining it," is approximately the formula in use at the *Outlook* office. Sometimes Hamilton W. Mabie is thus encountered, and the literary aspirant can but lament inability to prolong a conference with him, such is his charming personality.

In the *Independent* office a system somewhat similar to that of the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas* prevails. All manuscripts offered to the *Youth's Companion* are first read by a regular Reader. Those considered meritorious by him are passed over to the next highest in the scale of critical judgment, until the chief editor is reached, and the few remaining and then thoroughly sifted manuscripts are finally accepted or rejected.

If one could photograph and describe scenes in a war not yet declared, and those who were to triumph therein, *Harper's Weekly* might buy material such as this of a literary vagabond, but they are otherwise apt to have their own correspondents, who cover everything. The same is true of *Leslie's Weekly* and of *Collier's*.

From many points of view, the monthlies are the ideal mediums for the literary aspirant. They offer opportunities for elaboration not always present in the weeklies, and for illustration not present in the dailies. If one could always write for them on commission, the element of uncertainty would be eliminated, and they would be quite idealistic. But they also have their drawbacks. *Ainslee's*, for example, knows not what it wants, save that it must be of "human interest." The story may have strength, style, pathos, wit, everything set down in the rhetorics, but if in the opinion of the dark-eyed editor it lacks the somewhat vague quality of "human interest," it is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

The *Home Journal* does not welcome the literary aspirant, and if he calls, the air of the editor is *distrait* in interview.

The *Broadway Magazine* cheerfully admits to the visiting aspirant that it is not very serious, and will have none of the manuscripts of those who are.

The *Century*, *Scribner's*, and *Harper's* all do sometimes open their doors to literary aspirants. The early experience of Stevenson with the *Century* is, however, only a typical case, and not by any means unique. While it is no doubt true that the great magazines do desire to discover unknown writers of promise, they none of them offer them unreservedly much consideration and encouragement. If a new writer could suddenly spring fully armed and equipped into being, and view, as did the mythical Minerva from the head of Jupiter, the editors would perhaps print his contributions, and post his name conspicuously among those "who will contribute to our magazine during the coming year."

Happy is the free lance, therefore, who survives!

Again, most of the magazines are like *Self Culture*, practically made up for six or more months in advance, a fact that the literary aspirant does not always know, and not knowing is seriously handicapped. The editor of a great magazine is in part obliged to provide for future publication from the very fact of necessary absence from home in Europe and elsewhere in search of attractions. This is editorially the case with the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and contributions during proxy editorship must be left to the tender mercies of the one upon whom the real editor's mantle has fallen, but whose power is very small. Temperament and caprice are powerful elements in

determining the fate of a manuscript, and it would be found better if the literary aspirant could label his manuscript and compel the observance of such a label — "to be considered only just after a good dinner." The aspirant must not only be a good writer, but he must likewise be a good salesman.

The *Book Buyer*, the *Bookman*, and the *Critic*, as organs of book publishers, all occupy special fields, and from their very nature as such organs are all surrounded by conditions that are peculiar, and that do not count in favor of the literary aspirant. They are alike erratic in various ways. They are hedged about against the innocent or inexperienced writer as Job in his prosperity was hedged about against the machinations of the Evil One. The necessity for considering and booming the authors of books published by their respective firms, while not entirely paramount, has more influence than might be supposed by those who do not know. In practice it will surely be found that thoughts of literary aspirants seldom if ever flit with cordiality across the editorial sun disks of any of these mediums.

The *Metropolitan Magazine* has a staff that is expected to provide the material it uses. Some journals also doing business on this plan hesitate not to reject a contribution offered, and then to work up the idea derived therefrom, through their own staff, to the detriment of the aspirant.

It is not easy for an unknown aspirant to enter the editorial department of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*. If the coming guest is not welcomed, the departing one is cordially speeded.

The literary output of *Everybody's Magazine* is under the control of *Pearson's*, and the aspirant who calls or sends stuff direct loses just that much time.

The *Art Amateur* has a frosty temperature for those unknown to the editor. Disappointed ones may weep if they choose outside the office doors. The *Art Interchange* is far more considerate, but the editor of the *Interchange* is an expert on reading character and literary ability by means of handwriting and of physiognomy, so that he can tell by reading your letter, offering a contribution, or by loooking at you carelessly if you call, whether your stuff is likely to be available, without the trouble of reading the material. Contributors must call for payments, unless otherwise arranged.

The editorial management of *Ev'ry Month* is new. The editor is pleasant, but he is very limited in his appropriations for contributions. The agreed check is, however, promptly sent subsequent to publication.

The management of *Success* is ordinarily not very considerate of literary aspirants. Their unsolicited offerings of manuscripts are very numerous, and their examinations are at times somewhat slow, which is often a serious item to the writer who depends upon the sale of his manuscripts for income.

The *Home Magazine* will fastidiously consider anything offered, especially if accompanied with illustrations, but its compensating rates are low, and the editor makes it a rule never to permit a contributor to fancy his work is really good, for if a literary aspirant should once come to realize that he can do meritorious work, he might want more money for it, or sometime think of offering his manuscripts to one of the stronger magazines.

*Munsey's* says "yes," and means "no." As is the case with others, a beautifully printed form is used to reject manuscripts, that upon receipt consoles those whose funds grow low and whose hearts grow sick waiting and hoping for long-delayed checks almost as much as if the check itself had come. Some authors collect these forms as others do postage stamps.

The *Churchman* has no time for any one, except it be a specialist. No literary aspirants need apply.

The *Gentlewoman* gets many of its features from Europe. It is well for the would-be contributor to remember this fact in doing business with the magazine. The editor is seldom at the office, and the rush and crush is thereby avoided by her.

There are many magazines, like the *Impressionist*, the (new) *Criterion*, the *Ledger Monthly*, a few of the trade papers and others, that pay a cent per word or thereabouts, which is a good average rate. It appears quite insignificant when compared with the twenty-

five cents a word that Kipling now gets or the Richard Harding Davis rates, but very good when contrasted with the five dollars a column of 1,200 to 1,400 words paid by the *Brooklyn Eagle*, or the approximate rates of the *New York Tribune*.

It is a mooted question whether it is more beneficial for the literary aspirant to call in person when offering copy or to submit the manuscript by mail. The experience of the writer has been that the personal offering is best, although the exactly opposite view is taken by a friend of his, who has done considerable business with the *Forum*, the *Evening Post*, the *New England Magazine*, and some others. The magazines are for the most part more considerate, and generally pay a little better rate than do daily newspapers; they usually give credit for authorship, sometimes adding a short biographical note in regard to the author; and the better paper used by them makes it possible to obtain more satisfactory results in the way of illustration. On the other hand, the greater frequency of the issuance of a daily makes it more of a consumer of material, and to some extent offsets their lower compensating but more-quickly-paid price, the often neglected credit and poorer illustration. Not quite so much care is lavished upon literary form in newspapers as by magazines, and to a lesser extent in weeklies. Sometimes two editors on the same paper will have conflicting ideas as to excellence of offered work, and the copy rejected by one may be accepted by the other, so that there is no end of sustained interest in the business. If, happily, a writer is fortunate enough to be able to create a demand for his work, so that he is invited to contribute, he can easily secure regular payment at the rate of fifteen dollars or more per thousand words, which would, of course, amount to something over one hundred dollars a week, even if the number of daily words produced were but 1,150 — not a very considerable task for a facile writer. The literary aspirant is, however, not usually so fortunately situated when he begins, and if he succeeds, he will have done so, as a rule, in spite of the editors, rather than because of them. With industry and ideas, but without other favoring circumstances, such as a specialty, a literary aspirant may, with more or less confidence, however, hope for $750 to $1,000 per annum. With ideas, but lacking industry, the sum easily dwindles and becomes $500 or less, so that, when all is said, it finally remains true that the same energy that is signified by and required for literary success on the part of the aspirant applied in other directions, according to Rossiter Johnson, who is himself something of an authority, will yield fruit, some sixty and some one hundred fold better. — *One of the Brotherhood, in the Independent.*

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Crawford.** — "Probably because of the large amount of work I have produced, my friends think I must have a very easy time of it in writing my novels," remarked F. Marion Crawford the other day. "All my books are the result of the greatest possible research, and the hardest kind of labor in putting them in suitable form for the public. It is impossible for me to sit down and do what I am told many authors are capable of doing — turn out a novel in a few weeks. It may be that some novelists can turn out their best effort by the simple process of talking to a typewriter, but I am not that lucky. To write a book that the public has any lasting regard for, one must not alone count the actual time spent in writing, but in the preparation as well.

"It took me about eight months to write 'Via Crucis,' but that represents only a small amount of the work really expended on it. I first conceived the idea of 'Via Crucis' shortly after I had finished my 'Ave Roma.' The character of the knight is a true one. Such a man really lived, although no one knows what his real name was. I had always the greatest interest in the time of the Second Crusade, one of the most impressive events of mediæval history, and I took the deepest interest in my long search for material for 'Via Crucis.' After getting my material together, 'Via Crucis' was commenced, unknowingly at the time, on the same date that I started work on my 'Mr Isaacs' — a fifth of March.

"But the eight months of actual writing and

rewriting did not represent the completion of the work as it now appears in book-form. After it appeared as a magazine serial in this country, I went over it again and touched it up here and there. Then I turned it over to my publishers.

"On my return to Italy I shall at once start work on a new book, which will be of a somewhat different nature from my other efforts. It will be historical in character and deal with the marvelous history of Southern Italy."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

**Crockett.** — Crockett, the novelist, stumbled upon success. For several years he had been writing leading editorials, but one day he did not feel like writing, and in despair he sent to the editor a sketch, afterward incorporated in "The Stickit Minister," which he had written nearly two years before to amuse his wife. The next day he received from his editor the following note: "Send no more leaders, but *more of those sketches.*" A few days later the editor coolly remarked to Mr. Crockett: "I did not know you could write. Why didn't you tell me before?" — *Christian Endeavor World.*

**Dickson.** — Harris Dickson, the author of "The Black Wolf's Breed," is a young Vicksburg lawyer. On being asked for the story of his book, he spoke interestingly of how it happened. It seems that this particular work was in his mind for several years, not, however, with any idea of doing anything with it, but merely as a story which had possibilities. The idea was formed from reading the narratives of the early explorers, memoirs of pioneer settlers, and almost everything which bore upon the romantic history of the first settlements along the Gulf of Mexico and lower Mississippi. The story took no tangible form, until, as Mr. Dickson laughingly says: —

"Two years ago the yellow fever scared the life out of the sinners all over the country. They quarantined everything, shut up everything, and left. I stayed at home, and had nothing whatever to do for more than two months.

"I employed the time writing this story. By the time business recommenced the story was finished. As it had then served my purpose in tiding over a long idle summer, I put it aside and went to work at my profession again. The manuscript was forgotten for a year and a half. Then, quite by accident, it was sent to the Bowen-Merrill Company, was promptly accepted, and I was asked to come to Indianapolis for conference."

By this time Mr. Dickson had become involved in politics and was exceedingly busy. However, he went to Indianapolis and made a contract for publication. From what was learned of the critics who had carefully examined and criticised the work, he believed it could be improved by a complete revision. This the author undertook during the campaign in which he was then engaged, and he admitted that it was not very pleasant to ride over the country, make political speeches during the day, and, returning to his office, write all night on this book. But it had to be done, and he was equal to it.

To write an historical novel is not quite so easy as that traditional act of "falling off a log"; it requires the rare but happy combination of knowledge and imagination — knowledge of the times, the country, and the characters, and a vivid imagination to present them properly, with artistic regard for proportions of foreground and perspective. When questioned about the historical portion, Mr. Dickson said: —

"While the historical material was gathered by diligent reading of accepted authorities, the local settings were entirely got from personal observation and familiarity with every spot and place told of.

"I have had opportunities to tramp through those portions of France described, and have hunted and fished for years along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. I may say that in whatever other particular my work may be defective, it is at least true as to places described and historical events.

"While the action of the story only covers a period of about four months, the events themselves embrace a period of almost twenty years. The careful and critical scholar could thus probably point out inconsistencies in point of time. But the true proportions of events, and their dependence one upon the other, have

been carefully preserved." — *Carrie S. Mahoney, in the Atlanta Constitution.*

Apropos of "The Black Wolf's Breed," here is an interesting detail as to the writing of it. Harris Dickson lives in Mississippi, and when he came to describe the road to Versailles from Dieppe he found his books on France inadequate. His recollections of that part of France were confused. Therefore, what did he do but pack his trunk and cross the ocean. He then made a walking tour from Dieppe to Versailles expressly for the purpose of describing the road. — *Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

**Van Zile.** — E. S. Van Zile says of his latest book: "This tale had its origin in a half page of Francis Parkman's 'La Salle.' I had never written historical romance, and while I felt the inspiration of an incident lightly touched upon by Parkman, I realized that a large amount of drudgery was necessary to give the story I had in mind its reassemblance. I began investigations connected with the Mississippi sun-worshipers — the Natchez Indians — and as I pursued my studies my tale developed itself. Historically and ethnologically the data used in my story are absolutely accurate, unless the accepted authorities are at fault.

"Parkman will prove to be a gold mine to the American story-tellers of the future. Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Catherwood, and others have already profited by the inspiration that lurks between the covers of his too few volumes. I firmly believe that the American historical romance is not a fad, but a fixture. The more romantic the achievements of to-day, the greater will be the interest in every feature of our national past. In other words, I believe that La Salle's voyage down the Mississippi gains a new significance because our arms have become a factor in the Far East."

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**The Dramatization of Books.** — The dramatization of books is the latest stage phenomenon, and it has assumed such importance that the writer of a novel now seems to have the manager in view while he is writing for the publisher. The writer of a book may not become his own dramatizer, but the dramatization, even if by other hands, is profitable to him. With the dramatic writer the problem is to find his subject. The book gives it, and the theatrical manager is willing to compensate the writer in liberal fashion. Therefore, it is no exaggeration to say that, during the past year, the American writers of books have been among the best writers of plays. The theatrical manager now takes the same chair as the editor, and accepts fiction for the stage, as the latter does for his magazine. With the first symptoms of success of "To Have and to Hold," the author of that novel received for the dramatic rights offers enough by wire and letter to fill a large scrap-book. — *Gustav Kobbé, in the May Forum.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

SQUARE PEGS. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. 507 pp. Cloth, $1. 50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1900.

A new story by Mrs. Whitney is always an event to girls, and, one may say with truth, to older readers, too. Her books are always noble, sweet, and pure, with people of the right kind in them, and without being prosy or priggish in the least, they always inculcate admirable moral lessons. "Square Pegs" is no exception to the rule. The heroine of the tale is a charming creature, and the story of her girl-life and her development into womanhood is told naturally and in a delightful way. The proper adjustment of one's self to circumstances is the key note of the book.

DOROTHY AND HER FRIENDS. By Ellen Olney Kirk. 351 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1900.

Those who enjoyed "Dorothy Deane" will find equal pleasure in Mrs. Kirk's new book. It describes Dorothy's life in her new home, tells of the new friends she had there, and of the old friends who came to visit her, and describes the parties and outings that they all so much enjoyed.

FROM POT-CLOSET TO PALAIS ROYAL; OR, HOW A TIRED HOUSEKEEPER WENT TO EUROPE. By Mary V. Littell. 119 pp Stiff paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 1899.

The interest of this sketch of the incidents of a European journey is enhanced rather than lessened by the frequent glimpses of the author's individuality that are vouchsafed to the reader. Miss Littell writes in a free and easy style and her descriptions of what she saw abroad are always entertaining.

THE SECOND PHONOGRAPHIC READER. By Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard. 52 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1899.

The exercises in this Reader are engraved in the easy reporting style of phonography, ac-

cording to Benn Pitman's "Manual," and the selections may be found in ordinary print in McGuffey's "Revised Sixth Reader." Benn Pitman's phonography is one of the four standard systems, and the student who adopts it will make no mistake.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

PRACTICAL AUTHORSHIP. By James Knapp Reeve. 287 pp. Cloth, $3.00. Cincinati: The Editor Publishing Company. 1900.

PUBLISHING A BOOK. By Charles Welsh. 45 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1899.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. By James Hay. With frontispiece portrait. 912 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1899.

ONE YEAR. By Dorothea Gerard. 325 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1900.

THE GRAND MADEMOISELLE. James Eugene Farmer. 337 pp. Cloth. $1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1899.

OUTSIDE THE RADIUS. By W. Pett Ridge. 309 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Dodd. Mead, & Co. 1900.

CAMPING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated. 412 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1899.

SERMONS IN STONES, AND IN OTHER THINGS. By Amos R. Wells. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. 1899.

SONGS OF ALL THE COLLEGES. Compiled and arranged by David B. Chamberlain (Harvard) and Karl P. Harrington (Wesleyan). 218 pp. Cloth. New York: Hinds & Noble. 1900.

THE DOMESTIC BLUNDERS OF WOMEN. By A Mere Man. Illustrated. 198 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1900.

THE RIGHTS OF WAR AND PEACE. By Hugo Grotius. Paper, 5 cents. Boston: Directors of the Old South Work. 1900.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. No. 332.—Antony and Cleopatra. No. 333.—Paradise Lost, Vol. I. No. 334.—Paradise Lost, Vol. II. No. 335.—The Task, and Other Poems. By William Cowper. Paper, 10 cents each. New York: Cassell & Co. 1899.

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

A LITERARY SHRINE (Dove Cottage). Illustrated. William Knight. *Century* (38 c.) for May.

A POET'S KINDNESS (Anecdote of Whittier). Illustrated by a fac-simile letter. Klyda Richardson Steege. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for May.

THE GRUB STREET OF TO-DAY. By One Who Knows It. *Bookman* (23 c.) for May.

GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE. V.—Russian Newspapers. Victor S. Yarros. *Bookman* (23 c.) for May.

THE MILTON MANUSCRIPTS AT TRINITY. Edmund Gosse. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN.—V. William James Stillman. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

THE REAL STEVENSON. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

THE FATHER OF ENGLISH PROSE STYLE (William TYNDALE). J. H. Gardiner. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

BALZAC. George McLean Harper. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for May.

THE OPPRESSIVENESS OF MODERN NOVELS — HERBERT SPENCER AS A NOVELIST. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

THE GRAMMAR OF THE GREAT — THE AFFECTATION OF SIMPLICITY. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for May.

JOHN RUSKIN. William P. P. Longfellow. *Forum* (38 c.) for May.

JOURNALISM IN JAPAN. T. J. Nakagawa. *Forum* (38 c.) for May.

SOME RECENT PLAYS AND PLAYERS. Gustav Kobbé. *Forum* (38 c.) for May.

THE REAL THRUMS OF BARRIE. Mary B. Mullet. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for May.

THE FUTURE OF THE SHORT STORY. E. Charlton Black. *International Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

RECENT WRITING ON ENGLISH HISTORY. E. P. Cheyney. *International Monthly* (28 c.) for April.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION. Professor Brander Matthews. *Forum* (38 c.) for April.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Stephen Crane has been dangerously ill in London.

John K. Mitchell, M. D., who has a poem in *Lippincott's* for May, is a son of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

"Caroline Brown" is Miss Caroline Krout, of Crawfordsville, Ind.

"Henry Scott Clark," author of the "Legionaries," is Millard F. Cox, a judge of the criminal court at Indianapolis. The pseudonym was composed of the names of three Indiana counties.

Two years ago Charles Major was a struggling young attorney at the Shelby county, Indiana, bar, but the writing of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and another work made him wealthy. He has just paid $17,000 for a farm near Shelbyville, Ind., taking the money from a bank account of $80,000. Mr. Major has sailed for London, on business in connection with the sale of his book in the old world.

Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, who has edited the Woman's Page of the *New York Tribune* for a number of years, has resigned her position and will devote herself to purely literary work.

William Tinsley, who was for many years a prominent London publisher, is about to produce a volume of his "Random Recollections." He published the first books of Miss Braddon, "Ouida," William Black, Justin McCarthy, and other well-known writers.

Doubleday, Page, & Co., New York, will soon bring out "The Seafarers," a New England seashore romance, by Mary Gray Morrison. It is an odd coincidence that when the manuscript of this tale was received by this firm two members of the firm recognized it as having come to each of them when they were acting, respectively, as junior readers for two old publishing houses. They reported favorably, but their seniors overruled them, and now they are seniors for the same story.

The honor of being the oldest living poet is claimed for Aubrey Thomas de Vere, who has reached his eighty-sixth birthday.

Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, president of the International Woman's Press Union, has sent out a call for the third annual convention, to be held in Detroit, May 30 and 31 and June 1.

R. D. Blackmore requested in his will that no memoir or biography of him should be published.

The first pension from the fund organized by the English Society of Authors will be granted this year. It is to be one of $250.

South Carolina has two colored poets, both of whom live in Charleston and each of whom has published a volume of poems. They are Rev. George C. Rowe, editor of the *Charleston Enquirer*, and a native of Connecticut, and Mrs. Mary Weston Fordham, a native South Carolinian.

Tolstoi's life is drawing near its close, and he himself is well aware of the gradual decline of his strength. "Although I am much better," he recently said to an interviewer, "my health is far from good. The end draws near. But I am quite untroubled thereat, and I go gladly forth to meet the inevitable."

The late George Augustus Sala cared nothing for what might be done with his manuscript after he had delivered it to the publisher. He wrote to an editor: "I have fulfilled my contract in delivering to you the required weight of raw meat. How you cook it — whether you roast it, boil it, hash it, or mince it — I neither care nor want to know."

A new Chicago magazine called the *Pyramid* will make its appearance in May.

The death of H. D. Traill having left the editorship of *Literature* (London) vacant, his assistant, Mr. Dalton, has been appointed to that office.

A new magazine called *Golf* is published by Harper & Brothers. Van Tassell Sutphen is the editor.

The *Library* is a new weekly magazine published in Pittsburg.

Otis Fenner Wood and Benjamin Wood are the editors of *Types*, the new humorous weekly published in New York.

The *Office Girl* is a new magazine for women, published in St. Louis.

The *Book-Lover*, a magazine of book lore, published quarterly in San Francisco, has reached its third number. It is a broad, tall, two-column magazine of 130 pages, with articles appealing to all the tastes and side hobbies of the genuine book-lover as no other magazine does. W. E. Price is the editor and publisher.

*Literary Life* is a new monthly published at Dallas, Tex., and "devoted exclusively to literary topics." The books noticed in it are selected by the editors to be reviewed on account of their merit, and are paid for.

A new monthly magazine known as the *Twentieth Century Educator* is published in Rochester, N. Y. George S. Crittenden and W. D. McGuire, Jr., are the editors.

The *Alaskan Magazine* has been started at Tacoma, Wash., by Percival de Wolf Whitehead. It contains profuse illustrations of the striking scenery of the Territory and of the Klondike.

*Womanhood* is the name of a new monthly magazine published in New York as the official organ of the Society for the Study of Life, with Mrs. Almon Hensley as the editor.

The *Preacher* is a new monthly which made its first appearance April 15 in Detroit. It is dedicated to the exposure of shams and the exploitation of truth, irrespective of political creeds or social disparities. H. H. Pallister is the editor.

The *Raven* is a literary magazine published in St. Louis by Dr. Ralcy H. Bell.

The *Bohemian*, published at Fort Worth, Tex., is a handsome magazine which appears quarterly under the auspices of the Bohemian Club. It is edited by Mrs. Hennie Clay Ligon Gorman.

Francis B. Atkinson, Elinor Atkinson, and Richard Linthicum, all well known in Chicago as newspaper workers, have begun the issue of a weekly newspaper for boys and girls, the only one in the world of its kind. They call it the *Little Chronicle*, and in it they aim to tell boys and girls how the world is moving about them from week to week, and how to apply to life what they learn in schools. The paper is about the size of *Harper's Weekly*, and is well illustrated, though pictures are not the chief feature.

A small monthly magazine, the *Schoolmaster*, edited by Cresswell Maclaughlin, is published at Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y. It is made up chiefly of comments on various educational and literary topics.

Dr. Charles W. Close, of Bangor, Me., is publishing a little magazine called the *New Man*.

The *Omahan*, "For Omaha and the West, First, Last, and All the Time," is a new monthly magazine edited and published at Omaha by C. C. Tennant Clary.

The *Pebble* is a new magazine edited and published at Omaha by Mary D. Learned and Louise McPherson, with Delia Z. Sears as art editor. Elbert Hubbard, of East Aurora, was in Omaha only a short time ago, and the publishers of the *Pebble* appear to have been inspired by his lecture, as they confess: "The worst thing Mr. Hubbard did while in Omaha was to fire with literary enthusiasm two Young Things, who now put before their long-suffering friends this little magazine."

The *Honey Jar* is a booklet magazine published at Columbus, Ohio, by D. C. Sapp.

The *Vandal*, "a monthly journal of criticism inflicted once a month in the interests of the publishers," is a new periodical "printed and published by the Vandals at their camp on Butler street, near McCandless avenue, Pittsburg, Penn., U. S. A."

The *Erudite* is a new publication of the Philistine sort, published by Albert F. Lane at Worcester, Mass.

Erasmus Wilson, who used to write the "Quiet Observer" column on the *Pittsburg Commercial Gazette*, is soon to edit a newspaper called the *Quiet Observer*, to the first number of which James Whitcomb Riley, Elbert Hubbard, and other distinguished writers will contribute.

Benjamin Alexander M. Schapiro, formerly superintendent of the Brooklyn Christian Mission to the Jews, has undertaken the management of a new quarterly magazine, entitled *The People, the Land, and the Book*. It will be published quarterly, the first number having appeared April 15.

*Zeal*, a new monthly magazine, published at Chicago as the official organ of the Young People's Federation of America, deals in an original and up-to-date manner with the social evils of the day.

Beginning with the issue for May 5, *Harper's Bazar* will be published in a new form as a weekly 80 page magazine, the size of THE WRITER. It will be under new editorial management, with a new policy, retaining all the features which have made it popular.

Hereafter the *Literary World*, Boston, long a standard review, will appear monthly, instead of fortnightly.

The shape of *Book News* (Philadelphia) has been altered, making it handier to read and better to bind.

The monthly magazine, *Our Boys*, which was started in Rochester, N. Y., last summer, will be published hereafter in Utica. Mrs. Clara U. Frazier is the editor.

The publishing firm of M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels has changed its name to the A. Wessels Company, and the business will now be conducted by Mr. Wessels under the new name, Mr. Mansfield having left the firm.

"The International Book and Publishing Company" is the publishing imprint of the great wholesale house of the H. B. Claflin Company, New York.

The *New York Home Journal* is now published by a corporation, of which Morris Phillips is the head. The form of the paper has been changed, and the editorial rooms have been removed from 231 Broadway to 289 Fourth avenue.

Miss Jewett, the publisher of *Georgia Education*, has reduced the price of the magazine from $1.00 to 50 cents a year.

The name of the *New Cycle* (New York) has been changed to the *Ideal Review*. It was formerly the *Metaphysical Magazine*.

The examination of the business of D. Appleton & Co. which has been in progress since the failure shows a gratifying condition of affairs. April 21, after an interruption of four weeks, the house resumed the publication of new books.

The Justin Winsor prize of $100, offered by the American Historical Association for the encouragement of less well-known writers, will be awarded for 1900 to the best unpublished monographic work based upon original investigation in American history that shall be submitted to the committee of award on or before October 1. In making the award the committee will take into consideration, not only research and originality, but also clearness of expression, logical arrangement, and literary form. The prize will not be awarded unless the work submitted shall be of a high degree of excellence. The successful essay will be published by the American Historical Association. Correspondence should be addressed to the chairman of the committee, Professor Charles M. Andrews, Bryn Mawr, Penn.

For the best original observations from nature received before October 1, *St. Nicholas* will give five dollars' worth of books, to be selected from any published by the Century Company; for the next best observation, a subscription to *St. Nicholas* for one year; for the third best, any book published by the Century Company costing $1.50 or less. Competitors are asked to tell about the most interesting new thing they have seen. *St. Nicholas* also offers another set of three similar prizes, first, second, and third, for the best pen-and-ink drawings from nature.

The National Educational Association, through the National Council of Education, has offered $1,200 in prizes for the best essays on seating, lighting, heating, and ventilating public school buildings — $200 as a first prize and $100 as a second prize for essays on each of the four subjects named. Competition is open to the world. Irwin Shepard, secretary of the National Educational Association, and W. T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, have the matter in charge.

*Life* has extended the date of closing the "Meanest City" competition to June 1.

*Harper's Magazine* for May, which ends the hundredth volume of the periodical, contains a paper by Mr. Alden, in which he traverses the history of the magazine, drawing upon the experiences and memories of his thirty years in the editorial chair.

An intimate account of the home life of the late R. D. Blackmore is given in an article by R. W. Sawtell in the *Review of Reviews* for May.

George McLean Harper, who was recently made the successor of Professor Bliss Perry at Princeton, contributes to *Scribner's Magazine* for May a thoughtful and discriminating essay on "Balzac."

In the May *Atlantic* Edmund Gosse gossips delightfully about the history of the Milton Manuscripts at Trinity College, Cambridge, consisting of some thirty folio leaves and containing nearly all Milton's earlier poems, in his own handwriting and with all his changes and corrections. Although this small packet was Milton's literary workshop for seven years, it contains fewer than eighteen hundred lines; nevertheless, Mr. Gosse regards it as the most precious manuscript of English literature in the world.

The "Literary Shrine," of which Professor William Knight, the Wordsworthian, writes in the May *Century*, with illustrations by Harry Fenn, is Dove Cottage, the home of Wordsworth and De Quincey.

Professor St. George Mivart died in London April 1, aged seventy-three.

Frank H. Cushing died in Washington April 10, aged forty-three.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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## THE POWER OF SHORT WORDS.

Short words are sharp tools for writers. Some of us remember the following advice given some years ago by a wise father to his grandiloquent son at college: —

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversation possess clarified conciseness, compacted comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, and concatinated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations, flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabical profundity, pompous prolixity, and ventriloquial verbosity. Shun double entendre and prurient jocosity, whether obscure or apparent. In other words, speak truthfully, naturally, clearly, purely — and don't use big words."

This counsel, of course, never met the eye of the author of the following version of "The House that Jack Built," which appeared years ago in *Punch*: —

### THE DOMICILE ERECTED BY JOHN.

(Translated from the Vulgate.)

Behold the mansion reared by daedal Jack.

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon with velvet foot and Tarquin strides
Subtle grimalkin to his quarry glides —
Grimalkin grim that slew the fierce rodent
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crump'ed horn
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
Which lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds in fierce vindictive scorn
The harrowing hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of puss, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chrone's iron tooth,
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden whose lactalbic hands
Drew albulactic bovine wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort to realm ethereal was borne

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The beast catulean, vexèd of the sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordacious rat that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo, here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared through many a rift
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghaie comes at last
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament,
To him, who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose
The emulgator of that hornèd brute morose,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that kilt
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Similarly, it had been overlooked by the Boston elocutionist who, according to the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, was heard reciting the Declaration of Independence as follows: —

"When, in the orderly sequence of anthropological phenomena, an emergency eventuates the resultant effect of which is to decompose into their original elements the ligaments of nationality that have characterized the relations of one segregated portion of mundane society with another, and to justify the portion thus segregated in arrogating to itself, among the congeries of governmental entities constituting the aggregated mass of humanity, the disjunctive and equiponderating intrinsicality to which the prescriptive regulations of delegated organic routine and of the supreme organizer thereof render the individuals composing them the legitimate claimants, a decorous consideration for the formulated judgment of aggregated humanity places upon them the obligation of avouching the predisposing influences whose operation has superinduced the dichotomy."

What can be done with short words, on the other hand, was well shown by Dr. Addison Alexander. Being asked if one could write as forcibly in monosyllables as in words of length, he produced these lines: —

Think not that strength lies in the big, round word,
  Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak;
To whom can this be true who once has heard
  The cry of help—the words that all men speak
When want, or woe, or fear is at the throat,
  So that each word is gasped out like a shriek
Pressed from the heart, or as a strange, wild note
  Sung by some fay or fiend! There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine.
  Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
  And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine;
  Light but not heat a flash without a blaze.

Nor is it naught but strength the short word boasts;
  It serves far more than wind or storm can tell,
Or roar of waves that flash on rock-bound coasts;
  The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell;
The roar of guns; the groans of men that die
  On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick beds lie;
  For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;
For them that dance and laugh, and clap the hand.
  To Joy's quick step, as well as Grief's sad tread
The sweet, plain words we learn at first keep time,
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.

Finally, the power of short words in prose is shown by this address, which was delivered many years ago at the graduation exercises of the Fort Wayne high school, in Indiana, by A. P. Edgerton, of Ohio: —

"This day we close for the year the Fort Wayne free schools, and we now part with you, the girls and boys we are no more to teach.

"I say girls and boys, for when threescore and ten years have come to you, you will be glad to have your friends say that health and peace of mind have kept your hearts warm; that you wear no brow of gloom, are not borne down with age, but still, in heart, are 'girls and boys.' When these years come, and I hope they will come to all, the tide of time will roll back and tell you of your schooltime days, when the fair, the kind, and the true found love, but the false heart found no friend, no tongues to praise. These days bring rich gifts to age, and when you shall cease to think of them your fire has burned low and your light has gone out. You have been here taught in the hope that the free schools of Fort Wayne would help to make you of use to your friends and to the world, would give you faith in all that is good and true, and lead you to seek work, for that you must seek and do if you would have a good name, wealth, a home, a charge to keep, or a trust to serve. Go forth with a bold, true heart to seek the work for you to do.

"Keep in mind that the hours to work run through each day and that God's great law of

life is: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.'

"Now, for you, young man, this truth is told.

"Go where you will through the world and you will find on the front door of shops and mills, of stores and banks, and on ships, on farms, on roads, in deep mines where men toil for wealth; where laws are made that make some men too rich and men of worth and work through all our land too poor; where men by law are taught to plot with sin, to spurn the right, that charge and cost and spoil may make old 'Quirk's' law firms rich; where law is so plead that the judge must guess to find what's law; where quacks 'most fight o'er sick men's pains and dead men's bones; where types are set with none to mind the proofs; where priests do preach and pray, and where schools are taught, this sign: 'Brains Will Find Work Here.'

"Don't fear. Step up and ask for work; brains will get it. Don't let 'I dare not wait on I would' — like the cat that loves fish, but dares not wet her foot.

"If it be said, 'What can you do? Will you learn a trade?' say, 'I have none, but I can learn one and put brains in it.' When you go to a place where brains should hunt for work and be sure to find it, it may be said to you: 'Do you see that plow? Can you hold and drive it deep?' That plow, in its wise use, gives all men food.

"Do you see that wheel, and that crank, and those shafts, and that press, and do you hear the rush and the hiss of the steam which moves them? Can you make, and hold, and run them? Can you build and drive the works and wheels which make the wealth of the earth and cause it to roll and to float to and fro from place to place, where it is best for man to use it?

"Can you spin the thread, and weave it, which makes robes for kings and silks for the rich and vain, and dress for the poor, and all that skill and art have wrought by loom and hand for man's use?

"These things are all shot through with threads of light — the light of mind and art and skill which shines each day more bright and dims all the old by some new-found light as the years go on."

The use of short words exclusively, however, is not generally advisable. Pleasant variety is secured by using short words and longer ones together, as the taste of the author may suggest. The best rule for every one is: Never use a long word when a short word will equally well express the same idea.

BOSTON, MASS. *Arthur Fosdick.*

## GETTING PLOTS FOR STORIES.

Do all writers of fiction realize how many valuable suggestions it is possible for them to get from the daily newspapers? Incidents and plots are suggested by stories from real life, which show all sides of human nature and so are full of the quality that editors most desire — human interest.

Of course in using such material one must not slavishly reproduce the newpaper facts. Sometimes the newspaper item suggests a fictitious story differing in all details from the real occurrence, but developing the main idea which attracted the attention of the writer. Sometimes the item simply suggests an incident for a story already broadly planned, or even only a name.

I gave an order some time ago to a clipping bureau to send to me all newspaper accounts of dramatic, exciting, and unusual happenings which might contain the germ of a fictitious story. The bureau sends me a good deal of useless matter, of course, but with it I have received good suggestions for more stories than I have been able to work up. I find, moreover, that the stories written from such suggestions sell.

*Edward P. Stanton.*

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

# THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO,

282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The *Dial*, printed semi-monthly in Chicago, is a dignified and substantial literary journal, which has won the respect and the regard of book-lovers everywhere. Its issue of May 1 was a Twentieth Anniversary Number, with contents of more than ordinary interest. A sketch of the history of the *Dial* from 1880 to 1900 is followed by a twenty years' retrospect of Transatlantic Literature, by William Morton Payne; of American Literature, by William P. Trent; of American Publishing and Publishers, by Francis F. Browne; of American Bookselling and Booksellers, by John H. Dingman: of American Libraries, by William H. Brett; of American Periodicals, by Henry Loomis Nelson; and of American Education, by B. A. Hinsdale. Following these articles is a series of tributes to the worth and value of the *Dial* from half a hundred leading authors, and finally there is a Directory of the American Publishing Trade, May 1, 1900, which to authors generally will be of special value. The publishers of the *Dial* are to be congratulated on their special issue, and on the success of the periodical generally. It is now an established and indispensable feature of American literary life.

* * *

"I have observed," says Thomas Bailey Aldrich in his "Leaves from a Note-book," published in the May *Century*, "that whenever a Boston writer dies, New York immediately becomes a great literary centre." Although Mr. Aldrich keeps a note-book, as most authors must, he does not apparently get much assistance from it. "In this blotted memorandum-book," he says, "are a score or two of suggestions for essays, sketches, and lyrics which I have not written and shall never write. I no sooner jot down an idea than the desire to use it leaves me, and I turn away to do something unpremeditated. The shabby volume has become a sort of Potter's Field where I bury my literary intentions, good and bad, without any belief in their resurrection."

* * *

A good many writers are laboring to improve their style, when they would do much better to be filling and broadening their minds, so that they will have something worth considering to say. Manner is important, but matter is essential, for literary success. The uneducated man who has a real story to tell will be listened to with interest, while the educated stylist whose perfect language has no real

thought behind it will be barely tolerated as a bore. Matter and manner are both to be thought about in writing, but the writer should aim to get the matter first.

* * *

Of course it is understood that no writer has any chance of literary success who cannot write grammatically plain, simple English. Only editors know how many would-be authors there are who send in for acceptance manuscripts which are not only lacking in interest, but are absolutely illiterate. As a rule, such manuscripts are seen by editors alone, but once in a while one gets into print, *verbatim et literatim* as it was written, as a literary curiosity. In the current number of a magazine devoted to photography, for instance, is an installment of a story, which the editor has published without editing. It is a fair sample of the ordinary illiterate manuscript, and for that reason some extracts from it may be interesting. The story purports to be told by a hospital nurse who falls in love with one of her patients. Here are a couple of characteristic paragraphs: —

We never had such a patient, he was jolly and full of fun, could tell the most laughable and interesting stories of his adventures in different parts of the world and things he had seen, but the one thing I most wanted to know about; how he had earned the Victoria Cross, and the medals. somehow he evaded me, and when we approached this subject he was dumb, till I really got provoked and said, "Well if I was a man and had such medals I would be proud of them, not ashamed."

"Don't be too sure Petit, if you had got them by false pretense as I did you would not be proud at all. No, do not misunderstand me, they were all given to me and for the deeds they mention, what I mean is I never really earned them, the acts for which they were given was mostly done for the danger I encountered and hoping I would lose my own life, either that or I acted under the impulse of the moment, in every instance it was simple and easy, and any person could have done as well or better. for instance, the other day, I knew a horse could be stopped by grasping its nostrils, and I had the good luck to catch each horse by the nose, that was all It was nothing to do; I am ashamed to receive all this praise."

Was there ever so modest a hero?

Was there ever another so careless and slipshod a writer? Alas, yes! Every editor has dealt with thousands just as bad. But the story-telling nurse goes on: —

One day I asked him if he was not glad that he submitted to the operation.

"Glad? Ah, yes, very glad and very thankful, why, my life s just about commencing now, and I think it will be a happy life, how little one knows what is before us in this life, I came here hoping to die, anxious to die, and I find you, and you show me the folly of my course, and in a moment all my hopes and wishes change and I want to die for your sake."

"By the way! you never told me your name, Miss Howard, yes I know that, but it is your first name I want, I intend to change the other."

"Marguarite, why that is my favorite name so I will not try to change it, I will call you Maggie. Now Maggie, dear, you remember what you promised me when I got well? I am well now and want it bad.

"I know sick people are allowed great liberty but I am afraid you are going too far," I said somewhat short, for I was afraid of myself, I wanted to kis him, mother, if I were only sure he was in earnest, he was so grand and noble what could he see in me to care for, such silly foolish chit of a girl.

* * *

The writer who does not understand the first elements of grammar, rhetoric, capitalization, punctuation, and paragraphing would better stick to washing dishes or hoeing beans and corn, and let the pen alone. W. H. H.

## QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

A common use of the word "curious," as "a curious book," "a curious custom," has been, I believe, criticised in THE WRITER, "strange" being substituted for it. Are the two words synonymous? Knight, in his "History of England," refers to "Dr. Maitland's curious papers on 'Puritan Style' and 'Puritan Politics.'" Would "strange" have expressed equally well the peculiar character of the papers? "Curiosities of Literature" — are they not things rare and peculiar rather than strange; in short, "curious," "as it were"? C.

[Curious really means inquisitive, and the only excuse for using it as a synonym for "odd" or "queer" is that "a curious custom" is one that tempts the inquisitive or invites inquiry. "Oddities of Literature" would have been a good title for Disraeli's book. — W. H. H.]

When an article has been used by one publication, is it right for the author to offer it, or one closely resembling it, to other publications? That is, when I sell it to one editor, do I sell him the right to publish or the exclusive right to publish? J. B. McD.

["J. B. McD." might as well ask whether it is right to sell the same horse to two different individuals. The thing has been done, but the

consequences to the vendor have sometimes been unpleasant. — W. H. H.]

Does not the correction of misstatements or the righting of a quotation incorrectly made come within the province of the proofreader? C.

[If a proofreader notices an error of statement or a misquotation in a manuscript, it is his duty to call attention to it. He has no right to change the copy without authority. — W. H. H.]

## THE SCRAP BASKET.

The Washington daily papers recently gave wide publicity to the results of an examination given by a senate committee to the first-year pupils of the high schools of Washington.

The leading editorial of the *Washington Star*, after condemning the "bad spelling, chaotic history, wierd (!) conceptions of government, slip-shod (!) English, and unsystematic punctuation" of modern schools, brings to a climax its criticism upon the "deplorable showing" in the following remarkable sentence: "Whatever doubts as to the urgency of the reform as may still exist after the recent showing up of present absurdities ought immediately to disappear in the light of this shocking revelation of what the schools are doing for the youth of Washington, secured under circumstances absolutely favorable to the schools and doubtless a truthful reflex of the miserable pretense of 'instruction' that has been poured into the receptive minds of the little folks during the past ten years."

ROCHESTER, Mass. M. H. L.

In answering my questions found in the April WRITER the editor asks for a definition of certain expressions used. One of them is "the critical instinct." It seems to me that this may be defined to be that inherent quality of mind which is capable of judging. As to the other expression, "the literary affairs of a nation," an exact definition is more difficult. Certainly, no reference to national or governmental literature was thought of in asking the question. The idea was to ascertain whether the solicited magazine article is literature as that word is ordinarily understood, or whether it is of a purely ephemeral nature and unworthy of a permanent place in the world of letters? Inferentially, this was to be taken as the view of your questioner. But he was in quest of the views of THE WRITER as well. D. M.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.

Would THE WRITER like a few "errata" to smile at?

Recently a compositor, who evidently had in mind Holmes's "dear young maiden aunt," and had to set up the headline,

**"My Hunt After the Captain,"**

gave us the apposite rendering,

**"My Aunt After the Captain."**

And the same, or yet another, in another headline made Warner's well-known essay come under the kindred head of

**"A-Hunting of the Dear."**

BOSTON, Mass. *J. P. True.*

"There has been so much said, and on the whole so well said," on the subject of rolling manuscripts that it would seem needless to give further advice on the subject. The rolls aforesaid are condemned in editorial notices and in manuals of instruction for young writers — they are often thrown into the waste-basket without examination (we are told) — why, then, in stories are they generally mentioned as if this were the customary form?

Authorship assumes of late a prominent place in fiction — the table of the hero is usually "strown with rolls of manuscript."

In a pathetic sketch of the life of a literary woman (published a few years ago) it was said that she might be seen going from one magazine office to another, "with a roll of manuscript in her hand." It is pleasant to know that she at last achieved success, despite the rolls.

Will not story-writers who aim to be "realistic" kindly let us have the manuscripts of their heroes and heroines "laid flat in a large envelope," or, perchance, between two pieces of pasteboard and tied with a string?

EAST BRIDGEWATER, Mass. P. McA. C.

In Mrs. Howe's "Reminiscences" she mentions Charles Augustus Davis as the author of "Jack Downing's Letters," — "a book long

since passed into oblivion." Is the common report incorrect which attributed the authorship to the late Seba Smith, of Portland?

Editors and authors are liable to error. While these Reminiscences were appearing in the *Atlantic* Mrs. Howe was mentioned in a prominent publication as "the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" P. McA. C.

East Bridgewater, Mass.

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A fine illustration of "how not to do it" is found in the May *Cosmopolitan*. Only a man would speak of "knitting some sort of crochet-work," as every woman knows that knitting and crocheting are widely different processes, wrought by very different tools. But the climax of absurdity is reached in an illustration in the story of the "Electric Lady." The girl's hands are pictured in the position for knitting, but thread and hands are in an absolutely impossible attitude for crocheting. Needless to say, the picture, as well as the story, was made by a man.

*Alice M. Guernsey.*

East Orange, N. J.

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## SIX LETTERS TO A POET.

There is point as well as fun in the following skit, contributed by "Swinburne Rittenhouse" to *Life*: —

I.

No Telephone No.

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE,

*Irvington, New York, January* 15, 1900.

Dear Sir:

The poem "Paradise Lost" is entirely too long. There are fine passages in it, however; if you could have Richard Le Gallienne turn them into quatrains, as he did the Rubaiyat, we might use some of them.

Thanking you for submitting your work, I am

Very truly yours,

John Brisben Walker.

John Milton, Esq.

II.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,

*No.* 153 *Fifth Avenue, New York, February* 15, 1900.

Dear Sir:

We do not find "Paradise Lost" just suited to our needs. It would be impossible to print it in the *Monthly*, except as a serial; it would run too long. Besides, it is lacking in contemporaneous human interest. Its unavailability for *Scribner's*, however, is by no means to be understood as a reflection upon its merits.

Very truly,

Charles Scribner's Sons.

J. Milton, Esq.

III.

FRANK A. MUNSEY,

111 *Fifth Avenue, New York, March* 15, 1900.

Dear Sir:

Mr. Munsey likes portions of your poem. What materials have you for illustration? We shall be glad to see any photographs you may have in hand.

Very truly,

R. H. Titherington.

Mr. John Milton.

IV.

HARPER & BROS., Publishers,
New York and London.

*Editorial Rooms, Franklin Square, New York City, April* 15, 1900.

Dear Mr. Milton:

"Paradise Lost" would hardly suit the readers of the *Monthly*. There are too many moral problems in it. The ladies who write and read the *Bazar* would find certain portions of it susceptible to the same criticism which necessitated the expurgation of "Trilby." We might run some of in the *Weekly*, if you could give it a news interest; you know the *Weekly* is a newspaper. Suppose you call and see our Mr. Bangs.

Very respectfully,

John H. Milton, Esq. The Editors.

V.

McClure's Newspaper Syndicate. McClure's Magazine.

THE S. S. McCLURE CO.,

*No.* 141 *E. Twenty Fifth St., New York, May* 15, 1900.

Dear Sir:

There are several reasons why we fear "Paradise Lost" would be unsuitable for our use. There is not enough American atmosphere — nothing, in fact, about our great Middle West. Its handling of the Woman Question would not commend itself to our readers. The difficulties in the way of illus-

tration would be great, nor does Miss Tarbell find the style sympathetic.

Sincerely yours,
S. S. McCLURE,
*per* P.

JOHN MILTON.

VI.

THE CENTURY CO.,

*No. 22 Union Square, New York,*
*June* 15, 1900.

DEAR MR. MILTON:

"Paradise Lost" does not seem to come within the scope of the present editorial programme of the *Century*. The *St. Nicholas Magazine* requires a lighter treatment of topics; Mr. Jenks finds your story interesting, but deficient in humor. Thanking you for letting us see it, we are

Respectfully yours,
THE CENTURY CO.

P. S. — As your theme concerns one of our first families, why not try the *Smart Set?* — EDS.

## SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

### XVI. — ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

No American editor ever introduced more writers to the public than that admirable critic and scholar, Charles J. Peterson, whose magazine during many years owned a longer subscription list than any other periodical in this country. Scores of authors who have won celebrity here and in England made their first essays in the pages of *Peterson's*, and one and all would gladly bear witness to the appreciation and generous treatment which they received at the hands of its proprietor. His praise was always discriminating, his criticism was just, and his courtesy was equaled only by his kindness of heart.

It happened during the later years of his life that a sketch by a youth of eighteen came under his notice, and he was so much impressed by its worth and promise that he procured the writer's name and address and wrote him a letter. The result of the interview which followed was the introduction of Robert C. V. Meyers to the readers of *Peterson's Magazine*, in which his stories soon became a prominent feature.

A year afterward, Mr. Meyers sent to *Scribner's Magazine* a story entitled "Papa Hoorn's Tulips," which the editor in accepting complimented by taking for granted, owing to its quaintness and fidelity, that "it must be a literal translation from the Dutch." Other ventures followed and Mr. Meyers's success increased

ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

steadily, until to-day his stories are the delight of the countless readers of the leading American periodicals, and many of them have been translated into French, German, Russian, and Swedish.

His work is always faithful, true to life, full of energy and dramatic power, and is characterized by a style so finished that it would lend a charm to productions far less vigorous and individual. His sentences are as smooth and ringing as the harmonies of a skilled musician, and when one learns that he is such, one understands how his trained ear has assisted him in his mastery of words and their appropriate combinations. His course at the University of Pennsylvania was supplemented by earnest and well-directed studies in general literature and foreign languages. In consequence, he was thoroughly prepared and equipped for the arduous profession which is unfortunately too often believed by the young to require no preparation, no motive beyond a craving to appear in print.

A few months ago the Franklin Book Company, of Philadelphia, issued a volume of Mr. Meyers's tales under the title of "The Colonel's Christmas Morning and Other Stories." It was a blunder to give the book a name that applied to a special season, as the contents are varied in subject and diverse in treatment. Any one of the tales would stand out conspicuously in a magazine, and many of them reach a high standard of excellence and originality. They depict the loftier and better side of human existence as well as its lower side: hence, their realism is healthful and natural, and their characters and incidents are full of strength and vitality.

Mr. Meyers has the gift of making his men and women distinct and individual by a few skillful touches. The dialogues aid in the development of character and plot — a necessary adjunct to true art in literary composition, which is frequently not understood by youthful writers and as frequently neglected by those who ought to comprehend its importance.

His stories are always complete; each has a beginning, a middle, and an end, and each character has a reason for being. This talent for construction, added to his vivid imagination, his gift for character-drawing, and his skill in the selection of incidents, makes a hopeful augury for his success as a novel-writer, should he enter on that branch of his art.

The opinions expressed in this article could have no more satisfactory indorsement than the following extracts from the letters of three famous American authors: —

I have read every page of "The Colonel's Christmas Morning," etc., and I want to tell you how delighted I am with it, and to thank you for a very great pleasure. The stories are of unusual interest; I liked every one of them. They are absolutely sweet and pure, and each one clutches at one's heart-strings. I had thought, before reading them, that possibly your friendship for Mr. Meyers might have influenced your judgment: but I, who have not the pleasure of knowing the author, like the stories quite as much as you do.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

The stories deserve more than a brief notice. They show a knowledge of human nature, an intensity, a pathos, a power, an ease and grace, and gentle wit and humor that are delightful. There are few stronger stories in the language than "The Pretty Girl in the Car," or tenderer than "Tista" and "Tony's Angel," and there is a refreshing lightness, a charming touch and go in others, such as "The Morning After the Servia Got In." I feel sure that Mr. Meyers is going to do great work, in fact almost anything he chooses.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Mr. Meyers is certainly a story teller of much power and versatility. There are several stories in the book which stamp him as being a man of exceptional talent. His descriptions of human nature are always accurate and felicitous. He seems to have come in contact with Quaker life as no other writer of our time has — at least, no other writer with whom I am acquainted — and his pictures and characteristics of the Friends are exquisite. I don't know when I have read a story that pleased me so much as his "Of Elizabeth." Pure, simple, straightforward, and to the point — no unnecessary details — graphic and full of pathos — it is a beautiful story, beautifully told. Such might also be said of "The Wedding of Mr. Barrett's Niece," only it deals with a different phase of society. It shows the masterful art of a man who knows how to tell a story tersely and tellingly. Other stories which impressed me — any one of which might be taken as representatives of Mr. Meyers's ability — are "Order No. 160," "The Assistant Librarian Pro Tem.," "Dinah Fairchild," and "Tista," all of which have given me more pleasure than I can tell you in the length of a letter. The last story, which is not the least, — "What Constantia Did Not Know," — shows the author in a new light, and that not the least pleasing as a proof of his versatility.

MADISON J. CAWEIN.

It only remains for me to thank the gifted writers who have afforded me the great pleasure of adding their verdict to my own estimate of Mr. Meyers's talent and the unusual merit of his work.

*Frank Lee Benedict.*

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Elizabeth C. Cardozo, author of the poem entitled "The Unsuccessful," in the May *Century*, has contributed at intervals during the last eight years to many of the leading periodicals. Her most characteristic note is struck in her prose-poems, of which two were published in the *Cosmopolitan* in the latter part of 1895, and others have appeared in the *Indi-*

*pendent* and elsewhere. Her published work, which is not yet collected in book form, consists of about forty poems, prose-poems, and short stories.

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Willa Sibert Cather, who wrote the poem in the April *Critic*, "Grandmither, Think Not I Forget," which has attracted so much attention, and whose strong and unusual story, "Eric Hermannson's Soul," appeared in the April, *Cosmopolitan*, was born near Winchester, Va., in 1876. When she was ten years old, the family moved to a ranch in Southwestern Nebraska, and for two years the child ran wild, living mostly on horseback, scouring the sparsely-settled country, visiting the Danes and Norwegians, tasting the wild-plum wine made by the old women, and playing with the little herd girls, who wore men's hats, and not in the least minding rattlesnakes, which she killed with clods of earth. She used to go to the Norwegian church, and always spoke a piece at the Sunday school entertainments. Even when the family moved later to Red Cloud, she still kept up her friendship for the Norwegian farmer folk, whose business brought them often to her father's office. In "Eric Hermannson's Soul" we see the deep insight into, and strong sympathy with, the simple, strong Norwegian nature, which laid strong hold on her during those impressionable years. During the ranch period and for some time after going to Red Cloud, Miss Cather did not go to school at all, and her only reading was an old copy of Ben Jonson's plays, a Shakespeare, a Byron, and "The Pilgrim's Progress," which latter she said she read through eight times in one winter. The first two years of her course at the University of Nebraska, where she graduated in 1895, were spent in the hardest kind of study, but then she discovered herself and began to write a little, mostly for her own pleasure and to satisfy the new craving for expression. She edited a creditable college magazine, and did remarkably discriminating dramatic criticism for the *Nebraska State Journal*. With all this she read voraciously, both in French and in English, and laid the foundation of her wide acquaintance with both literatures. Every vacation she went back to her sunflowers and the Norwegians, where she says she found her real life and her real education. After graduation she wrote for the *Lincoln* (Neb.) *Courier*, and in 1896 she came to Pittsburg, where she is on the staff of the *Leader*, doing clever dramatic and literary criticisms in addition to her regular work.

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Arthur Gill, whose verses, "Fanny Pettigrew," appeared in the April *Century*, is W. Arthur Gill, an English writer of Manx birth, who lives at present at Kelverdale, Bournemouth, England. He has traveled a great deal, and spent last winter in America, for which country he has much admiration and affection. He is now giving most of his time to prose fiction, and specimens of his work are likely to appear soon in some of our magazines.

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Julia K. Hildreth, whose story, "The Arms of Ahmed," appeared in *St. Nicholas* for May, has resided in New York city the most of her life. She is the widow of Charles L. Hildreth, poet and editor, and a sister of the late Mrs. Mary Kyle Dallas. She has written a large number of short stories for boys and girls, which have found place in such periodicals as *Harper's Young People* or *Round Table*, *Wide Awake*, the *New York Ledger*, the *Independent*, the *American Agriculturist*, *Golden Days*, the *Boys' Own Paper*, of England, and many others. She has also tried her hand at illustrating.

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Kate Masterson, whose name is familiar to all readers of current periodicals, began literary work when at school, contributing verses to *Judge* and *Puck* over the signature "Kitty K." In 1891 she began professional work, writing for the *Dramatic Mirror* the department headed "The Matinée Girl," which she still carries on. In 1893 she was offered an editorial position on the *New York Herald*, and inaugurated a series of prizes for women's designs in dress and other successful features. She gave up this desk in 1894, to do special work of a less confining nature. She went to Cuba at the breaking out of the war, as correspondent for a New York paper, cabling the first and only interview with General Weyler — reproduced entire in Murat Halstead's "Story of Cuba." She traveled to Newfound-

land to investigate the condition of the starving fishermen along the coast north of St. Johns, went to Denver to see Schlatter, and has covered various other important assignments. Since then she has done special writing for the *New York Herald* and the *New York Sun*, writing a series of stories for the Sunday *Sun*, which are soon to be published under the name of "The Dobley Book." Mrs Masterson took the third prize ($100) in the contest for the best poem in reply to Markham's "Man with the Hoe" (*New York Sun*, January, 1900). At present she is a contributor to leading publications, *Life*, *Judge*, *Puck*, the *Smart Set*, the *Criterion*, etc. Satirical and humorous verse and sketches are her special line.

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Florence M. Metcalfe, whose poem, "May Morning," was published in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for May, has since her childhood lived in the retirement of country life in northern New Jersey. Her first poems were published in a local paper, the *Caldwell News*. As they were favorably mentioned by many, she took heart and essayed a wider field, with gratifying success. Miss Metcalfe is the daughter of Cyrus Metcalfe, of New Hampshire, who held a position on the *New York Tribune* during Greeley's editorship. Her mother is a Crooker of Long Island, descended from the earliest English colonists, who were originally of an old Devonshire family.

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William McLeod Raine, who wrote the story, "The Winning of the Trans-continental," in *McClure's Magazine* for April, is a Scotchman by descent, an Englishman by birth, and an American by adoption. He is twenty-nine years old, graduated from Oberlin College in 1894, and went West immediately upon graduation. Previously he had lived for some years in Arkansas, and it is from his knowledge of that country that he wrote "The Pesterin' of Bud Jones" (May *Ladies' Home Journal*), "Youall's Yank" (*McClure's*, not yet published), and other Arkansas sketches. The first work he had published in magazines was two stories of the time of the War of the Roses, published in Mr. Munsey's magazines, and entitled "The Luck of Eustace Blount" and "For the White Rose." He has since worked these into a romance, at the request of a well-known publishing house, which will shortly issue the volume under the title of "Eustace Blount." He has written also other historical tales — short stories. One of these, "My Little Jacobite," appeared in *Harper's Bazar;* another, "A Meeting of His Creditors," was published in *Short Stories;* and others are yet to be published by *McClure's* and other magazines. All of this work has been published since the beginning of 1899. Mr. Raine has written Western stories and sketches for the *Overland*, the *Criterion*, the *Wide World*, the *Interior*, and in connection with his journalistic work. He has served time on newspapers as a reporter, and has also taught and studied law a bit. He was in Washington state for some years, and during that time lived for six months at South Bend, which is the seat of the story, "The Winning of the Trans continental." "If a Woman Will" (not yet published) is a study of ranch life in the vicinity of Seattle. In *Self Culture* for May and for June Mr. Raine has papers on different subjects. The one in the June number is called "The International Situation: A Note of Warning."

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V. Yeaman Remnitz, the author of the "Little Mortal" stories in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, while her father was residing there as the American ambassador, and her first step in literature was a sketch of child life at the Danish court, which was published in *St. Nicholas*. While she has written many stories about children, Mrs Remnitz has by no means confined herself to the portrayal of child nature, and the "Little Mortal" stories illustrate traits which are characteristic of maturity as well as of childhood. Since leaving Wellesley College, where she studied for three years, Mrs. Remnitz has made her home in Madison, N. J., a beautiful suburb of New York. Within the last few years stories and articles from her pen have appeared in various periodicals, including *Harper's Bazar*, the *Bookman* the *Outlook*, the *Independent*, and the *Arena*.

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Julie Fay Shipman, whose poem, "My Per-

sian Kitten," appeared in *St. Nicholas* for May, was born in New York city, and, until her marriage a year ago to the chaplain of West Point, led the life of the average society girl. She had always, however, had an ambition to write, and at school won first prize in "English Essays" three years running, which encouraged her to continue her efforts. At sixteen she wrote a short novel of French-Canadian life, entitled "Apple Blossoms," which was accepted by a small firm, — The George M. Allen Publishing Company, — but unfortunately they failed before the book appeared. Since then she has not tried seriously to write until last winter, when, besides prose, she attempted children's verses. "My Persian Kitten" was her maiden effort in that line.

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Caroline D. Swan, who contributed a rondeau, entitled "Bloom and Sky," to the April number of *Donahoe's Magazine*, is a quiet writer, who resides in Gardiner, Me. Her poems have appeared from time to time in newspapers of high standing and in various periodicals, winning response in many hearts. They are widely copied, reappearing in England, Ireland, and Australia. Her prose work, consisting of stories, essays, and conversation papers, also finds acceptance. The character of her more solid work is shown by the titles of her papers — for example, "Some Aspects of German Thought," "The Burne-Jones Phase of Art," "Culture and Chromo-Culture," "The Quaintness of the Judicious Hooker" (this in the *Atlantic Monthly*), "Pure Tone," "The Meditative Poets," "The Creative in Art and Letters." Her early education was completed at Professor Agassiz' famous school in Cambridge, and she was for many years a valued teacher in the Society for Home Studies founded by Miss Anna Ticknor, of Boston.

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## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Caine.** — At twenty I wrote an autobiography for another person, and was paid ten pounds for it. At five and twenty I came up to London with the manuscript of a critical work which I had written while at Liverpool. Somebody had recommended that I should submit it to a certain great publishing house, and I took it in person.

After waiting three torturing weeks for the decision of the publishers, I made bold to call again. At the same little box at the door of the office I had once more to fill out the same document. The boy took it in, and I was left to sit on his table, to look at the desk which he had been whittling away, to wait and to tremble.

After a time I heard a footstep returning. I thought it might be the publisher or the editor of the house. It was the boy back again. He had a pile of loose sheets of white paper in his hands. "The editor's compliments, sir, and thank you," said the boy, and my manuscript went sprawling on the table. I gathered it up, tucked it as deep as possible under the wings of my Inverness cape, and went downstairs, ashamed, humiliated, crushed, and broken-spirited — not quite that, either, for I remember that, as I got to the fresh air at the door, my gorge rose within me, and I exclaimed in anger that I would compel better attention from that house before long — and I did.

The sequel is worth telling, though my triumph brought me a friend instead of an enemy.

That editor became my personal friend. Of course he remembered nothing of this incident, and I never poisoned one hour of our intercourse by telling him how, when I was younger and a word would have buoyed me up, he made me drink the waters of Marah. Three times since that day the publishing house I speak of has come to me, asking that I should write a book.

If literary confessions are worth anything, this one may, perhaps, be a seed that will somewhere find grateful soil. Keep a good heart, even if you have to knock in vain at many doors and kick about the back stairs of the House of Letters. There is room enough inside.

Let me conclude with a few words that may be timely. Of all the literary cants that I despise and hate, the one I hate and despise the most is that which would have the world believe that greatly-gifted men who have become distinguished in literature and are

earning thousands a year by it, and have no public existence and no apology apart from it, hold it in pity as a profession and in contempt as an art. For my part, I have found the profession of letters a serious pursuit, of which in no company and in no country have I need to be ashamed. It has demanded all my powers, fired all my enthusiasm, developed my sympathies, enlarged my friendships, touched, amused, soothed, and comforted me. If it has been hard work, it has been a constant inspiration, and I would not change it for all the glory and more than all the emoluments of the best-paid and most illustrious profession in the world. — *Hall Caine, in Success.*

**Russell.**—I am complimented by an invitation to tell what I can recollect of the writing, publication, and reception of the earliest of my sea-books, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." It chanced one day that a big ship with mast-headed colors, telling of trouble on board, let go her anchor in the Downs. I then lived in a town which overlooks those waters. The crew of the ship had mutinied; they had carried the vessel half-way down the channel, when, discovering by that time what sort of provisions had been shipped for them, they forced the master to shift his helm for the inward course. The crew of thirteen or fourteen hairy, queerly-attired fellows, in Scotch caps, divers-colored shirts, dungaree breeches stuffed into half-Wellingtons, were brought before the magistrate. The bench consisted of an old sea-captain, who had lost a ship in his day through the bad conduct of his crew, and whose hatred of a forecastle hand was strong and peculiar; a parson, who knew about as much of the sea as his wife; a medical practitioner; and a schoolmaster. I was present and listened to the men's evidence, and also heard the captain's story. Samples of the food were produced. Nothing viler in the shape of food ever set a famished mongrel hiccoughing. Nevertheless, these thirteen or fourteen men, for refusing to sail in a vessel unless fresh forecastle stores were shipped, were sent to jail for terms ranging from three to five weeks. When I came away from the magistrate's court, after hearing the men sentenced, I found my mind full of that crew's grievance. I reflected upon how much of the hidden parts of sea life remained to be exposed to the public eye, to the advantage of the sailor, provided the subject should be dealt with by one who himself had suffered and well understood what he wrote about. This put into my head the idea of the tale which I afterward called "The Wreck of the Grosvenor."—*W. Clark Russell, in Success for June.*

**Zangwill.**— My first book was written while I was a student at London University, and when I was about seventeen years of age. A fellow-student suggested that I should write a Jewish story, the proceeds from the sale of which would finance a proposed comic paper. I was quite willing. If he had suggested an epic, I should have written it. So I wrote the story in four evenings (I always write in spurts) and, within ten days from the inception of the idea, the booklet was on sale in coverless pamphlet form. The printing cost ten pounds. I paid five, and the friend who had suggested the book paid five, and we divided the profits. This first book (price, one penny, net) went well. It was loudly denounced by those it described, and widely bought by them. It was hawked about the streets. One little shop in Whitechapel sold four hundred copies. It was even on Smith's bookstalls. There was a curiosity among the Jews to know the name of the writer. Owing to my anonymity, I was enabled to see those enjoying its perusal who were afterward to explain to me their horror and disgust at its illiteracy and vulgarity. I do not possess a copy of my first book, but, somehow or other, I discovered the manuscript when writing "Children of the Ghetto." The description of market-day in Jewry was tranferred bodily from the manuscript of the first book. My advice to struggling fellow-scribblers is: If you are blessed with some talent, a great deal of industry, and an amount of conceit mighty enough to enable you to disregard superiors, equals, and critics, as well as the fancied demands of the public, it is possible, without friends or introductions, or bothering celebrities to read your manuscripts, or cultivating the camp of log-rollers, by dint of slaving day and night for years during the flower of your youth, to attain to fame infinitely less widespread than

prizefighter's, with a pecuniary position which you might, with far less trouble, have been born to. — *Israel Zangwill, in Success, for June.*

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE POETRY OF A MACHINE AGE. Gerald Stanley Lee. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN. — VI. William James Stillman. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

BERNARD QUARITCH Dean Sage. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

MODERN PERSIAN LITERATURE. Professor E. Denison Ross. *North American Review* (53 c.) for June.

JOAQUIN MILLER. With frontispiece portrait. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for June.

CORRECT LETTER WRITING. Mrs. Burton Kingsland. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for June.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE OF THE YEAR. Benjamin W. Wells. *Forum* (38 c.) for June.

"COPY" — A DIALOGUE. (Fiction.) Edith Wharton. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for June.

WHAT IS HISTORIC ATMOSPHERE? Charles Major. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for June.

AMERICAN TYPES IN EUROPEAN FICTION. The Point of View, *Scribner's* (28 c.) for June.

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM BLAKE. (Prize Essay.) Henry Justin Smith. *Century* (38 c.) for June.

MR. LOWELL AND HIS SPANISH FRIENDS. Doña E. Gayangos de Riaño. *Century* (38 c.) for June.

IS IT POSSIBLE TO TELL A GOOD BOOK FROM A BAD ONE? Augustine Birrell. Reprinted from *Cornhill Magazine* in *Eclectic* (28 c.) for June.

CARLYLE AND ROBERT CHAMBERS: UNPUBLISHED LETTERS. Reprinted from *Chambers's Journal* in *Eclectic* (28 c.) for June.

THE BEST HUNDRED BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. Reprinted from *Academy* in *Eclectic* (28 c.) for June.

THE LITERARY PALATE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. Jessie C. Glasier. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for May.

JACK LONDON AND THE SON OF THE WOLF. Maitland Leroy Osborne. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for May.

HOW I WROTE MY FIRST BOOK. W. Clark Russell, Morley Roberts, Israel Zangwill. *Success* (13 c.) for June.

MARK TWAIN. Dan Beard. *Success* (13 c.) for June.

HOW PRINTING WAS DISCOVERED. Marguerite Brooks. *Success* (13 c.) for June.

THE GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE. VI. — Italian Newspapers. Frederic Taber Cooper. *Bookman* (23 c.) for June.

THE NEW LEADERS OF AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION. V. — The Humorous Men Regina Armstrong. *Bookman* (23 c.) for June.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN WOMEN ILLUSTRATORS: THE DECORATIVE WORKERS. Regina Armstrong. *Critic* (23 c.) for June.

THE CASUISTRY OF PLAGIARISM. Carolyn Wells. *Critic* (23 c.) for June.

TENNYSON'S RELATION TO COMMON LIFE. Lewis E. Gates. *Critic* (23 c.) for June.

CHILDREN'S MAGAZINES. Elizabeth K. Tompkins. *Critic* (23 c.) for June.

THE COMPOSER OF "DIXIE." *Critic* (23 c.) for June.

THE WRITER OF "DIXIE." Rev. L. W. Mulhane. *Donahoe's Magazine* (28 c.) for June.

FRANK L. STANTON: THE MAN AND THE POET. Lucian L. Knight. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for June.

FAMOUS HYMN WRITERS. XII. — Reginald Heber. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for June.

EDMOND ROSTAND'S "L'AIGLON." "M. B." Reprinted from *Speaker* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 5.

JOHN RUSKIN. Leslie Stephen. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 19.

THE CRAZE FOR HISTORICAL FICTION IN AMERICA. "E. A. B." Reprinted from *Academy* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 26.

THE BIRTH OF THE ITALIAN NOVEL. Fernando Araujo. Reprinted from *España Moderna* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 26.

HEROINES OF NINETEENTH CENTURY FICTION. W. D. Howells. II. — Evalina. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for May 12. III. — Two Heroines of Maria Edgeworth's. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for May 26.

THE LAND OF LORNA DOONE. Illustrated. Clifton Johnson. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for May 26.

BROWNING IN WOMEN'S CLUBS. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for May 26.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

The author of "A Woman's Paris" is said to be Mrs. Mary Abbott, formerly of Chicago.

"The Life and Letters of Thomas H. Huxley," edited by his son, Leonard Huxley, is to be published by D. Appleton & Co. in the fall.

The *Brown Book of Boston* is a new monthly magazine published by the Bernard-Richards Company, Ltd. The object of the publishers is to furnished a high-grade magazine containing the best quality of literature. Arthur W. Tarbell, formerly of the *National Magazine*, is the editor of the publication, which is in the market for short stories of from 2,000 to 5,000 words and for live illustrated articles of about the same length.

The first socialist magazine in the United States is the *Socialist Review*, which will be published monthly hereafter at Kearney, Neb.

*Gossip* is a new sixteen-page weekly paper published in New York.

The first ( May ) number of the *Magazine of Poetry*, published by Daniel Mallett, New York, contains fifty popular poems.

A new semi-monthly magazine, to be called *Politics*, will be started in New York in the latter part of June.

A particularly interesting and valuable publication is *Masters of Art*, a series of illustrated monographs published monthly in Boston, each number of which reproduces the chief works of some artist, with letter-press, biographical and critical. Its standard is very high, and it deserves a large measure of success.

*American Progress*, edited by Albert R. Delmont, is a new, well-printed Chicago monthly.

The *Social Age* is a new magazine published in Rochester, N. Y., by Norman S. Easterbrook and George F. Winters. and devoted to the discussion of social and economic questions.

Alfred Bartlett, of 21 Cornhill, Boston, is to publish early in June the first number of a monthly magazine, to be called the *Cornhill Booklet*. Each number will be devoted to some complete piece of literature, either a reprint of some scarce and little-known work or original matter. The first number will reprint "The Tribune Primer," by Eugene Field.

The *Moon-Slate* is the odd title of a new literary monthly magazine published in Minneapolis. Sidney J. Wilson is the editor and M. Bayer is the business manager. The magazine is to be strictly literary, with Minnesota and Northwestern matters especially in view.

*Flashlights* is a new Boston monthly devoted to amateur photography. Thomas Ford Lamson is the publisher.

*Camera Craft* is a new photographic magazine published in San Francisco.

*Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* has come into the control of McClure, Phillips, & Co., and will hereafter be known again as the *Popular Science Monthly*. Professor J. McKeen Cattell, of Columbia University, is the new editor.

*Outing* for June appears in a new cover designed by Maxfield Parrish, and printed in three colors, which will hereafter be its permanent dress.

*Self Culture Magazine* with its July issue will change its name to *Modern Culture Magazine*. The ownership of the magazine has passed from its founders, The Werner Company, of Akron, O., to the Modern Culture Magazine Company, represented by Alvah D. and William W. Hudson, of Cleveland. The address of the publication after July 1 will be Cleveland.

*Montreal Life* has been amalgamated with the *Canadian Magazine*.

*Learning by Doing* ( Battle Creek, Mich.) is dead.

The *Smart Set* ( New York ) offers $5,000 in prizes for stories, poems, sketches, and witticisms, as follows: First prize of $2,000 for a story of from 30,000 to 60,000 words; second prize of $1,000 for a story of from 30,000 to 60,000 words; first prize of $500 for a story of from 3,500 to 12,000 words; second prize of $250 for a story of from 3,500 to 12,000 words; five prizes of $100 each for five stories of from 3,500 to 12,000 words each; first prize of $250 for a poem of about 100 lines; second prize of $100 for a poem of about 100 lines; five prizes of $50 each for five poems of about 100 lines each; first prize of $50 for a short witticism or joke; five prizes of $10 each for ten short witticisms or jokes. The competition will close September 1. Manuscripts must be received between August 1 and September 1. The author's name must not be put on his manuscript, but should be enclosed in a separate sealed envelope, on which should be written the name of the manuscript and the author's pseudonym.

The *Golfer* ( Boston ) offers for golf stories, for golf verses, and for golf drawings, in each case $50, divided into prizes of $20, $15, $10, and $5. Acceptable manuscripts and drawings that do not take prizes will be bought at usual rates. Stamps for return postage should be enclosed with manuscripts. The prizes will be awarded to successful competitors December 1.

The prizes in the *Black Cat* story competition have been awarded as follows: To S. C. Brean, 156 Fifth avenue, New York, and C. B. Lewis, 71 Third place, Brooklyn, $500 each; to Miss Elizabeth F. Dye, N. Delaware street, Indianapolis, and H. S. Canfield, Mount Sterling, Wis., $300 each: to William J. Neidig, 1320 Jones street, San Francisco, Carroll Carrington, 431 Bartlett street, San Francisco, Clifford Howard, Box 36, Washington, D. C., and E. C. Preston, Waverley, Iowa, $200 each; to Miss Edna Kenton, Jacksonville, Ill., H. J. W. Dam, St. James's Park, S. W., London, James O'Shaughnessy, 61 Lincoln avenue, Chicago, and A. Ernest B. Lane, Murray Hill Hotel, New York, $150 each; to Mrs. A. F. Johnston, Pewee Valley, Ky., Mrs. E. W. Mumford, 13 William street, New York, Miss F. E. Austin, Woodstock, Ill., Miss J. E. Wood, Queenstown, Can., H. A. Fillmore, Forty Fort, Penn., and Samuel Scoville, Jr., 237 Broadway, New York, $125 each; and to F. B. Wiley, Wayne, Penn., Miss Mary B. Sheldon, 82 West 132d street, New York, Frank E. Chase, 5 Hamilton place, Boston, Paul Shoup, 4 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Mrs. Jennie M. Chenery, Jamestown, N. D., Henry Reed Taylor. Alameda, Calif., C. C. Newkirk, Canal Dover, Ohio, Mrs. F. G. Tuttle, Hotel St. George, Brooklyn Heights, New York, W. G. Kelly, 254 North State street, Chicago, and Don Mark Lemon, 155 Octavia street, San Francisco, $100 each. In addition, $350 was paid for six stories, which, while unsuccessful in the competition, contain incidents that render them available.

The *Southern Farm Magazine* (Baltimore offers a number of prizes for manuscripts. The editor will send to inquirers particulars about conditions.

The *Century* renews its offer (to college) graduates) of prizes for manuscripts. Full particulars are given in the June number of the magazine.

Mrs. Armstrong's article on "Representative American Women Illustrators: The Child Interpreters," in the May *Critic*, speaks especially of Mrs. Maud Humphrey Bogart, Miss Ida Waugh, Mrs. Eric Pape, and Mrs. Everett Shinn—"Florence Scovel."

In *Scribner's* for June Charles Major ("Edwin Caskoden") discusses the question, "What Is Historic Atmosphere?" with special reference to the revival of the modern historical novel, describing those elements of language and character which are important in creating the illusion which is necessary in good historical fiction.

*Lippincott's* for June has a frontispiece portrait of General Charles King, accompanying his novel "Ray's Daughter: A Story of Manila."

The subject of Gerald Stanley Lee's "Poetry of a Machine Age," in the *Atlantic* for June, is not "machine-poetry," but the poetical feeling which is evoked by the grand mechanical developments of the day—the love of the engineer for his engine, the songs which lie in new forces and new combinations—and which is struggling for new methods of expression.

The paper entitled "Some Catholic Poets of America," in *Donahoe's Magazine* (Boston) for May, is an appreciation of the work of such writers as Rev. John Tabb, Father Ryan, Rev. James B. Dollard, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Susan L. Emery, and Charles J. O'Malley.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for June is a photogravure reproduction of St. George Hare's painting, "The Shrine of Eros." The magazine will publish soon an elaborate article on Chaucer's portraits.

The sixth part of Hamilton W. Mabie's "William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man," appears in the June Magazine Number of the *Outlook*.

Readers of the *Criterion* for June will be especially interested in Professor Charles G. D. Roberts's analysis of the difference between the literary atmosphere of London and that of New York.

"Editor Tom," by Helen G. Marie, in *Donahoe's Magazine* for June, gives a pleasing glimpse into editorial life, when the overworked editor is "off duty" for a brief interval.

Francis Gilbert Attwood died at Jamaica Plain, Mass., April 30, aged forty-three.

George Boker died in Philadelphia May 2, aged fifty-six.

# THE WRITER:

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## CERTAIN PHASES OF RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM.

While reading the newspaper reports of the Methodist Conference held in Chicago during May, I was impressed with one fact as never before. In one of the sessions the fact was brought out that some of the *Advocates* are not self-supporting. The subscriptions are far from paying expenses, and in a number of cases subsidies are given out of the profits of the Book Concern to keep these papers running. If I remember rightly, one paper was mentioned having a subscription list of only 2,500 names, and, as a brother remarked, the Church was making a present of a dollar and a half (I believe) to each subscriber.

In the books giving lists of papers and periodicals that pay contributors, some of these journals are named. I have occasionally offered them contributions. Sometimes my manuscripts have come back to me, and sometimes my articles have been accepted and paid for. The figures ranged from three to ten dollars for articles from 1,000 to 2,000 words long. Some essays on which I put considerable work brought only five dollars — less than fifty cents a hundred words.

In the past I have often felt like grumbling at the small remuneration. Now the reason is apparent. Such items as office expenses and printer's bills, of course, are paid first, and with what is left the editor and his assistant manage to live. A paper must be quite popular in the denomination to be self-sustaining. So the editor seldom pays for original articles — he takes the shears and cuts out what takes his fancy in the columns of other papers, religious and secular.

No doubt many clergymen write for the papers that are recognized as the denominational organs, expecting and asking nothing for their articles. They are glad to speak to a larger audience than their congregations. Besides these, there may be a favored few who are paid. Of those who have the inside track in this particular are, of course, the editor's friends. Men of prominence in the religious world — such as Cuyler, Farrar, and Maclaren — are also in demand as contributors, and are paid.

Now, it is easy to see that the voluntary contributor (who may not be a member of the Church) is at a disadvantage. There is not much show for the literary hack when he comes into competition with a bishop or a local celebrity.

When one reflects on the situation a little, he is no longer surprised that the field is so small, or rather that the picking is so scanty, for the

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unknown writer trying his chance with nothing to commend him but a well-written manuscript. If the paper offered be timely, it may of necessity be crowded out by articles already provided for and in type, so the opportunity is gone.

Once having made a hit with something that is appreciated by the editor, a writer stands a better show next time. Judging from my own experience, it is better to drop the editor a line asking if an article on such and such a subject would be acceptable. Then the editor has some notion of what his contributor is capable of doing, and he can make suggestions as to length or treatment of the subject.

In short, the literary calling requires judgment. Generally speaking, success must be earned. While returns are small from religious journals, it is worth while to have things published in them. Thus one's name is kept before the public and his hand is kept in practice. He also may be glad to remember that he is thus doing good in the world, that he is exerting an influence on thousands of readers.

CHICAGO, Ill. *Eugene Parsons.*

## NEWSPAPER REPORTING OF SPEECHES AND SERMONS.

There are two almost entirely distinct branches of the reporting of speeches and other more or less declamatory matter for the daily newspaper. For absolute fidelity to the words as spoken, stenography is essential. A good stenographer will take down every word, however rapidly the speaker, like the late Bishop Brooks, pours language forth. But the notes when written out do not give to the reader an adequate idea of the preacher's infectious manner, especially toward the close of his discourse, when the words flow in almost a continuous stream. Law reports and court proceedings have to be written out by stenography, as exact fidelity in every word is a necessity.

But ordinary newspapers do not need these long, elaborate, verbatim reports, and usually have too little room for them. The writer of this article took to reporting in his teens, or perhaps earlier than that. When he went to church he was expected after the family came home to repeat the text of the sermon and as much as he could of the discourse itself, and he was encouraged to do this in his own words, though by cultivation his memory was so trained that he could repeat the most striking sentences verbatim. In this way he became quite a good reporter long before he entered a newspaper office, and the labor of condensing spoken words into the brief form suitable for the types gave him greater ability than he would otherwise have had to put many ideas in few words. The practice was better than Benjamin Franklin's plan of cultivating style by reading some of Addison's best essays from the *Spectator* and rewriting them in his own words. It cultivated mental agility as no other training could have done.

Some of the lecturers whose discourses I heard in my boyhood were very hard to report. Beecher and Chapin were easy, but Ralph Waldo Emerson's lectures were like a string of golden maxims, with little apparent connection. Wendell Phillips, except in a few striking sentences toward the close, was almost unreportable. He fascinated his hearers, including the reporter, while he was speaking, but no one could remember much of the lecture after it was concluded.

The easiest kind of reporting, either of a sermon or a lecture, is where the speaker takes a leading thought and builds his discourse about it in logical order. Chapin did this. So did Theodore Parker, Horace Mann, Rev. Charles G. Ames, and Rev. Robert Collyer—the two last named are still among the living on earth. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Livermore, and Anna E. Dickinson were also on the lecture platform in those early days. Miss Dickinson

spoke most eloquently when she was apparently and really speaking in a trance or mediumistic condition. She was a great success in the '60's, but lost her grip on the public when she took to acting on the stage instead of to speaking.

John B. Gough was always a favorite on the lecture platform. It was not what he said, however, but his inimitable acting that made his stories bring down the house. I once reported him when I sat at a table and could not see Gough's inimitable way when he was telling the funniest of stories. The audience was convulsed with merriment, but the reporter, who could hear every word but could see nothing, thought the address stale, flat, and unprofitable. *William J. Fowler.*

BOSTON, MASS.

## LITERATURE AS A BUSINESS.

It is estimated that there are twenty thousand persons of both sexes in the United States who write for publication, that is to say, authors; and it is probably safe to venture the assertion that at least nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of them have at various times and places expressed opinions not wholly complimentary to the editors to whom they have submitted their manuscripts. Of these writers, the great majority are either not successful, or only aggravatingly so, and that they do not get on better is, naturally enough, cause for disgruntlement, not to say despair.

But they should not hold the editors, meaning thereby the publishers, as the sole cause of their woes, with a grudge against them because they are unknown. That obscurity is a handicap to successful authorship cannot be denied, but part of a writer's genius, the practical part, is getting rid of the handicap, however he may accomplish it. The publishers admit that they prefer well-known writers, and thereupon the less-known writers say that if the publishers would give them half a chance they would become well known, and they add, somewhat maliciously, I fear, that the publishers occupy exactly the position of that fond and anxious mother who would not let her boy go near the water until he had learned to swim.

The publishers publish as a matter of business; that is, publishing is their living, as writing is the writers' living, and when they go into the market to sell they must of necessity have salable wares. As nearly as is in their power, they must have wares more salable than other publishers, for competition is very brisk in these days of many magazines and books. The people who buy compel the publishers to this course, seeing that the majority of readers read not what is best always, but what is most in evidence. An author of reputation very frequently turns out poorer work than one who is obscure or unknown, but that makes small difference to general readers. The name is the thing. They buy their books as they buy their groceries.

The entire history of literature proves this, and the readers of not a few popular authors are to-day reading with delight what those authors, or their publishers for them, have resurrected from a neglected past. The publishers were not ignorant of the merit, which eventually must win, but they could only try the public taste and stop if their effort failed to satisfy it. Many now famous books, by then unknown writers, went begging for years for a publisher, but it was not, as a rule, because the work lacked merit; it was because as yet the author had not created a demand for his product.

Literature, like nearly everything else nowadays, has come to be a commercial commodity, governed by the laws of demand and supply, and the author, to be successful, must "get down to business." That is where the publisher is, and they should meet upon the same plane.

*The New York Times.* *William J. Lampton.*

# THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

It would be interesting to know how many of the thousands of plain, ordinary people who read Mr. Tesla's article in the *Century* for June got any rational idea from it. "Physicist" in the *Popular Science Monthly* for July makes some sharp comments on the paper. Mr. Tesla's "amethyst, and topaz, and diamonds of an ambient medium doing all our work," he says, "are only stones. They may dazzle the magazine reader, but they do not nourish the student of science."

***

"The editorial department of the *Century Magazine*," he goes on, "perhaps felt that these jewels were a bit too bright. We read there that 'much that must seem speculative to the layman can take its proper place only in the purview of the scientist.' Some conservative scientists will feel like growling, 'And much that must seem bosh to the man of science can take its proper place only in the purview of the editorial departments of popular magazines.' Leaving aside the present case, it is a fact that the same care which is exercised by editors to secure in their contributions excellence of style and syntax, a proper moral tone, and freedom from advertisement of business ventures is not exercised to secure accuracy in statements of fact, or decent credibility in matters of theory. The editors apparently impute to their readers a desire to be entertained at all costs. They descend to a footing with the Sunday newspaper, instead of trying to rise to the level of such scientific literature as Huxley or Tyndall gave us. They evidently do not know science from rubbish, and apparently seldom make any effort to find out the difference. They should at least submit their scientific literature to competent men for criticism and revision."

***

Some useful health suggestions for writers are given by Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley in his article on "How to Safeguard One's Sanity," in the July *Century*. "He who would preserve a sound mind in a sound body," says Dr. Buckley, "must observe the laws of health with regard to food, exercise, and sleep. Walter Savage Landor held that the only healthy mind is the out-door mind. Few become insane who, with sufficient mental occupation, daily take two or three hours of vigorous exercise in the open air, and do not protract exciting studies or business far into the night, or, if they do, subtract time from the day for the sleep filched by nocturnal labors.

Gladstone declared that he could walk himself into forgetfulness of the mightiest affairs of state, return refreshed, and resume his work with zest. The same time spent in the management of a fine horse will be found equally effectual. Mental concentration immediately after a full meal is dangerous. Only he who eats little and whose studies are unaccompanied by anxiety can hope to maintain normal mental and physical conditions by rising from the table to return to his desk, there to remain until summoned to the next meal. Digestion draws upon the same nervous forces which are employed in thought. . . . By observing these rules one may employ the mental faculties without damage ten hours out of every twenty-four. The constrained position of writing doubles the tax on heart, lungs, and brain. Dictation to stenographers admits of moving about the room, or, even if one be sitting, of a healthful position, in which the blood is aërated, the lungs move rhythmically, and there is no strain upon the heart. No one should compose or study for more than two hours without change of position. The monks of the middle ages understood this, and among the rules for their vigils and studies was one which required them to rise every hour and twirl a chair for two or three minutes."

* * *

A valuable "literary note" informs us that Marie Corcelli [sic!] "writes in a pale blue satin gown, seated at a desk across which the sun streams broadly." Her novels read that way.

* * *

Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden believes that woman is going to be the coming writer. "We never have had the chance to show what we can do," she says, "but the time is coming. One reason why woman will surpass man in writing is because she has more time at her disposal and will put more time on her task. A man often writes something to give as his best work and does not revise it, while a woman will write it over again and again. It takes time and labor."

* * *

The energetic Mr. Munsey has established in London an edition of *Munsey's Magazine*, which he plans to make an international publication. The London edition contains about forty per cent. of the matter contained in the regular American edition of *Munsey's*, and the other sixty per cent. is made up of original matter more suitable to the English reader. The London edition is printed in New York.

"It may be of interest to Americans," says Mr. Munsey, "to know that I can print a magazine much better and far cheaper in New York than I can anywhere in Europe. American printing plants are far better equipped than those of London, Paris, or elsewhere. My London edition is printed here, and it costs fifty per cent. less to deliver that edition by freight in London than it would cost to deliver it in Chicago. By mail it costs one-third less to deliver the edition in London than it would to deliver it in Chicago. The English magazinist simply cannot make a success of halftone work."

* * *

June 9 was the thirtieth anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens. How many of the popular writers of to-day will be read as he is thirty years afterward?

* * *

An American editor who was asked for the address of Richard Whiteing answered promptly: "No. 5, John street, London."

* * *

A floating paragraph says that the second wife of Charlotte Brontë's husband "is a most estimable lady, who reveres the memory of the novelist just as fondly as her husband." Do you believe it?

* * *

A few years ago a London journal asked contemptuously: "Who ever reads an American book?" Now a writer in the *St. James's Gazette* protests against enumerating American writers among the "foreign authors."

* * *

Authors who complain of the inclemency of publishers probably do not know, in most cases, how disagreeable it is possible for a publisher to be. According to the *Saturday Evening Post*, the late J. Schabelitz, of Zurich,

was probably the most savage publisher who ever lived. When he accepted the famous memoirs of Count von Arnim, he wrote on the postal card, with the acceptance, the proviso, "I reserve the right to correct your infernally bad grammar."

To an aspiring poet who had submitted manuscript he answered by postal card: "I refuse to be disgraced by printing your doggerel. I don't return the copy because you didn't inclose enough postage. If you will send it, with the price of this card, I will send it to you, but I don't think the stuff is worth the expense on your part."

One of his postal cards to a novelist read about as follows: "For heaven's sake, come and take away the unnamable mass of paper you left here for me to look at."

An ambitious historian was crushed by the following, written, like all of the economical publisher's correspondence, upon a postal card: "You are making the mistake of your life. You don't want to study history. You want to learn how to write."

* * *

The poet who sings, in *Harper's* for June:—

'Tis June again — once more I lie

really ought to be induced by somebody to try to speak the truth.

* * *

"Take them all around," condescendingly writes William Archer, — perhaps it is necessary to add, the English critic, — "the newspapers of the leading cities in America, in their editorial columns at any rate, are at least as well written as the newspapers of London; and in magazines and books the average level of literary accomplishments is certainly very high." Writers in the United States will go at their work with new courage after this.

W. H. H.

## "NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

| | |
|---|---|
| These pictures are from actual photographs. — *New York Journal.* | These pictures are from photographs. |
| She was dressed in a black skirt and white shirt waist. — *Boston Post.* | She wore a black skirt and a white shirt waist. |
| The works of John Ruskin are soon to be published in their entirety in the French language.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.* | The works of John Ruskin are soon to be published complete in French. |
| We cannot render you any assistance in your request.— *Philadelphia Call.* | We cannot help you as you ask. |
| His visitor was pretty well posted. — *Boston Transcript.* | His visitor was pretty well informed. |

## QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Please explain the uses of the blue, red, and black pencils as used in a newspaper office.

G. E. U.

[The black pencil is generally used in a newspaper office by the down-trodden reporter, who sometimes has seen the event of which he writes, and in all cases thinks he knows its news value better than anybody else about the office. The blue pencil is worn down by the cold-hearted editor, who thinks more of the exigencies of limited space than he does of the reporter's innocent desire to see his essay printed in full exactly as he wrote it, and who accordingly condenses it — "cuts the life out of it," as the reporter is wont to say. If the editor is particularly savage, he sometimes uses a red pencil instead of one with a blue lead. In other words, the black pencil is commonly used for making copy, and the blue or red pencil for editing it — but there is no law to prevent the thing being done vice versa, if any one desires, or requiring the use of pencils of any particular color for any particular purpose. Colored pencils make marks that are plainly seen on ordinary manuscript, and it is for that reason that they are often used in correcting and condensing copy. — W. H. H.]

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**Scenery and Weather in Fiction.** — A very admirable magazine article might be written on the subject of scenery and weather in fiction. We are quite convinced that in ninety-nine out of every one hundred novels, when the author turns from narrative or dia-

logue to a description of the surrounding forest, or of the nearby pool, or of the "tall Corinthian pillars of the stately old Southern home," or of the hazy blue mountains in the distance, he or she is simply making so many lines of utterly meaningless words. This sort of padding is the most convenient and the easiest in the whole repertory of the third-rate craftsman or craftswoman. Besides, if the author is really seeking a serious effect no province of fiction offers such opportunities for polite theft — or to quote the words of the great French romancer, "literary conquest." Dip into an author of thirty or forty years ago, make a few unimportant minor changes, ruin his syntax, and you have two or three pages of copy without much trouble and with very little danger of incurring the charge of plagiarism. For the chances are that your book won't be found really worth while.

However, this is only a very uninteresting part of the whole matter. It is curious to note how two writers of comparatively equal genius may describe, each with absolute sincerity, the same bit of landscape and yet produce absolutely unequal effects. One of them may spend days toiling over the two or three pages in which he is to describe the spectacle of a storm, seeking and finding every shade and color, every sound and smell, and turning them into sentences instinct with life and action and beauty, and yet produce a bit of work that will appeal to the reader for but a moment and then be banished forever from his thoughts. The other may write simply one short line, and yet that line shall burn itself into the minds of those who read, so that whenever the scene or the episode comes up in memory the few brief words will be dominant over all. Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit" devotes several pages to the description of autumn leaves being driven before the wind. It is a wonderful bit of word painting; Taine has quoted it as an example of the poetic qualities of the great English writer; and still we venture to say that one might read over "Martin Chuzzlewit" for the tenth time and yet be utterly unconcious that such a passage had been ever written. On the other hand, we do not think that any one ever read and loved "The History of Esmond" and did not always afterward remember that when Henry went back to Castlewood after his first bitter experience with the great world, and walked by his Lady's side the night of that 29th of December, "the moon was up and glittering clear in the frosty sky." It is the simplest and briefest touch, almost, one might say, an aside in the course of the narrative, and yet it is just that touch which makes the picture so effective and complete. — *The Bookman for July.*

**Writing Jokes by Formula.** — "These professional funny men have an easy time of it nowadays," said an old reporter. "Their trade has been reduced to an exact science, and they have a fixed formula for each brand of joke, just like a table of logarithms. All they have to do is to think up a subject, apply the 'indicated treatment,' as the doctors say, and there you are! I'll illustrate the point by explaining how the celebrated back-action joke is manufactured in job lots. Here is the way I would write a back-action joke, offhand: —

"'Madame,' said the magistrate, scowling at the trembling prisoner, 'the officer says he found your three small children entirely alone in the house. The baby had scalded itself, the next infant had fallen down stairs, and the little girl had swallowed a tack. It's the worst case of neglect I ever heard of! Where were you and what were you doing?' 'Please, sir,' faltered the unhappy woman, 'I — I was attending a mothers' meeting.'

"Now you can take this same style of treatment," continued the old reporter, genially, "and apply it to anything you like. Suppose, for instance, you vary it somewhat after this fashion: --

"The doctor looked grave. 'You have a very delicate constitution,' he said, 'and must carefully avoid inhaling any germs. Keep away from all dirty localities or accumulations of filth and rubbish.' 'Rest easy, sir; I never goes near 'em,' said the patient earnestly. 'I am glad to hear it. By the way, what is your business?' 'I'm a city garbage inspector.'

"You see how easy it is," said the old reporter. "They seem entirely different, but

essentially they are the same; and the beauty of this formula is that you can apply it to any class of humor — sporting, commercial, religious, aesthetic — so as to suit the particular paper for which you happen to be writing.

"That will give you a general idea of the thing," said the old reporter. "Just practice on the formula for a while, and — who knows? You may develop into a $75-a-week 'joke-smith.'" — *New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

**The Priest-Novelist.** — Should a priest write fiction? Certainly, if he can. Fiction in its broad sense is an element of varied writings. It has pervaded the epic and the drama. Homer and Virgil, Racine and Shakespeare have used it with marvelous effect. It has been to the author of "Don Quixote" and to the readers of that genial and stirring book an inspiration or a delight. Old is fiction, new in its received and general form to-day, the modern novel. So again to the question: Should the priest write novels? Surely, if he can.

So few are the priests who have ventured upon this path, that it would seem the great number either lack, not theoretically but personally, the knowledge of its utility or the skill to use its advantages. Of the few who have ventured into the walks of fiction, some have met with success, more with failure. The results have not been toward the great encouragement of the onlookers. Many who realize what good may be accomplished through novels, and what harm is being done, are awaiting the advent of the true story-tellers (we possess a very limited number) to do that which they desire to see done, while they may not themselves enter into a work for which they lack somewhat of natural aptitude and present leisure. — *Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey, in Donahoe's Magazine for July.*

**The American Short Story.** — Bret Harte has often been credited with being the pioneer writer of the distinctly American short story, and he admits the soft impeachment in an article which he has written for a forthcoming volume of "The Universal Anthology," and which is printed in the *New York Times Saturday Review.* Bret Harte has made a close study of the short story since colonial times, showing that it never broke away from the tame and conventional English models until after he had set the example with "The Luck of Roaring Camp" in the *Overland Monthly* after the Civil war. The war itself produced nothing distinctive in the way of short stories. As Mr. Harte says, it seems almost incredible that, until the last few years, nothing worthy of that tremendous episode has been preserved by the pen of the romancer.

The most valuable feature of Mr. Harte's essay is the way in which he traces the evolution of the modern short story from the humorous anecdote. The story of the old type was evasive of all that was distinctly American — when it was not apologetic. But early in the national life there grew up a school of characteristic and original humor. It consisted of terse anecdotes, — usually humorous exaggerations or marvels of understatement, — without a needless word in getting to the point. At first this sort of humor was merely oral, but in time it got into the newspapers, as well as into campaign speeches. It was burdened by conscientiousness; it was often irreverent; it was devoid of all moral responsibility — but it was original. From a paragraph of a dozen lines it grew to half a column. By degrees it developed character with its incident, or gave a picture of a whole community in a few lines, but it always reached its conclusions without an unnecessary word.

This species of comic anecdote was so distinctly characteristic that it soon became known and appreciated abroad as an "American story." Then came the Civil war, with its pathos and with its creation of a national consciousness. All that was needed was to graft these elements upon the tree already planted. But the force of conventionalism was too strong to permit of such a revolution in any circles of established society. The innovation had to come from the picturesque and devil-may-care atmosphere of the California mining camps, where all the distinctions of conventional society lost their force. In this realm of rough but Utopian simplicity, with its environment of magnificent scenery, a unique climate, and a marvelous vegetation, and with a background of crumbling Spanish ruins, the

new and distinctively American story was born. It met with bitter hostility and denunciation at first, but it prevailed, and it led the way for a whole new school of such writers as Harris, Cable, Page, Mrs. Stannard, and Miss Wilkins. The secret of the modern type of story is that it treats of characteristic American life instead of seeking to get as far away from it as possible. Bret Harte sees in the short story of to-day "the germ of American literature to come." It may justly be said that he did more in bringing about the revolution than any other one author. — *Chicago Tribune.*

**Easy Success in Fiction Writing.** — It is impossible to escape the conclusion that success in fiction writing is won on far easier terms than was the case fifty years ago. The public may be less critical, or it may be due to the great increase in the number of persons who read novels. A decline in the critical standard would naturally accompany that increase. They are merely different aspects of the same phenomenon. But that is not the whole story. A willingness to be pleased with a novel quite unworthy in any respect to be compared with the best novels in the language, a disposition to admire it, to praise it extravagantly, and to advise others to read it are the evidence that success in this field is now commanded by a lower order of merit and ability than were necessary to command it in the older days.

When we turn from the novels to their writers we are completely mystified. We see men who have had a narrow social experience, who can have enjoyed only the ordinary opportunities to study the character and behavior of men and women, who are really familiar with the manners and customs of only their own small environment. Yet they write books of which the eager public, when once awakened, buys uncounted thousands of copies. This success is easier, we say, than the success of the writers of former days, because the preparation of the writer has cost less time and travel, less experience, and seemingly less gray matter, though that is a factor that defies measurement.

These novels would have fallen perfectly flat fifty years ago. In that day men and women who read novels were interested in the pictures of general human society that genius presented to their vision. The taste for what is called "local color" had not been formed. At least there was no craving for the color of all sorts of localities, no willingness to spend hours in becoming acquainted with the manners, feelings, sentiments, and dialects of pent-up Uticas with which the reader could never expect to come into any sort of relation. The local color of society in London, in New York, in Paris, and the local color of Russia as it was laid on by the master hands of her novelists, was acceptable, and awakened a sustained interest. Everybody could talk about novels that pictured the life of the world's capitals, or of great and unknown lands.

But the countless thousands now burn with desire to get the local color of any perfectly commonplace little community that is fortunate enough to have its local painter to lay on the color. The great audience to which the writer of the modern successful novel appeals does not ask him to travel far afield, nor does it exact the difficult qualities of genius. It is quite enough if he make his characters act and talk in their neighborhood way, if he paint them true to their own homely lives. His readers are then carried away by his naturalness. They have the capacity to recognize without fail the thing that is "natural."

The terrible test of power to survive awaits all these prodigiously successful novels. Some of them have already gone to their dusty death under that supreme trial. But probably a roaring sale for two summers would go far to compensate an author for the loss of posterity's esteem. — *New York Times.*

**Poetry Written for the Ear.** — Hamilton Mabie calls attention in *Harper's Bazar* to the fact that poetry is now read almost exclusively in silence, while primarily it is intended for the ear. The result is that poetry appeals to the reason chiefly, and not to the feelings and imagination. The music of the words, the rhythmic movement, are in great part lost, while it is exactly this harmony of sound and sense which is the essential part of poetry and distinguishes it from prose. The ancients knew this well, and in some respects were for

tunate that the supply of books was limited and their verses reached many ears, but few eyes. The school boy who silently reads his Homer or his Virgil may know the story, but not until he reads aloud and catches the heroic music of his verse can he claim to be acquainted with the classics.

**Time-worn Plots.** — Francis Bellamy, writing recently on how an editor tests a story, says that in the editorial office of one well-known periodical the ordinary patterns are labeled and listed. As instances, he gives the "saved-the-train plot"; the "proved-his-innocence plot"; the "drifted to-sea-in-a-fog plot"; the "went-to-the-city and-raised-money-to-pay-mortgage-on-the-farm plot"; and a dozen or so other familiar models. Other periodicals have their own peculiar lists, of a sort suited to the character of the publication. The "beautiful governess-who-catches-the-hero plot"; the "clever-girl-who-makes-the-man-forget-his-fiancée plot"; the "mistaken-identity plot"; the "wife-who-finds-her-affinity plot"; the "new-woman-who-nevertheless-wins-a-husband plot"; these, he says, are types from the little group of labels that might be pinned to most of the stories submitted.—*Binghamton Chronicle.*

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Mary Argyle Taylor, author of the story, "A Daughter of Saint Anne," in the March *Atlantic*, writes as follows in answer to a request for personal information. "Though a Virginian by birth, with traditions of a cavalier ancestry on one side and a pious, learned New England one on the other, my life has been spent in Italy. I was educated in German and Italian schools, but the loved rival of my foreign teachers was a worn copy of Chambers's Encyclopedia of English Literature, which, being too big for a child to handle, I used to open on the floor, and then lie face downward to read. Our winters were spent in Rome, our summers among the chestnuts and vineyards of Tuscany and Piedmont, where we lingered until November. Between the revelry of vintaging and roasting chestnuts were long evenings when my mother told us stories of that gracious departed life on the eastern shore of Virginia, and we read Scott, Irving, Lamb. No cave of Aladdin could have had more suggestions of treasure than the old Bagni di Lucca library, in which I browsed. Like all children to whom books are as familiar as 'horses to the stable boy,' my little ambitions were literary, and at fourteen I wrote an article on the city of Lucca. An indulgent father spared me nothing in paper and photographs for illustration. I sent it hopefully to the *Century*. Is there anything so sublime as the faith of a child? Of course it came home dutifully. Some years later I wrote a slight sketch of one of the Roman ceremonies, and it lay in my notebook for a year. Then, one day noticing the sympathetic tone of the *Atlantic Monthly* toward things Italian, I sent my scrap there. To my surprise it appeared in the Contributors' Club, and since then about twenty sketches of mine have been published in that department. One article, at the editor's request, was lengthened, to appear in the body of a magazine under the title, 'In a Famous French Home.' Other sketches and stories have appeared in the *Leisure Hour*, *Short Stories*, and *Peterson's Magazine*. My sketches have generally found prompt acceptance; the stories often wander around forlornly and come home as rejected addresses, but, like all mothers, I love my unpopular children best."

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Annunzio.** — Most original are the methods of Gabriel d'Annunzio to secure quiet and seclusion when he is occupied with some important literary work. A student and at the same time a man of the world, he resolutely abandons pleasure at certain seasons and devotes himself wholly to his literary labors. That nothing may disturb him, he goes to the country house of his friend, Michetti, the painter, and there, in a large room, he labors strenuously over his romances. No staircase leads to this room, neither has it any door. In the morning a ladder is placed against the window, and d'Annunzio climbs up and thus reaches his desk. Thereupon the ladder is removed by Michetti, and the novelist works at his ease until noon, when his friend climbs up to him

with a light luncheon. The entire afternoon is also devoted to work, and not until evening does d'Annunzio descend the ladder. He then joins Michetti in a short walk, after which the two friends chat together until late in the night. Several of his romances have been written under such conditions, and their success has been so great that the author, it is said, is becoming yearly more attached to the large and cloistral room in his friend's country house. — *Newark News.*

**Besant.** — My first manuscript was refused. For some years it lay in a corner, — say, sprawled in a corner, — occupying much space. At dusk I used to see a strange, wobbling, amorphous creature in that corner among those papers. His body seemed not made for his limbs, nor did these agree with each other, and his head was out of proportion to the rest of him. He sat upon the pile of papers and wept, wringing his hands. "Alas!" he said, "not another like me! Don't make another like me. I could not endure another like myself." Finally the creature's reproaches grew intolerable; so I threw the bundle of papers into the fire, and he vanished. I had discovered by this time that, for the making of a good novel, it is necessary to leave off copying other people, to observe on your own account, to study realities, to get out of the conventional groove, to rely upon one of the great emotions of human nature, and to try to hold the reader by dramatic presentation rather than by talk. I do not say that this discovery came all at once, but it came gradually, and it proved valuable. — *Sir Walter Besant, in Success for July.*

**Boothby.**—Guy Boothby would be the last person to take himself or his work seriously. Any one who can undertake to write four novels at a time, and within a given time, and do what he undertakes, can hardly be expected to spend much time in worrying over the method. All last summer, for instance, this is what he was doing, and it little seemed to trouble him. Rising at 6 o'clock, he would speak his four installments for the day into four separate phonographs, to be afterward transcribed by his secretaries and dispatched to their various destinations. This left him free for the greater part of the day to attend to what is really the serious business of life to him — the management of his charming little estate on the banks of the Thames at Sunbury. — *Saturday Evening Post.*

**Clemens.** — "Mark Twain" does all his writing before noon; gives the rest of the day to what he is pleased to call "loafing"; and corrects proofs in the evening. — *London Letter.*

**Doyle.** — "I have heard folks talk," says Dr. A. Conan Doyle in *Success* for May, "as if there were some hidden back door by which one may creep into literature, but I can say myself, that I never had an introduction to any editor or publisher before doing business with him, and that I do not think that I suffered on that account. Yet my apprenticeship was a long and trying one. During ten years of hard work, I averaged less than fifty pounds a year from my pen. After ten years of such work, I was as unknown as if I had never dipped a pen into an inkstand."

**Dudeney.** — Mrs. Dudeney's home, "Littlewick Meadow," is on the Surrey Commons, thirty miles from London, and remote from the railway. Although until recently she has spent most of her life in the very heart of London, her books show a remarkable understanding of country life, which has a strong fascination for her. She spends much time in thinking out the emotions and actions of her characters, writing them out directly on a typewriter, which she rarely uses more than two hours a day. In the spring and summer she devotes much of her time to her garden. In a recent interview she said, "When people talk of 'Harriott Wicken' being 'a study in heredity' they miss the whole point of the book; it is merely a study in emotions. I never intended to write that treatise in masquerade — the novel with a high moral purpose. Again, if my characters are not exactly the sort of people with whom one could live comfortably, I can only say that I try very hard to make them true to themselves. It is not the affair of the novelist to whitewash humanity. People may look at my three or four books," Mrs. Dudeney went on, "and think that I have

had a success out of proportion to my output in labor. But I have really been working for years. My short stories, some anonymous, but usually signed, have appeared in some of our leading magazines. I have also written serials, though I don't propose to rescue them from the oblivion they deserve. It was all in the way of practice. One must serve an apprenticeship."

**Green.** — All the manuscript that Mrs. Rohlfs writes is read aloud for criticism. When she is producing a story she devotes the major part of the day to the work, writing rapidly for several hours, after which she devotes some time to correction. In the evening, when the lamps have been lighted, she and her husband and the governess of their children gather about the table in her writing-room. Mr. Rohlfs reads and the others listen, until one of the three has a criticism to make. In the nature of things, the criticisms are oftenest made by the author herself, and she is constantly making notes of the way the story strikes her as the reading progresses. At the same time she plans the work of the coming day, and in the pauses Mr. Rohlfs goes over the finished copy and crosses the t's and dots the i's. Mrs. Rohlfs is essentially a home woman, despite her calling, which in a sense is a subordinate consideration with her. When she is writing, however, she devotes herself very closely to the work, beginning at 9 o'clock in the morning and sometimes writing or recasting well into the night, after the regular evening's reading has been accomplished. It takes days to adjust herself to a new piece of work, but once she has begun, nothing can drive it out of her mind. This does not mean that everything else must give way to the story; indeed, she often acts as hostess or as guest, and goes out to entertainments and social functions while she is writing a piece of fiction, the same as at other times. But whatever she does, she never lets go of the thread of her story, and thus in a way she almost leads a double existence from the beginning of the work to its finish. — "*J. D. P.*," *in Los Angeles Times.*

**Harraden.** — Miss Harraden has probably *the shortest* working day of any writer who labors systematically. She permits herself to work but ninety minutes a day. In this brief time, however, she accomplishes a marvelous amount of work. When asked if she did not do any mental work outside of her appointed hour-and-a half of labor, she answered: "Unconsciously, perhaps; but not to focus anything. During all the remainder of the time I try to be diligently idle, so far as literary thought is concerned." — *Montreal Witness.*

**James.** — In answer to the question: "How do you prefer to work?" Henry James has replied: "At night, in a quiet room, with an old pen and a fresh cigarette." — *New London Day.*

**Kipling.** — When Mr. Kipling came to the Smith House in Gloucester in April he was given a corner room that overlooked the busiest square in town. The corner opposite this room was the favorite loafing ground for fishermen ashore. It may have been because of this interesting outlook that Kipling insisted on having his old room when he came back in May.

Afternoons and evenings were spent by the author in his room. His waste basket was regularly littered with discarded sheets torn into minute scraps. He used sheets of paper of a rare blue tint, folded double, so as to make a 6x9 page. These he would pack with close-lined penmanship that was difficult to read. When Kipling left the house for the last time the young clerk of the hotel, not over-ripe in literary matters, found ten or a dozen pages of the favorite blue paper covered with the characteristic cramped writing of the departed star boarder. The young clerk would have liked mighty well to know what it was that the famous author wrote about, but he could make out no more than a word here and there in the mass, not enough to give him a clew to the drift of the subject or the plot, and so, in the hurry of cleaning up, he tore up his find and consigned it over to the waste heap with no thought whatever, at that time, that he had destroyed anything of value. He has passed a bad minute or two thinking it over since.

Every morning at half-past eight, or pretty near to it, Mr. Kipling was at the breakfast table. Every afternoon at five he was busy with his daily plunge. It was generally past

midnight when the light in his room was seen to be out.

The wizard of the Seven Seas spent his mornings prowling about the docks. He was ever seeking light on fishing and fishermen. There was once a marine reporter who came to interview him. Mr. Kipling soon discovered that his visitor was pretty well posted on the business of the port. The meeting came near resulting in an interview by the author. However, the reporter printed what he got out of it, and it is not improbable that Kipling printed his side of it, too, though in a different way, and much condensed. "He's a pretty good pump himself," commented the reporter, coming away.

Mr. Kipling would question anybody that came to his line. He dearly liked to corral a likely-looking salt and lead him along the smooth path of reminiscence until a pleasant footing had been established. To such he would listen sympathetically, deftly inserting leading questions here and there. Kipling would stay by just so long as the spinner of salt sea yarns had a tale left in him.

Also did Mr. Kipling like to get into a dory and row along the harbor front. When anything up in a dock struck him as of possible interest, in he would paddle and investigate. He had a great fancy for cruises in and around fishing craft at anchor in the stream or tied up in the docks. He would steer close up to their sterns and squint over their quarters, or he would run up and hook on to their bobstays and take a long sight along the bilge of them from there. He was clearly bound to observe everything to be observed. The chronicler of "Captains Courageous" never made a trip to any of the fishing banks frequented by the men of Gloucester. Unquestionably he intended to go, and to a man of his thorough method such a trip would have been deemed of great importance indeed. But the fact remains that he did not go. He got his practical experience in two or three day-trips on the sloop Venus.—*Letter in Boston Transcript.*

**Magruder.**—All of Julia Magruder's work is done at Concord, N. C., where she spends one-third of every year. For two-thirds of the year her pen is idle. During all these months however, the reservoir of her mind is gradually filling, and when once at her desk her thoughts flow with the volume and velocity of a long-pent stream. She writes with clock-work regularity and marvelous rapidity, working from 10 in the morning until 1 in the afternoon, and averaging 1,000 words an hour. She always writes at first hand for publication, and the "Princess Sonia" was completed in eighteen days, making fifty-four hours' work upon the book. Her first feats of speed are, indeed, so phenomenal that the editor of a prominent New York monthly exclaimed, upon hearing of them, "She ought not to tell it."

"I have tried polishing my work, however," Miss Magruder says, "and it invariably weakens it."—*Gilberta S. Whittle, in Baltimore American.*

**Moore.**—F. Frankfort Moore, the English novelist, has had a particularly interesting career. At the present time his book, "The Jessamy Bride," is being widely read, but his start in literature must have been discouraging. "I published thirty-one books," he says, "before the literary public knew anything about me."

Mr. Moore was a journalist in Belfast, and a hard-working one at that, but he managed to find leisure to produce, in twelve years, thirty-one books for boys—rattling tales of adventure by land and sea. Though their success was but meagre, he never lost courage, for he thought he should know quite well when his time came. It arrived with the completion of "I Forbid the Banns," and he recognized it. As he was leaving home for his office one evening, he said quietly to his wife that now the story was finished, he would resign his position that night and move to London.

"Is it as good as all that?" asked Mrs. Moore.

"I think so," replied the novelist you might read it."

They went to London, but the publishers were not so easily convinced as they had hoped. Seventeen firms rejected the book, and it was only after a weary effort that one was found to try it. Yet during the first six

months after its publication Mr. Moore's royalties amounted to £1,000.

**Reade.** — In his review in *Harper's Magazine* of the literary history of the magazine under his editorial control, Henry M. Alden gives these reminiscences of Charles Reade, who was a frequent contributor in the old days: "While his novels of the later period were intended to reflect the life of his own day, — as is shown by his method of transcribing from newspapers into voluminous scrap-books the chronicles of striking incidents and situations for their use in his fiction, — his short stories in the same period referred back, as to their motive and material, to an older type. The essential features of historical dramatic scenes appealed to him, as did the contemporary scrap-book chronicles. If a story had been told before, that was no objection to his use of it, but rather an incentive. A good story could not be invented, except in the original sense of invent — that is, it must be found. He often sent his manuscripts to me, keeping no copy. Once, in the second part of a series, he left it to me to supply the name of a character used in the first part, which he had forgotten. The habit of telling old stories probably prompted his undertaking a series of Bible stories, and telling them in the idiomatic phrase of the day, even tolerating unmistakable slang. In his story of Nehemiah, I remember, he used this phrase, 'The prophet did not smell a rat.' I had a liberal indulgence toward slang, which often gives the most effective expression to a thought, but I could not editorially sanction this particular instance in its connection, and I uttered my protest, thereby bringing upon myself a storm of violent indignation. I quietly modified the phrase, and in due time received the author's cordial thanks, with the acknowledgment that I was right. In all cases of conflict between us — none of which would probably have occurred but for an excessive irritability preceding his last illness — there was always this welcome sequel.

**Stanton.** — Frank L. Stanton does most of his work at the *Atlanta Constitution* office. He writes with great rapidity, seldom finding it necessary to use an eraser even when producing his best poems. He never consults the dictionary in search of synonyms or words with which to perfect his rhymes. He seldom revises his work, and never measures it with the yardstick to see if it contains just so many feet. He contends that such things tend to produce mechanical results and to destroy the spontaneous flow of soul, under which alone true poetry is written.—*American Illustrated Methodist Magazine.*

**Steel.** — Mrs. Flora Annie Steel is a very faithful and conscientious worker. When she was writing "On the Face of the Waters," she went back to India, in spite of the fact that she had lived there for more than twenty years, in order to learn all she could of the native reminiscences of the Indian mutiny, and thus be as accurate as possible in her details. She took a temporary home in a native village, and lived without servant or companion, in this way quickly gaining the confidence of the village folk.

**Stevens.** — Sheppard Stevens (Mrs. William C. Stevens) must be added to the list of coming Western writers. She was born in Mobile, Ala., and spent her childhood and girlhood at Little Rock, Ark. Having the run of her father's large library, she early formed a taste for good reading, and was practically brought up on the best English writers. She began to write in 1893, and spent five years of steady work, as well as discouragement, before her first book was accepted. This novel, "I Am the King," has recently been followed by "The Sword of Justice," which has met with even greater success. The plot of "The Sword of Justice" was conceived about five years ago, just before the author was leaving for Florida. A very sketchy history of the state had fallen into her hands, and as soon as she had read the main incidents embodied in the story, she began to weave the tale very much as it is now told, although the work was much elaborated during a residence in Florida of nearly two years. When at work upon a story Mrs. Stevens puts in about four hours a day, day in and day out, until the first draft is finished. Then, after a short rest, she goes

over the manuscript and makes a careful revision. — *Boston Beacon.*

**Tarkington.** — "Monsieur Beaucaire," Booth Tarkington's new story, was not sent to the publisher till it had lain "ripening" for two years in the author's desk. Mr. Tarkington, in writing it, took his historical responsibilities as much to heart as if he had labored on a dry document of information. He read forty-seven books in getting up small details, and he went on a long, laborious still-hunt to get the names of men in power at the French and English courts at the time of "Monsieur Beaucaire's" little masquerade. — *New Orleans Picayune.*

**Verne.** — In his recently published memoirs Edmond De Amicis describes a visit he paid to Jules Verne, who showed him a bookcase containing a complete collection of his books, eighty in all, besides translations of many of them into most European languages, as well as Arabic and Japanese. "And yet," said Verne, "I owe my prosperity not to these books, but to the dramatization of some of them."

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE INVASION OF JOURNALISM. Arthur Reed Kimball. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

ACCIDENTAL LITERATURE — CLOTHES IN RECENT AMERICAN FICTION. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

IMPRESSIONISM AND APPRECIATION. Lewis E. Gates. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

CHANGES OF TASTE IN FICTION. Topics of the Time, *Century* (38 c.) for July.

HOW I WROTE MY FIRST BOOK. H. Rider Haggard, Miss M. E. Braddon, Sir Walter Besant. *Success* (18 c.) for July.

AMERICAN OUT-DOOR LITERATURE. Henry Litchfield West. *Forum* (38 c.) for July.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. James Douglas. *Bookman* (23 c.) for July.

THE VIRGINIA DIALECT. S. D. McCormick. *Bookman* (23 c.) for July.

THE GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE. VII. — Scandinavian Newspapers. Daniel Kilham Dodge. *Bookman* (23 c.) for July.

THE UNDERGRADUATE IN FICTION. Arthur Bartlett Maurice. *Bookman* (23 c.) for July.

THOREAU. Frederick M. Smith. *Critic* (23 c.) for July.

SOME LETTERS OF A NOVELIST-FRUIT-GROWER (R. D. Blackmore). Carolyn Shipman. *Critic* (23 c.) for July.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN ILLUSTRATORS: THE CHARACTER WORKERS. Regina Armstrong. *Critic* (23 c.) for July.

COLLEGE LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM. Cleveland F. Bacon. *Critic* (23 c.) for July.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Illustrated. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for July.

L. VIRGINIA FRENCH. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for July.

MARY E. WILKINS AT HOME. Katharine Hall. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (13 c.) for July.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson has announced her marriage to George Houghton Gilman, at Detroit, Mich.

Miss Martha Wolfenstein, who wrote the short story, "A Monk from the Ghetto," in the *New Lippincott* for July, is a Jewish girl, living in Cleveland.

Miss Bertha Runkle, whose first story, "The Helmet of Navarre," is to be the *Century's* leading piece of fiction for the next eight months, beginning with the August number, is the daughter of Mrs. L. G. Runkle, a lady of large literary attainments, well known by her editorial connection with the *New York Tribune*, and as one of the working editors of the "Library of the World's Best Literature," and similar enterprises.

"Gold Stories of '49," published anonymously in 1896, was written by Minna Caroline Smith.

Lord Frederic Hamilton, who has edited the *Pall Mall Magazine* since its foundation, has resigned, but he will continue to control the magazine till fall.

Professor Cattell, the new editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, is well known as a psychologist and as the editor of *Science*. The *Popular Science Monthly* has a larger circulation than any other scientific journal in the world.

Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden is the latest addition to the editorial staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. She will have charge of a department called "Sunshine," which is to be published in the interest of an organization already having a membership of 11,000, "The International Sunshine Society."

Henry Bannister Merwin has lately become the editor of the *Great Round World* (New York), the popular and useful little periodical which gives each week, in condensed form, the salient news. The scope of the periodical is to be widened. In future it will appeal to adults as well as to young persons.

*Bulb and Button* is another new photographic magazine published in Cleveland. J. M. Schoenbach is editor and general manager, and William T. Higbee, James G. Ryder, and Charles Orr are associate editors.

A monthly periodical entitled *Dominicana* has been begun by the Dominican Fathers of San Francisco. Each number contains about fifty pages of the usual magazine size, and is devoted to poetry, fiction, and general news connected with the order. The illustrations are half-tone reproductions of Biblical paintings by the masters.

Beginning with the July issue, the *International Studio* will have a department of reviews of American publications, which will be edited by Temple Scott.

The *Art Amateur* (New York) has greatly improved its form. It is now a neat, compact magazine, much more convenient and attractive than it used to be.

The Vir Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, offers a prize of $1,000 for the best manuscript of a book addressed to "Young Wives." The contest is restricted to women. The manuscript must not contain more than 70,000 words, and must be submitted by February 1, 1901.

The royalties due to authors are put down in preferred items of the Appletons' reorganization, and they and the regular employees of the establishment will receive their dues before any others are paid. It was the same way with the Harpers.

A new life of Captain Mayne Reid, written by his widow, will shortly be published. Mrs. Reid's marriage was a love match, the bride being only sixteen years old. She fell in love with her future husband when she was thirteen years old, after reading his novel, "The Scalp Hunters." Captain Mayne Reid was thirty years old at the time.

The *Publishers' Weekly* notes that when Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" was first published, the booksellers of that day, 140 years ago, with considerable indignation returned to the publisher as imperfect their copies of the volume which contained the sheet of marbled paper that was inserted to take the place of the page which Uncle Toby was supposed to have torn out in a pet. The Macmillan Company, it seems, is having a similar experience with their edition of the work in the English Classics series. At least half a dozen copies have been returned, with request that perfect books be substituted, and all because of the insertion of the marbled-paper leaf.

*Collier's Weekly* is ahead of its rivals in having Frederick Palmer, correspondent, and J. C. Hemment, photographer, in China.

The State Editorial Association of Pennsylvania is planning to celebrate in 1904 the 200th anniversary of the founding of the first American newspaper.

Under the caption "The Romance of a Modern Prophet," in the *Woman's Home Companion* for July, an intimate friend of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis sketches the character and career of this popular preacher.

"The Priest as a Novelist" is the subject of a paper by Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey in *Donahoe's Magazine* (Boston) for July.

Arthur Reed Kimball's article in the July *Atlantic* describes the "Invasion of Journalism" upon established ways of speaking, writing, and even thinking; and especially on the hitherto preëmpted field of the magazines.

Clarence C. Cook died at Fishkill Landing, N. Y., June 2, aged seventy-one.

Stephen Crane died at Badenweiler, Baden, June 5, aged twenty-eight.

Miss Mary H. Kingsley died at Simonstown South Africa, June 5.

Rev. Dr. Richard Saltus Storrs died in Brooklyn, June 5, aged seventy-nine.

Lucretia P. Hale died in Boston, June 12, aged seventy-nine.

David Dwight Wells died at Norwich, Conn., June 15, aged thirty-two.

# THE WRITER:

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## THE PHILOSOPHY OF STYLE.

Commenting on the seeming incongruity between his father's argumentative powers and his ignorance of formal logic, Tristram Shandy says: "It was a matter of just wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned society, that a man who knew not so much as the names of his tools should be able to work after that fashion with them." Sterne's intended implication that a knowledge of the principles of reasoning neither makes nor is essential to a good reasoner is doubtless true. Thus, too, it is with grammar. As Dr. Latham, condemning the usual school-drill in Lindley Murray, rightly remarks: "Gross vulgarity is a fault to be prevented; but the proper prevention is to be got from habit — not rules." Similarly, there can be little question that good composition is far less dependent upon acquaintance with its laws than upon practice and natural aptitude. A clear head, a quick imagination, and a sensitive ear will go far toward making all rhetorical precepts needless. He who daily hears and reads well-framed sentences will naturally more or less tend to use similar ones. And where there exists any mental idiosyncrasy, — where there is a deficient verbal memory, or but little preception of order, or a lack of constructive ingenuity, — no amount of instruction will remedy the defect. Nevertheless, *some* practical result may be expected from a familiarity with the principles of style. The endeavor to conform to rules will tell, though slowly. And if in no other way, yet, as facilitating revision, a knowledge of the thing to be achieved — a clear idea of what constitutes a beauty, and what a blemish — cannot fail to be of service.

No general theory of expression seems yet to have been enunciated. The maxims contained in works on composition and rhetoric are presented in an unorganized form. Standing as isolated dogmas — as empirical generalizations — they are neither so clearly apprehended nor so much respected as they would be were they deduced from some simple first principle. We are told that "brevity is the soul of wit." We hear styles condemned as verbose or involved. Blair says that every needless part of a sentence "interrupts the description and clogs the image"; and again, that "long sentences fatigue the reader's attention." It is remarked by Lord Kaimes, that "to give the utmost force to a period, it ought, if possible, to be closed with the word that makes the greatest figure." That parentheses should be avoided and that Saxon words should be used in preference to those of Latin origin are established precepts. But however influential the truths thus dogmatically embodied, they would be much more influencial if reduced to something like scientific ordination. In this, as in other cases, conviction will be greatly strengthened when we understand the *why*. And we may be sure that a perception of the general principle of which the rules of composition are partial expressions will not only bring them home to us with greater force, but will discover to us other rules of like origin.

On seeking for some clue to the law underlying these current maxims, we may see

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shadowed forth in many of them the importance of economizing the reader's or hearer's attention. To so present ideas that they may be apprehended with the least possible mental effort is the desideratum toward which most of the rules above quoted point. When we condemn writing that is wordy, or confused, or intricate — when we praise this style as easy, and blame that as fatiguing — we consciously or unconsciously assume this desideratum as our standard of judgment. Regarding language as an apparatus of symbols for the conveyance of thought, we may say that, as in a mechanical apparatus, the more simple and the better arranged its parts, the greater will be the effect produced. In either case, whatever force is absorbed by the machine is deducted from the result. A reader or listener has at each moment but a limited amount of mental power available. To recognize and interpret the symbols presented to him requires part of this power; to arrange and combine the images suggested requires a further part; and only that part which remains can be used for the realization of the thought conveyed. Hence, the more time and attention it takes to receive and understand each sentence, the less time and attention can be given to the contained idea, and the less vividly will that idea be conceived.

How truly language must be regarded as a hindrance to thought, though the necessary instrument of it, we shall clearly perceive on remembering the comparative force with which simple ideas are communicated by mimetic signs. To say, "Leave the room," is less expressive than to point to the door. Placing a finger on the lips is more forcible than whispering, "Do not speak." A beck of the hand is better than, "Come here." No phrase can convey the idea of surprise so vividly as opening the eyes and raising the eyebrows. A shrug of the shoulders would lose much by translation into words. Again, it may be remarked that when oral language is employed, the strongest effects are produced by interjections, which condense entire sentences into syllables. And in other cases, when custom allows us to express thoughts by single words, as in *Beware*, *Heigho*, *Fudge*, much force would be lost by expanding them into specific verbal propositions. Hence, carrying out the metaphor that language is the vehicle of thought, there seems reason to think that in all cases the friction and inertia of the vehicle deduct from its efficiency; and that in composition the chief, if not the sole, thing to be done is to reduce this friction and inertia to the smallest possible amount. Let us then inquire whether economy of the recipient's attention is not the secret of effect, alike in the right choice and collocation of words, in the best arrangement of clauses in a sentence, in the proper order of its principal and subordinate propositions, in the judicious use of simile, metaphor, and other figures of speech, and even in the rhythmical sequence of syllables.

The superior forcibleness of Saxon English, or rather non-Latin English, first claims our attention. The several special reasons assignable for this may all be reduced to the general reason — economy. The most important of them is early association. A child's vocabulary is almost wholly Saxon. He says, *I have*, not *I possess* — *I wish*, not *I desire*; he does not *reflect*, he *thinks*; he does not beg for *amusement*, but for *play*; he calls things *nice* or *nasty*, not *pleasant* or *disagreeable*. The synonyms which he learns in after years never become so closely, so organically, connected with the ideas signified as do these original-words used in childhood; and hence the association remains less powerful. But in what does a powerful association between a word and an idea differ from a weak one? Simply in the greater ease and rapidity of the suggestive action. It can be in nothing else. Both of two words, if they be strictly synonymous, eventually call up the same image. The expression, It is *acid*, must in the end give rise to the same thought as, It is *sour*; but because the term *acid* was learnt later in life, and has not been so often followed by the thought symbolized, it does not so readily arouse that thought as the term *sour*. If we remember how slowly and with what labor the appropriate ideas follow unfamiliar words in another language, and how increasing familiarity with such words brings greater rapidity and ease of comprehension, until, from its having been a

conscious effort to realize their meanings, their meanings ultimately come without any effort at all; and if we consider that the same process must have gone on with the words of our mother tongue from childhood upward,— we shall clearly see that the earliest learnt and oftenest used words will, other things equal, call up images with less loss of time and energy than their later learnt synonyms.

The further superiority possessed by Saxon English in its comparative brevity obviously comes under the same generalization. If it be an advantage to express an idea in the smallest number of words, then will it be an advantage to express it in the smallest number of syllables. If circuitous phrases and needless expletives distract the attention and diminish the strength of the impression produced, then do surplus articulations do so. A certain effort, though commonly an inappreciable one, must be required to recognize every vowel and consonant. If, as we so commonly find, the mind soon becomes fatigued when we listen to an indistinct or far-removed speaker, or when we read a badly-written manuscript; and if, as we cannot doubt, the fatigue is a cumulative result of the attention required to catch successive syllables,— it obviously follows that attention is in such cases absorbed by each syllable. And if this be true when the syllables are difficult of recognition, it will also be true, though in a less degree, when the recognition of them is easy. Hence, the shortness of Saxon words becomes a reason for their greater force, as involving a saving of the articulations to be received.

Again, that frequent cause of strength in Saxon and other primitive words — their imitative character — may be similarly resolved into the more general cause. Both those directly imitative, as *splash*, *bang*, *whiz*, *roar*, etc., and those analogically imitative, as *rough*, *smooth*, *keen*, *blunt*, *thin*, *hard*, *crag*, etc., by presenting to the perceptions symbols having direct resemblance to the things to be imagined, or some kinship to them, save part of the effort needed to call up the intended ideas, and leave more attention for the ideas, themselves.

The economy of the recipient's mental energy, into which we thus find the several causes of the strength of Saxon English resolvable, may equally be traced in the superiority of specific over generic words. That concrete terms produce more vivid impressions than abstract ones, and should, when possible, be used instead, is a current maxim of composition. As Dr. Campbell says, "The more general the terms are, the picture is the fainter; the more special they are, the brighter." We should avoid such a sentence as: —

> In proportion as the manners, customs, and amusements of a nation are cruel and barbarous, the regulations of their penal code will be severe.

and in place of it we should write: —

> In proportion as men delight in battles, tourneys, bull-fights, and combats of gladiators, will they punish by hanging, beheading, burning, and the rack.

This superiority of specific expressions is clearly due to a saving of the effort required to translate words into thoughts. As we do not think in generals, but in particulars, — as, whenever any class of things is referred to, we represent it to ourselves by calling to mind individual members of it,— it follows that when an abstract word is used, the hearer or reader has to choose from among his stock of images, one or more, by which he may figure to himself the genus mentioned. In doing this some delay must arise — some force be expended; and if, by employing a specific term, an appropriate image can be at once suggested, an economy is achieved, and a more vivid impression produced.

Turning now from the choice of words to their sequence, we shall find the same general principle hold good. We have, *a priori*, reason for believing that there is usually some one order of words in a sentence more effective than every other; and that this order is the one which presents the elements of the proposition in the succession in which they may be most readily put together. As in a narrative, the events should be stated in such sequence that the mind may not have to go backward and forward in order to rightly connect them; as in a group of sentences, the arrangement adopted should be such that each

of them may be understood as it comes, without waiting for subsequent ones; so in every sentence, the sequence of words should be that which suggests the component parts of the thought conveyed in the order most convenient for the building up that thought. To duly enforce this truth, and to prepare the way for applications of it, we must briefly inquire into the mental process by which the meaning of a series of words is apprehended.

We cannot more simply do this than by considering the proper collocation of the substantive and adjective. Is it better to place the adjective before the substantive, or the substantive before the adjective? Ought we to say, with the French, — *un cheval noir;* or to say, as we do, — a black horse? Probably, most persons of culture would decide that one order is as good as the other. Alive to the bias produced by habit, they would ascribe to that the preference they feel for our own form of expression. They would suspect those educated in the use of the opposite form of having an equal preference for that. And thus they would conclude that neither of these instinctive judgments is of any worth. There is, however, a philosophical ground for deciding in favor of the English custom. If "a horse black" be the arrangement used, immediately on the utterance of the word "horse" there arises, or tends to arise, in the mind a picture answering to that word; and as there has been nothing to indicate what *kind* of horse, any image of a horse suggests itself. Very likely, however, the image will be that of a brown horse, brown horses being equally or more familiar. The result is that when the word "black" is added a check is given to the process of thought. Either the picture of a brown horse already present in the imagination has to be suppressed and the picture of a black one summoned in its place, or else, if the picture of a brown horse be yet unformed, the tendency to form it has to be stopped. Whichever be the case, a certain amount of hindrance results. But if, on the other hand, a "black horse" be the expression used, no such mis take can be made. The word "black," indicating an abstract quality, arouses no definite idea. It simply prepares the mind for conceiving some object of that color, and the attention is kept suspended until that object is known. If, then, by the precedence of the adjective, the idea is conveyed without the possibility of error, whereas the precedence of the substantive is liable to produce a misconception, it follows that the one gives the mind less trouble than the other, and is, therefore, more forcible.

Possibly it will be objected that the adjective and substantive come so close together that practically they may be considered as uttered at the same moment, and that on hearing the phrase, "a horse black," there is not time to imagine a wrongly-colored horse before the word "black" follows to prevent it. It must be owned that it is not easy to decide by introspection whether this be so or not. But there are facts collaterally implying that it is not. Our ability to anticipate the words yet unspoken is one of them. If the ideas of the hearer kept considerably behind the expressions of the speaker, as the objection assumes, he could hardly foresee the end of a sentence by the time it was half delivered; yet this constantly happens. Were the supposition true, the mind, instead of anticipating, would be continually falling more and more in arrear. If the meanings of words are not realized as fast as the words are uttered, then the loss of time over each word must entail such an accumulation of delays as to leave a hearer entirely behind. But whether the force of these replies be or be not admitted, it will scarcely be denied that the right formation of a picture will be facilitated by presenting its elements in the order in which they are wanted, and that, as in forming the image answering to a red flower, the notion of redness is one of the components that must be used in the construction of the image; the mind, if put in possession of this notion before the specific image to be formed out of it is suggested, will more easily form it than if the order be reversed, even though it should do nothing until it has received both symbols.

What is here said respecting the succession of the adjective and substantive is obviously applicable, by change of terms, to the adverb and verb. And without further explanation, it

will be at once perceived that in the use of prepositions and other particles, most languages spontaneously conform with more or less completeness to this law.

On applying a like analysis to the larger divisions of a sentence, we find not only that the same principle holds good, but that the advantage of respecting it becomes marked. In the arrangement of predicate and subject, for example, we are at once shown that as the predicate determines the aspect under which the subject is to be conceived, it should be placed first; and the striking effect produced by so placing it becomes comprehensible. Take the often-quoted contrast between "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and "Diana of the Ephesians is great." When the first arrangement is used, the utterance of the word "great" arouses those vague associations of an impressive nature with which it has been habitually connected; the imagination is prepared to clothe with high attributes whatever follows; and when the words, "Diana of the Ephesians," are heard, all the appropriate imagery which can on the instant be summoned is used in the formation of the picture: the mind being thus led directly, and without error, to the intended impression. When, on the contrary, the reverse order is followed, the idea, "Diana of the Ephesians," is conceived in any ordinary way, with no special reference to greatness; and when the words, "is great," are added, the conception has to be entirely remodeled: whence arises a manifest loss of mental energy, and a corresponding diminution of effect. The following verse from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," though somewhat irregular in structure, well illustrates the same truth: —

> "*Alone, alone, all, all alone,*
> *Alone on a wide, wide sea!*
> And never a saint took pity on
> My soul in agony."

Of course the principle equally applies when the predicate is a verb or a participle. And as effect is gained by placing first all words indicating the quality, conduct, or condition of the subject, it follows that the copula also should have precedence. It is true that the general habit of our language resists this arrangement of predicate, copula, and subject; but we may readily find instances of the additional force gained by conforming to it. Thus in the line from "Julius Cæsar,"

> "Then *burst* this mighty heart,"

priority is given to a word embodying both predicate and copula. In a passage contained in "The Battle of Flodden Field," the like order is systematically employed with great effect: —

> "The Border slogan rent the sky!
> *A Home! a Gordon! was* the cry;
> *Loud were* the clanging blows:
> *Advanced—forced back,—now low, now high,*
> The pennon sunk and rose;
> As *bends* the bark's mast in a gale
> When *rent are* rigging, shrouds, and sail,
> It wavered 'mid the foes."

Pursuing the principle yet further, it is obvious that, for producing the greatest effect, not only should the main divisions of a sentence observe this sequence, but the subdivisions of these should be similarly arranged. In nearly all cases, the predicate is accompanied by some limit or qualification called its complement. Commonly, also, the circumstances of the subject, which form its complement, have to be specified. And as these qualifications and circumstances must determine the mode in which the ideas they belong to shall be conceived, precedence should be given to them. Lord Kaimes notices the fact that this order is preferable; though without giving the reason. He says: "When a circumstance is placed at the beginning of the period, or near the beginning, the transition from it to the principal subject is agreeable: is like ascending or going upward." A sentence arranged in illustration of this may be desirable. Perhaps the following will serve: —

> Whatever it may be in theory, it is clear that in practice the French idea of liberty is — the right of every man to be master of the rest.

In this case, were the first two clauses up to the word "practice" inclusive, which qualify the subject, to be placed at the end instead of beginning, much of the force would be lost; as thus: —

> The French idea of liberty is — the right of every man to be master of the rest; in practice at least, if not in theory.

The effect of giving priority to the complement of the predicate, as well as the predicate itself, is finely displayed in the opening of "Hyperion": —

> "*Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,*
> *Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,*
> *Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,*
> *Sat* gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone."

Here it will be observed not only that the predicate "sat" precedes the subject "Saturn," and that the three lines in italics, constituting the complement of the predicate, come before it; but that in the structure of that complement also the same order is followed, each line being so arranged that the qualifying words are placed before the words suggesting concrete images.

The right succession of the principal and subordinate propositions in a sentence will manifestly be regulated by the same law. Regard for economy of the recipient's attention, which, as we find, determines the best order for the subject, copula, predicate, and their complements dictates that the subordinate proposition shall precede the principal one, when the sentence includes two. Containing, as the subordinate proposition does, some qualifying or explanatory idea, its priority must clearly prevent misconception of the principal one; and must, therefore, save the mental effort needed to correct such misconception. This will be clearly seen in the annexed example: —

> "Those who weekly go to church, andtherehavedoled out to them a quantum of belief which they have not energy to work out for themselves, are simply spiritual paupers."

The subordinate proposition, or rather the two subordinate propositions, contained between the first and second commas in this sentence, almost wholly determine the meaning of the principal proposition with which it ends, and the effect would be destroyed were they placed last instead of first.

The general principal of right arrangement in sentences, which we have traced in its application to the leading divisions of them, equally determines the normal order of their minor divisions. The several clauses of which the complements to the subject and predicate generally consist may conform more or less completely to the law of easy apprehension. Of course, with these, as with the larger members, the succession should be from the abstract to the concrete.

Now, however, we must notice a further condition to be fulfilled in the proper combination of the elements of a sentence; but still a condition dictated by the same general principle with the other, the condition, namely, that the words and expressions most nearly related in thought shall be brought the closest together. Evidently the single words, the minor clauses, and the leading divisions of every proposition severally qualify each other. The longer the time that elapses between the mention of any qualifying member and the member qualified, the longer must the mind be exerted in carrying forward the qualifying member ready for use. And the more numerous the qualifications to be simultaneously remembered and rightly applied, the greater will be the mental power expended, and the smaller the effect produced. Hence, other things equal, force will be gained by so arranging the members of a sentence that these suspensions shall at any moment be the fewest in number and shall also be of the shortest duration. The following is an instance of defective combination: —

> A modern newspaper statement, though probably true, would be laughed at, if quoted in a book as testimony; but the letter of a court gossip is thought good historical evidence, if written some centuries ago.

A rearrangement of this, in accordance with the principle indicated above, will be found to increase the effect. Thus: —

> Though probably true, a modern newspaper statement quoted in a book as testimony, would be laughed at; but the letter of a court gossip, if written some centuries ago, is thought good historical evidence.

By making this change, some of the suspensions are avoided and others shortened; while there is a less liability to produce premature conceptions. The passage quoted below from "Paradise Lost" affords a fine instance of sentences well arranged — alike in the priority of the subordinate members, in the avoidance of long and numerous suspensions, and in the

correspondence between the order of the clauses and the sequence of the phenomena described, which, by the way, is a further prerequisite to easy comprehension, and therefore to effect: —

> "As when a prowling wolf,
> Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
> Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
> In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
> Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
> Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
> Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
> Cross barr'd, and bolted fast, fear no assault,
> In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
> So clomb the first grand thief into God's fold;
> So since into his church lewd hirelings climb."

The habitual use of sentences in which all or most of the descriptive and limiting elements precede those described and limited gives rise to what is called the inverted style: a title which is, however, by no means confined to this structure, but is often used where the order of the words is simply unusual. A more appropriate title would be the *direct style*, as contrasted with the other, or *indirect style*: the peculiarity of the one being that it conveys each thought into the mind step by step, with little liability to error; and of the other, that it gets the right thought conceived by a series of approximations.

The superiority of the direct over the indirect form of sentence, implied by the several conclusions that have been drawn, must not, however, be affirmed without limitation. Though, up to a certain point, it is well for all the qualifying clauses of a period to precede those qualified; yet, as carrying forward each qualifying clause costs some mental effort, it follows that when the number of them and the time they are carried become great, we reach a limit beyond which more is lost than is gained. Other things equal, the arrangement should be such that no concrete image shall be suggested until the materials out of which it is to be made have been presented. And yet, as lately pointed out, other things equal, the fewer the materials to be held at once, and the shorter the distance they have to be borne, the better. Hence in some cases it becomes a question whether most mental effort will be entailed by the many and long suspensions, or by the correction of successive misconceptions.

This question may sometimes be decided by considering the capacity of the persons addressed. A greater grasp of mind is required for the ready comprehension of thoughts expressed in the direct manner where the sentences are anywise intricate. To recollect a number of preliminaries stated in elucidation of a coming image, and to apply them all to the formation of it when suggested, demands a considerable power of concentration and a tolerably vigorous imagination. To one possessing these, the direct method will mostly seem the best; while to one deficient in them it will seem the worst. Just as it may cost a strong man less effort to carry a hundredweight from place to place at once than by a stone at a time, so to an active mind it may be easier to bear along all the qualifications of an idea and at once rightly form it when named, than to first imperfectly conceive such idea, and then carry back to it, one by one, the details and limitations afterward mentioned. While conversely, as for a boy the only possible mode of transferring a hundredweight is that of taking it in portions, so for a weak mind the only possible mode of forming a compound conception may be that of building it up by carrying separately its several parts.

That the indirect method — the method of conveying the meaning by a series of approximations — is best fitted for the uncultivated may, indeed, be inferred from their habitual use of it. The form of expression adopted by the savage, as in "Water, give me," is the simplest type of the approximative arrangement. In pleonasms, which are comparatively prevalent among the uneducated, the same essential structure is seen; as, for instance, in "The men, they were there." Again, the old possessive case, "The king, his crown," conforms to the like order of thought. Moreover, the fact that the indirect mode is called the natural one implies that it is the one spontaneously employed by the common people; that is, the one easiest for undisciplined minds.

Before dismissing this branch of our subject, it should be remarked that even when addressing the most vigorous intellects, the direct

style is unfit for communicating thoughts of a complex or abstract character. So long as the mind has not much to do, it may be well able to grasp all the preparatory clauses of a sentence, and to use them effectively; but if some subtlety in the argument absorb the attention, — if every faculty be strained in endeavoring to catch the speaker's or writer's drift, — it may happen that the mind, unable to carry both processes at once, will break down, and allow all its ideas to lapse into confusion.

Turning now to consider figures of speech, we may equally discern the same general law of effect. Underlying all the rules that may be given for the choice and right use of them, we shall find the same fundamental requirement — economy of attention. It is indeed chiefly because of their great ability to subserve this requirement that figures of speech are employed. To bring the mind more easily to the desired conception is in many cases solely, and in all cases mainly, their object.

Let us begin with the figure called Synechdoche. The advantage sometimes gained by putting a part for the whole is due to the more convenient, or more accurate, presentation of the idea thus secured. If, instead of saying "a fleet of ten ships," we say "a fleet of ten *sail*," the picture of a group of vessels at sea is more readily suggested; and is so because the sails constitute the most conspicuous part of vessels so circumstanced: whereas the word "ships" would very likely remind us of vessels in dock. Again, to say, "All *hands* to the pumps," is better than to say, "All *men* to the pumps"; as it suggests the men in the special attitude intended, and so saves effort. Bringing "*gray hairs* with sorrow to the grave" is another expression the effect of which has the same cause.

The occasional increase of force produced by Metonymy may be similarly accounted for. "The low morality of *the bar*" is a phrase both briefer and more significant than the literal one it stands for. A belief in the ultimate supremacy of intelligence over brute force is conveyed in a more concrete, and therefore more realizable, form if we substitute *the pen* and *the sword* for the two abstract terms. To say, "Beware of drinking!" is less effective than to say, "Beware *the bottle!*" and is so, clearly, because it calls up a less specific image.

The Simile, though in many cases employed chiefly with a view to ornament, yet whenever it increases the *force* of a passage, does so by being an economy. Here is an instance: —

> The illusion that great men and great events came oftener in early times than now is partly due to historical perspective. As in a range of equidistant columns, the furthest off look the closest; so, the conspicuous objects of the past seem more thickly clustered the more remote they are.

To construct by a process of literal explanation the thought thus conveyed would take many sentences, and the first elements of the picture would become faint while the imagination was busy in adding the others. But by the help of a comparison all effort is saved; the picture is instantly realized, and its full effect produced.

Of the position of the simile,* it needs only to remark that what has been said respecting the order of the adjective and substantive predicate and subject, principal and subordinate propositions, etc., is applicable here. As whatever qualifies should precede whatever is qualified, force will generally be gained by placing the simile before the object to which it is applied. That this arrangement is the best may be seen in the following passage from the "Lady of the Lake": —

> "As wreath of snow, on mountain breast,
> Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
> Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
> And at the monarch's feet she lay."

Inverting these couplets will be found to diminish the effect considerably. There are cases, however, even where the simile is a simple one, in which it may with advantage be placed last, as in these lines from Alexander Smith's "Life Drama": —

> "I see the future stretch
> All dark and barren as a rainy sea."

The reason for this seems to be that so

* Properly the term "simile" is applicable only to the entire figure, inclusive of the two things compared and the comparison drawn between them. But as there exists no name for the illustrative member of the figure, there seems no alternative but to employ "simile" to express this also. The context will in each case show in which sense the word is used.

abstract an idea as that attaching to the word "future" does not present itself to the mind in any definite form, and hence the subsequent arrival at the simile entails no reconstruction of the thought.

Nor are such the only cases in which this order is the most forcible. As the advantage of putting the simile before the object depends on its being carried forward in the mind to assist in forming an image of the object, it must happen that if, from length or complexity, it cannot be so carried forward, the advantage is not gained. The annexed sonnet, by Coleridge, is defective from this cause: —

> "As when a child, on some long winter's night
> Affrighted, clinging to its grandam's knees,
> With eager wond'ring and perturb'd delight
> Listens strange tales of fearful dark decrees,
> Mutter'd to wretch by necromantic spell;
> Or of those hags who at the witching time
> Of murky midnight ride the air sublime,
> And mingle foul embrace with fiends of hell;
> Cold horror drinks its blood! Anon the tear
> More gentle starts, to hear the beldame tell
> Of pretty babes, that loved each other dear,
> Murder'd by cruel uncle's mandate fell;
> Ev'n such the shiv'ring joys thy tones impart,
> Ev'n so, thou, Siddons, meltest my sad heart."

Here, from the lapse of time and accumulation of circumstances, the first part of the comparison becomes more or less dim before its application is reached, and requires re-reading. Had the main idea been first mentioned, less effort would have been required to retain it and to modify the conception of it in conformity with the comparison, than to retain the comparison and refer back to the recollection of its successive features for help in forming the final image.

The superiority of the metaphor to the simile is ascribed by Dr. Whately to the fact "all men are more gratified in catching the resemblance for themselves than in having it pointed out to them." But after what has been said, the great economy it achieves will seem the more probable cause.

If, drawing an analogy between mental and physical phenomena, we say: —

> As, in passing through the crystal, beams of white light are decomposed into the colors of the rainbow; so, in traversing the soul of the poet, the colorless rays of truth are transformed into brightly-tinted poetry,

it is clear that in receiving the double set of words expressing the two portions of the comparison, and in carrying the one portion to the other, a considerable amount of attention is absorbed. Most of this is saved, however, by putting the comparison in a metaphorical form, thus: —

> The white light of truth, in traversing the many-sided transparent soul of the poet, is refracted into iris-hued poetry.

How much is conveyed in a few words by the help of the metaphor, and how vivid the effect consequently produced, may be abundantly exemplified. From "A Life Drama" may be quoted the phrase,

> "I spear'd him with a jest,"

as a fine instance among the many which that poem contains. A passage in the "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley displays the power of the metaphor to great advantage: —

> "Methought among the lawns together
> We wandered, underneath the young gray dawn,
> And multitudes of dense, white, fleecy clouds
> Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
> *Shepherded* by the slow unwilling wind."

This last expression is remarkable for the distinctness with which it realizes the features of the scene: bringing the mind, as it were, by a bound to the desired conception.

But a limit is put to the advantageous use of the metaphor, by the condition that it must be sufficiently simple to be understood from a hint. Evidently, if there be any obscurity in the meaning or application of it, no economy of attention will be gained, but rather the reverse. Hence, when the comparison is complex, it is usual to have recourse to the simile. There is, however, a species of figure, sometimes classed under allegory, but which might, perhaps, be better called compound metaphor, that enables us to retain the brevity of the metaphorical form even where the analogy is intricate. This is done by indicating the application of the figure at the outset, and then leaving the mind to continue the parallel itself. Emerson has employed it with great effect in the first of his "Lectures on the Times": —

> "The main interest which any aspects of the times can have for us is the great spirit which gazes through them, the light

which they can shed on the wonderful questions, What are we, and Whither do we tend? We do not wish to be deceived. Here we drift. like white sail across the wild ocean, now bright on the wave, now darkling in the trough of the sea; but from what port did we sail? Who knows? Or to what port are we bound? Who knows? There is no one to tell us but such poor weather tossed mariners as ourselves, whom we speak as we pass, or who have hoisted some signal. or floated to us some letter in a bottle from afar. But what know they more than we? They also found themselves on this wondrous sea. No; from the older sailors nothing. Over all their speaking-rumpets the gray sea and the loud winds answer: Not in us; not in Time."

The division of the simile from the metaphor is by no means a definite one. Between the one extreme in which the two elements of the comparisons are detailed at full length and the analogy pointed out, and the other extreme in which the comparison is implied instead of stated, come intermediate forms, in which the comparison is partly stated and partly implied. For instance: —

Astonished at the performances of the English plough, the Hindoos paint it, set it up, and worship it; thus turning a tool into an idol; linguists do the same with language.

There is an evident advantage in leaving the reader or hearer to complete the figure. And generally these intermediate forms are good in proportion as they do this, provided the mode of completing it be obvious.

Passing over much that might be said of like purport upon hyperbole, personification, apostrophe, etc., let us close our remarks upon construction by a typical example. The general principle that has been enunciated is that the force of all verbal forms and arrangements is great in proportion as the time and mental effort they demand from the recipient is small. The special applications of this general principle have been severally illustrated, and it has been shown that the relative goodness of any two modes of expressing an idea may be determined by observing which requires the shortest process of thought for its comprehension. But though conformity in particular points has been exemplified, no cases of complete conformity have yet been quoted. It is, indeed, difficult to find them, for the English idiom scarcely permits the order which theory dictates. A few, however, occur in Ossian. Here is one: —

"As autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so toward each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet, and mix, and roar on the plain, loud, rough, and dark in battle meet Lochlin and Inisfail. . . . As the troubled noise of the ocean when roll the waves on high, as the last peal of the thunder of heaven, such is noise of the battle."

Except in the position of the verb in the first two similes, the theoretically best arrangement is fully carried out in each of these sentences. The simile comes before the qualified image, the adjectives before the substantives, the predicate and copula before the subject, and their respective complements before them. That the passage is more or less open to the charge of being bombastic proves nothing, or rather, proves our case. For what is bombast but a force of expression too great for the magnitude of the ideas embodied? All that may rightly be inferred is that only in very rare cases, and then only to produce a climax, should *all* the conditions of effective expression be fulfilled.

Passing on to a more complex application of the doctrine with which we set out, it must now be remarked that not only in the structure of sentences, and the use of figures of speech, may economy of the recipient's mental energy be assigned as the cause of force, but that in the choice and arrangement of the minor images, out of which some large thought is to be built, we may trace the same condition of effect. To select from the sentiment, scene, or event described those typical elements which carry many others along with them, and so, by saying a few things, but suggesting many, to abridge the description, is the secret of producing a vivid impression. Thus, if we say: "Real ability is 'not transferable,'" besides the one idea expressed, several are implied; and as these can be thought much sooner than they can be put in words, there is gain in omitting them. How the mind may be led to construct a complete picture by the presentation of a few facts, an extract from Tennyson's "Mariana" will well show: —

"All day within the dreamy house
The door upon the hinges creaked,
The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about."

The several circumstances here specified bring with them hosts of appropriate associa-

tions. Our attention is rarely drawn by the buzzing of a fly in the window, save when everything is still. While the inmates are moving about the house, mice usually keep silence; and it is only when extreme quietness reigns that they peep from their retreats. Hence each of the facts mentioned, presupposing numerous others, calls up these with more or less distinctness, and revives the feeling of dull solitude with which they are connected in our experience. Were all these facts detailed instead of suggested, the attention would be so frittered away that little impression of dreariness would be produced. And here, without further explanation, it will be seen that, be the nature of the sentiment conveyed what it may, this skillful selection of a few particulars which imply the rest is the key to success. In the choice of component ideas, as in the choice of expressions, the aim must be to convey the greatest quantity of thoughts with the smallest quantity of words.

Before inquiring whether the law of effect, thus far traced, will account for the superiority of poetry to prose, it will be needful to notice some supplementary causes of force in expression that have not yet been mentioned. These are not, properly speaking, additional causes, but rather secondary ones, originating from those already specified — reflex manifestations of them. In the first place, then, we may remark that mental excitement spontaneously prompts the use of those forms of speech which have been pointed out as the most effective. "Out with him!" "Away with him!" are the natural utterances of angry citizens at a disturbed meeting. A voyager, describing a terrible storm he had witnessed, would rise to some such climax as: "Crack went the ropes and down came the mast." Astonishment may be heard expressed in the phrase, "Never was there such a sight!" All of which sentences are, it will be observed, constructed after the direct type. Again, every one will recognize the fact that excited persons are given to figures of speech. The vituperation of the vulgar abounds with them: often, indeed, consists of little else. "Beast," "brute," "gallows rogue," "cut-throat villain," these and other like metaphors and metaphorical epithets at once call to mind a street quarrel. Further, it may be noticed that extreme brevity is one of the characteristics of passionate language. The sentences are generally incomplete; the particles are omitted; and frequently important words are left to be gathered from the context. Great admiration does not vent itself in a precise proposition, as, "It is beautiful"; but in a simple exclamation, "Beautiful!" He who, when reading a lawyer's letter, should say: "Vile rascal!" would be thought angry; while, "He is a vile rascal," would imply comparative coolness. Thus we see that alike in the order of the words, in the frequent use of figures, and in extreme conciseness, the natural utterances of excitement conform to the theoretical conditions of forcible expression.

Hence, then, the higher forms of speech acquire a secondary strength from association. Having, in actual life, habitually found them in connection with vivid mental impressions, and having been accustomed to meet with them in the most powerful writing, they come to have in themselves a species of force. The emotions that have from time to time been produced by the strong thoughts wrapped up in these forms are partially aroused by the forms themselves. They create a certain degree of animation; they induce a preparatory sympathy; and when the striking ideas looked for are reached, they are the more vividly realized.

The continuous use of these modes of expression that are alike forcible in themselves and forcible from their associations produces the peculiarly impressive species of composition which we call poetry. Poetry, we shall find, habitually adopts those symbols of thought, and those methods of using them, which instinct and analysis agree in choosing as most effective, and becomes poetry by virtue of doing this. On turning back to the various specimens that have been quoted, it will be seen that the direct or inverted form of sentence predominates in them; and that to a degree quite inadmissible in prose. And not only in the frequency, but in what is termed the violence of the inversions, will this distinction be remarked. In the abundant use of

figures, again, we may recognize the same truth. Metaphors, similes, hyperboles, and personifications are the poet's colors, which he has liberty to employ almost without limit. We characterize as "poetical" the prose which repeats these appliances of language with any frequency; and condemn it as "over florid" or "affected" long before they occur with the profusion allowed in verse. Further, let it be remarked that in brevity — the other requisite of forcible expression which theory points out, and emotion spontaneously fulfills — poetical phraseology similarly differs from ordinary phraseology. Imperfect periods are frequent; elisions are perpetual; and many of the minor words, which would be deemed essential in prose, are dispensed with.

Thus poetry, regarded as a vehicle of thought, is especially impressive, partly because it obeys all the laws of effective speech, and partly because in so doing it imitates the natural utterances of excitement. While the matter embodied is idealized emotion, the vehicle is the idealized language of emotion. As the musical composer catches the cadences in which our feelings of joy and sympathy, grief and despair, vent themselves, and out of these germs evolves melodies suggesting higher phases of these feelings; so, the poet develops from the typical expressions in which men utter passion and sentiment those choice forms of verbal combination in which concentrated passion and sentiment may be fitly presented.

There is one peculiarity of poetry conducing much to its effect — the peculiarity which is indeed usually thought its characteristic one — still remaining to be considered; we mean its rhythmical structure. This, unexpected as it may be, will be found to come under the same generalization with the others. Like each of them, it is an idealization of the natural language of emotion, which is known to be more or less metrical if the emotion be not violent; and like each of them, it is an economy of the reader's or hearer's attention. In the peculiar tone and manner we adopt in uttering versified language may be discerned its relationship to the feelings, and the pleasure which its measured movement gives us is ascribable to the comparative ease with which words metrically arranged can be recognized.

This last position will scarcely be at once admitted, but a little explanation will show its reasonableness. For if, as we have seen, there is an expenditure of mental energy in the mere act of listening to verbal articulations, or in that silent repetition of them which goes on in reading,— if the perceptive faculties must be in active exercise to identify every syllable,— then any mode of combining words so as to present a regular recurrence of certain traits which the mind can anticipate will diminish that strain upon the attention required by the total irregularity of prose. In the same manner that the body, in receiving a series of varying concussions, must keep the muscles ready to meet the most violent of them, not knowing when such may come; so, the mind in receiving unarranged articulations, must keep its perceptives active enough to recognize the least easily caught sounds. And as, if the concussions recur in a definite order, the body may husband its forces by adjusting the resistance needful for each concussion; so, if the syllables be rhythmically arranged, the mind may economize its energies by anticipating the attention required for each syllable.

Far-fetched as this idea will perhaps be thought, a little introspection will countenance it. That we *do* take advantage of metrical language to adjust our perceptive faculties to the force of the expected articulations is clear from the fact that we are balked by halting versification. Much as at the bottom of a flight of stairs a step more or less than we counted upon gives us a shock, so, too, does a misplaced accent or a supernumerary syllable. In the one case we know that there is an erroneous preadjustment, and we can scarcely doubt that there is one in the other. But if we habitually preadjust our perceptions to the measured movement of verse, the physical analogy lately given renders it probable that by so doing we economize attention, and hence that metrical language is more effective than prose simply because it enables us to do this.

Were there space, it might be worth while to inquire whether the pleasure we take in rhyme,

and also that which we take in euphony, are not partly ascribable to the same cause.

A few paragraphs only can be devoted to a second division of our subject that here presents itself. To pursue in detail the laws of effect, as seen in the larger features of composition, would exceed both our limits and our purpose. But we may fitly indicate some further aspect of the general principle hitherto traced out, and hint a few of its wider applications.

Thus far, then, we have considered only those causes of force in language which depend upon economy of the mental *energies:* we have now briefly to glance at those which depend upon economy of the mental *sensibilities.* Indefensible though this division may be as a psychological one, it will yet serve roughly to indicate the remaining field of investigation. It will suggest that besides considering the extent to which any faculty or group of faculties is tasked in receiving a form of words and realizing its contained idea, we have to consider the state in which this faculty or group of faculties is left; and how the reception of subsequent sentences and images will be influenced by that state. Without going at length into so wide a topic as the exercise of faculties and its reactive effects, it will be sufficient here to call to mind that every faculty (when in a state of normal activity) is most capable at the outset; and that the change in its condition, which ends in what we term exhaustion, begins simultaneously with its exercise. This generalization, with which we are all familiar in our bodily experiences, and which our daily language recognizes as true of the mind as a whole, is equally true of each mental power, from the simplest of the senses to the most complex of the sentiments. If we hold a flower to the nose for long, we become insensible to its scent. We say of a very brilliant flash of lightning that it blinds us; which means that our eyes have for a time lost their ability to appreciate light. After eating a quantity of honey, we are apt to think our tea is without sugar. The phrase, "a deafening roar," implies that men find a very loud sound temporarily incapacitates them from hearing faint ones. Now, the truth which we at once recognize in these, its extreme manifestations, may be traced throughout; and it may be shown that alike in the reflective faculties, in the imagination, in the perceptions of the beautiful, the ludicrous, the sublime, in the sentiments, the instincts, in all the mental powers, however we may classify them,— action exhausts; and that in proportion as the action is violent, the subsequent prostration is great.

Equally, throughout the whole nature, may be traced the law that exercised faculties are ever tending to resume their original state. Not only after continued rest do they regain their full power — not only do brief cessations partially reinvigorate them; but even while they are in action the resulting exhaustion is ever being neutralized. The two processes of waste and repair go on together. Hence with faculties habitually exercised — as the senses in all, or the muscles in a laborer — it happens that, during moderate activity, the repair is so nearly equal to the waste, that the diminution of power is scarcely appreciable; and it is only when the activity has been long continued, or has been very violent, that the repair becomes so far in arrear of the waste as to produce a perceptible prostration. In all cases, however, when, by the action of a faculty, waste has been incurred, *some* lapse of time must take place before full efficiency can be reacquired; and this time must be long in proportion as the waste has been great.

Keeping in mind these general truths, we shall be in a condition to understand certain causes of effect in composition now to be considered. Every perception received, and every conception realized, entailing some amount of waste,— or, as Liebig would say, some change of matter in the brain,— and the efficiency of the faculties subject to this waste being thereby temporarily, though often but momentarily, diminished, the resulting partial inability must affect the acts of perception and conception that immediately succeed. And hence we may expect that the vividness with which images are realized will, in many cases, depend on the order of their presentation, even when one order is as convenient to the understanding as the other. We shall find sundry facts

which alike illustrate this, and are explained by it. Climax is one of them. The marked effect obtained by placing last the most striking of any series of images, and the weakness — often the ludicrous weakness — produced by reversing this arrangement, depends on the general law indicated. As immediately after looking at the sun we cannot perceive the light of a fire, while by looking at the fire first and the sun afterward we can perceive both; so, after receiving a brilliant, or weighty, or terrible thought, we cannot appreciate a less brilliant, less weighty, or less terrible one, while, by reversing the order, we can appreciate each. In antithesis again, we may recognize the same general truth. The opposition of two thoughts that are the reverse of each other in some prominent trait insures an impressive effect; and does this by giving a momentary relaxation to the faculties addressed. If, after a series of images of an ordinary character, appealing in a moderate degree to the sentiment of reverence, or approbation, or beauty, the mind has presented to it a very insignificant, a very unworthy, or a very ugly image, the faculty of reverence, or approbation, or beauty, as the case may be, having for the time nothing to do, tends to resume its full power; and will immediately afterward appreciate a vast, admirable, or beautiful image better than it would otherwise do. Improbable as these momentary variations in susceptibility will seem to many, we cannot doubt their occurrence when we contemplate the analogous variations in the susceptibility of the senses. Referring once more to phenomena of vision, every one knows that a patch of black on a white ground looks blacker, and a patch of white on a black ground looks whiter than elsewhere. As the blackness and the whiteness must really be the same, the only assignable cause for this is a difference in their action upon us, dependent upon the different states of our faculties. It is simply a visual antithesis.

But this extension of the general principle of economy — this further condition of effect in composition, that the power of the faculties must be continuously husbanded — includes much more than has been yet hinted. It implies not only that certain arrangements and certain juxtapositions of connected ideas are best, but that some modes of dividing and presenting the subject will be more effective than others; and that, too, irrespective of its logical cohesion. It shows why we must progress from the less interesting to the more interesting; and why not only the composition as a whole, but each of its successive portions should tend toward a climax. At the same time, it forbids long continuity of the same species of thought, or repeated production of the same effects. It warns us against the error committed both by Pope in his poems and by Bacon in his essays — the error, namely, of constantly employing the most effective forms of expression: and it points out that as the easiest posture by-and-by becomes fatiguing, and is with pleasure exchanged for one less easy; so, the most perfectly-constructed sentences will soon weary, and relief will be given by using those of an inferior kind.

Further, it involves that not only should we avoid generally combining our words in one manner, however good, or working out our figures and illustrations in one way, however telling; but we should avoid anything like uniform adherence, even to the wider conditions of effect. We should not make every section of our subject progress in interest; we should not always rise to a climax. As we saw that, in single sentences, it is but rarely allowable to fulfill all the conditions of strength, so, in the larger portions of a composition we must not often conform entirely to the law indicated. We must subordinate the component effects to the total effect.

In deciding how practically to carry out the principles of artistic composition, we may derive help by bearing in mind a fact already pointed out — the fitness of certain verbal arrangements for certain kinds of thought. That constant variety in the mode of presenting ideas which the theory demands will in a great degree result from a skillful adaptation of the form to the matter. We saw how the direct or inverted sentence is spontaneously used by excited people; and how their language is also characterized by figures of speech and by extreme brevity. Hence these

may with advantage predominate in emotional passages, and may increase as the emotion rises. On the other hand, for complex ideas, the indirect sentence seems the best vehicle. In conversation, the excitement produced by the near approach to a desired conclusion will often show itself in a series of short, sharp sentences; while, in impressing a view already enunciated, we generally make our periods voluminous by piling thought upon thought. These natural modes of procedure may serve as guides in writing. Keen observation and skillful analysis would, in like manner, detect many other peculiarities of expression produced by other attitudes of mind, and by paying due attention to all such traits, a writer possessed of sufficient versatility might make some approach to a completely-organized work.

This species of composition, which the law of effect points out as the perfect one, is the one which high genius tends naturally to produce. As we found that the kinds of sentence which are theoretically best are those generally employed by superior minds, and by inferior minds when excitement has raised them, so we shall find the ideal form for a poem, essay, or fiction is that which the ideal writer would evolve spontaneously. One in whom the powers of expression fully responded to the state of mind would unconsciously use that variety in the mode of presenting his thoughts which Art demands. This constant employment of one species of phraseology, which all have now to strive against, implies an undeveloped faculty of language. To have a specific style is to be poor in speech. If we glance back at the past, and remember that men had once only nouns and verbs to convey their ideas with, and that from then to now the growth has been toward a greater number of implements of thought, and consequently toward a greater complexity and variety in their combinations, we may infer that we are now, in our use of sentences, much what the primitive man was in his use of words; and that a continuance of the process that has hitherto gone on must produce increasing heterogeneity in our modes of expression. As now, in a fine nature, the play of the features, the tones of the voice and its cadences vary in harmony with every thought uttered, so, in one possessed of a fully-developed power of speech, the mold in which each combination of words is cast will similarly vary with, and be appropriate to, the sentiment.

That a perfectly-endowed man must unconsciously write in all styles, we may infer from considering how styles originate. Why is Addison diffuse, Johnson pompous, Goldsmith simple? Why is one author abrupt, another rhythmical, another concise? Evidently in each case the habitual mode of utterance must depend upon the habitual balance of the nature. The predominant feelings have by use trained the intellect to represent them. But while long, though unconscious, discipline has made it do this efficiently, it remains, from lack of practice, incapable of doing the same for the less powerful feelings; and when these are excited, the usual modes of expression undergo but a slight modification. Let the powers of speech be fully developed, however, — let the ability of the intellect to convey the emotions be complete, — and this fixity of style will disappear. The perfect writer will express himself as Junius when in the Junius frame of mind; when he feels as Lamb felt, will use a like familiar speech; and will fall into the ruggedness of Carlyle when in a Carlylean mood. Now he will be rhythmical and now irregular; here his language will be plain and there ornate; sometimes his sentences will be balanced and at other times unsymmetrical; for a while there will be considerable sameness, and then again great variety. From his mode of expression naturally responding to his state of feeling, there will flow from his pen a composition changing to the same degree that the aspects of his subject change. He will thus without effort conform to what we have seen to be the laws of effect. And while his work presents to the reader that variety needful to prevent continuous exertion of the same faculties, it will also answer to the description of all highly-organized products, both of man and of nature: it will be, not a series of like parts simply placed in juxtaposition, but one whole made up of unlike parts that are mutually dependent. *Herbert Spencer.*

*The Westminster Review, October*, 1852.

# THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Herbert Spencer's famous essay on "The Philosophy of Style" is reprinted in this number of the THE WRITER exactly as it originally appeared in the *Quarterly Review*. Comparison of the original text with the essay as it is printed in the latest edition of Mr. Spencer's works will be both interesting and instructive.

W. H. H.

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

WOMEN OF FICTION. Ella Stryker Mapes. *Bookman* (23 c.) for August.

THE MODERN SCHOOL OF CANADIAN WRITERS. Winifred Lee Wendell. *Bookman* (23 c.) for August.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL. Eugene Parsons. *Modern Culture* (13 c.) for August.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Illustrated. Jacob A. Riis. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for August.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN WOMEN ILLUSTRATED. II. — The Character Writers. Regina Armstrong. *Critic* (23 c.) for August.

ENGLISH DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY. W. Kingsley Tarpey. *Critic* (23 c.) for August.

THE FORTIETH IMMORTAL (Paul Hervieu). Christian Brinton. *Critic* (23 c.) for August.

STEPHEN CRANE'S PERSONALITY. William F. Hills. *Success* (13 c.) for August.

A CHAT ABOUT JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS. The Earl of Iddesleigh. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Eclectic* (23 c.) for August.

DEAN MILMAN. Reprinted from *Edinburgh Review* in *Eclectic* (28 c.) for August.

THE SLUM MOVEMENT IN FICTION. Jane H. Findlater. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic* (28 c.) for August.

THE BRONTE SISTERS. Reprinted from *Athenæum* in *Eclectic* (28 c.) for August.

TOLSTOY'S RUSSIA. G. H. Perris. *Forum* (38 c.) for August.

THE PORTRAITS OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER. An Essay written on the occasion of the quincentenary of the poet's death. M. H. Spielmann. First part with three illustrations. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for July. Second part with four illustrations. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for August.

"THE STAR OF HOPE" (The newspaper at Sing Sing). Hutchins Hapgood. *Ainslee's Magazine* (13 c.) for July.

THE PROVISION FOR CHILDREN IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES. Illustrated Katharine Louise Smith. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for July.

WILLIAM COWPER. Augustine Birrell. Reprinted from *Leisure Hours* in *Eclectic Magazine* (28 c.) for July.

THE CRAZE FOR HISTORICAL FICTION IN AMERICA. "E. A. B." Reprinted from *Academy* in *Eclectic Magazine* (28 c.) for July.

HAWTHORNE'S WARWICKSHIRE HAUNTS. George Morley. Reprinted from *Gentleman's Magazine* in *Eclectic Magazine* (28 c) for July.

THE GERMAN PRESS AND FOREIGN POLITICS. M. von Brandt. Translated from *Deutsche Revue* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 14.

MISS MARY KINGSLEY. Reprinted from *Spectator* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 21.

PASSION AND IMAGINATION IN POETRY. H. C. Beeching. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Living Age* (18 c) for July 21.

COWPER'S OUSE. J. C. Tarver. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Living Age* for July 21.

A LITERARY NIHILIST (Anatole France). Thomas Secombe. Reprinted from *Cornhill Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 21.

THE VOGUE OF THE GARDEN BOOK. H. M. Batson. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 28.

MR. BLACKMORE AND "THE MAID OF SKER." E. J. Newell. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 28.

THE TWO KINDS OF CRITICISM. Reprinted from *Spectator* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 28.

ONOTO WATANNA. With portrait. *Leslie's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 21.

EDGERTON CASTLE. With portrait. *Leslie's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 21.

HEROINES OF NINETEENTH CENTURY FICTION. VIII.— Some of Scott's Heroines. W. D Howells. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for July 28.

BOOK BINDING AS A FINE ART. Alice M. Kellogg. Illustrated. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for July 28.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

The *Owl* (New York) has discontinued publication.

Judgment for $22,830 was entered by default July 27 against the Fashion Company of 3 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York, in favor of Arthur B. Turnure, on a claim for services as general manager and for money loaned to the company. The claim for services is $15.672, for balance due from August 1, 1896, to April 1, 1900, at the rate of $5,000 a year, and the claim for money loaned is $6.824. The summons was served on W. Ogden Harrison, president. Mr. Turnure was formerly president for several years. The company was incorporated in April, 1891, with a capital stock of $200,000, and publishes *Vogue*, a fashion and society journal.

Judge Mellen Chamberlain died at Chelsea, Mass., June 25, aged seventy-nine.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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## REPORTING SERMONS FOR NEWSPAPERS.

The fact that most clergymen either write out their sermons before their delivery, or at least prepare a skeletonized outline for their own convenience, makes it an easy job for reporters to get possession of the manuscript of a sermon, often before its delivery, and summarize it for their readers.

Almost any clergyman is gratified at receiving a request for manuscript either to be summarized or published in full. His object is to do as much good as possible, and the printed sermon will be seen by many thousands more than can get within reach of the preacher's voice. Publication tends to make the sermon permanent, though if it is not printed in anything but a daily newspaper, very few copies will be whole and in readable form ten years, five years, or even one year after publication. A really good sermon, however, which has deeply affected those who heard it, is likely to be put away and sometimes read in seasons of affliction and general discouragement.

Not only does the clergyman like to see his sermon in print, but he tries often to preach on subjects outside his usual line in order that the request to furnish the manuscript may come. In this way ministers are led to preach sensational sermons, rather than discourses expounding the truths taught in the Bible, thus lowering the standard of religion, and to some extent discrediting the pulpit itself, as the promoter of sensations. This has always been the fact in some pulpits, the occupants of which take almost any subject that has aroused public attention and try to draw their own "moral" from it. No terrible crime is committed without a dozen preachers taking occasion to discuss its various bearings before their congregations. Frequently these sermons on sensational subjects are not the preacher's best thoughts on human duties and responsibilities, but they please the average newspaper man better than purely advisory addresses, and they create a demand for the paper. This commercial element is not wholly absent from the preacher's thought. He wants a full congregation. That means for him a larger salary and perhaps the fame among the churches of making a poverty-stricken church prosperous, both in numbers and in wealth.

Probably the surest way for a preacher to attract attention to a sermon is to espouse something which his own church regards as heresy. There are certain objections to this plan, for it is sure to arouse fierce opposition in the church whose creed is assailed. But without going so far as to repudiate the old creed, most clergymen known how to use telling phrases against it which will set men to thinking on the subject. This is really a more

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effective way to undermine a church than a direct attack on the creed would be, for it is less likely to be fiercely resented. Most men like to think out themselves their objections to doctrines which they have learned to disbelieve. The newspaper reporters usually know that the sly hits at beliefs once widely held, but now nearly extinct among thinking men, are what people most like to hear and read in the newspaper. Whatever else is left out, all these must go in type, for he knows they are just what readers expect and wish to see.

There are few sermons issued in pamphlet form, "Published by Request" of the church and hearers, at the present day. Most of the sermons that used to be thus printed were on doctrinal or other theological points, and the world is not much poorer for their absence. Probably the newspaper reports of sermons have superseded these and for the better. A great many weekly papers take the sermons of Rev. Dr. Talmage, but not so many as once did. The popular taste is changing in theology. If a preacher could arise to carry the principles of a more liberal theology to those who prefer it to that of Dr. Talmage, he would in time gather a wider circle of papers to print his sermons than was ever acquired by the most famous of living preachers.

BOSTON, Mass. *W. J. Fowler.*

## THE LITERARY LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The story of Sir Walter Scott's career will always have a peculiar fascination for all who are interested in literature, not only because of Scott's eminence as a poet and a novelist, but also because of the peculiar circumstances under which the literary work of his later life was done. Lockhart's life of Scott and Carlyle's volume about him are both unsatisfactory, one biographer having over-rated the author as much as the other has under-rated him. The best source of information about Sir Walter is his own "Journal," but that covers only the latter portion of his life and needs elucidation by another hand. A simple and unprejudiced biography of Scott,* therefore, is a welcome book.

Unlike many biographies, Mr. Hay's work is eminently readable. It does not pretend to be a critical "life" of Scott, but recounts the salient facts of the novelist's career, enlivened by frequent anecdotes, and briefly characterizes the author's chief productions. The following abstract is given largely in Mr. Hay's own words.

Born August 15, 1771, Walter Scott was a strong, healthy child until he was eighteen months old, when there suddenly developed in his right leg a lameness which accompanied him through life. This lameness of the brave little fellow had its advantages. It kept him from the games of childhood, and caused him to learn to think, and to find supreme delight in ballads, history-books, and old-world lore. When, in 1778, he was placed in the high school of Edinburgh, he is said to have been distinguished for nothing but tricks and story-telling. An excellent story-teller, in winter during play hours he could use his tongue cleverly at Luckie Brown's fireside, where an admiring audience listened to his inimitable tales. He had no eye for painting — unlike many authors, who have had the graphic faculty with either brush or pencil — and no ear for music. It appears strange, yet is not uncom-

* SIR WALTER SCOTT. By James Hay. 312 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1899.

mon, for writers of musical verses to want this natural gift. Johnson is a splendid instance. He neither knew music nor cared for it. Scott, however, enjoyed music, although incapable of producing two notes consecutively that were either in tune or in time. His faculty for story-telling had constant cultivation. When living with his uncle at Kelso and attending there the grammar school he was regarded by his school fellows as a phenomenon of black-letter scholarship, and gave evidence of his powers of creation as well as acquisition. "Slink over beside me, Jimmy," he would whisper to his school-fellow, Ballantyne, "and I'll tell you a story." "In the intervals of school hours," says Ballantyne, "it was our constant practice to walk by the banks of the Tweed, and his stories became quite inexhaustible." His supreme delight was in works of fiction.

After the young man had decided, in 1790, to study for the bar, during seven successive years, with Sheriff Shortreed as his guide and companion, he made raids into Liddesdale in search of ancient ballads, which formed the materials for his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Of these ancient ballads, by which Scott's attention was first drawn to poetry, he remarked, in 1798, that, "considered in regard to their connection with true history and real personages, these fragments ought never to be despised." Meanwhile Scott was reading widely, and what he read and wished to remember he never forgot. He gradually crept into a practice at the bar which yielded, on an average, some £200 a year.

When he was nineteen or twenty years old the young man had his first love affair. Its literary importance consists in the fact that it was the young lady's taste for literature that first inspired Scott to become an author. Her acceptance of a rival, Scott tells us, broke his heart, but broken as it was, it served him tolerably well for nearly forty years. His marriage to Miss Carpenter took place in 1797. Scott's heart had been caught on the rebound.

Walter Scott was thirty-one years old before he published anything of importance — an age which Keats and Shelley never reached, and which Byron exceeded by only one year and Burns by only six, when they had finished their immortal works and passed away. Scott's first serious venture as a poet was a thing of accident, arising from an act of benevolence. His old schoolfellow, James Ballantyne, was now publisher of a Kelso weekly newspaper. Merely to give employment to his friend's types during the interval of their ordinary use, Scott proposed to print a selection from the old ballads which for years he had been collecting on the borders. When the design was formed he began to arrange the ballads into book form. The Minstrelsy thus grew upon his hands, until at last it became such an assemblage of ballad literature, ancient and modern, as filled three octavo volumes. The first two volumes were given to the world in 1802, and were received with great delight. The first edition sold rapidly. On the publication of the second edition Scott received from Longman £500. Subsequently the sale extended to twenty thousand copies.

In literature, as a permanent means of income, Scott as yet had no hope or faith. "Let literature," he said, "be at the utmost a staff — not a crutch." "A prudent resolution," comments Mr. Hay. "A poet at that time was synonymous with beggary and starvation."

The Minstrelsy secured for Scott immense applause and a name and place in the world of letters. He was in no great hurry to follow up this success. It was three years before he took the field again, with "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," at the bidding of his friend, Lady Dalkeith. He began the poem, it is said, with no higher aim than to fulfil the commands of his female friend. "It was," says Scott, "to the best of my recollection, by way of experiment that I composed the first two or three stanzas of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' I was shortly afterward visited by two intimate friends (Jeffrey and Wordsworth). As neither of them said much to me on the subject of the stanzas I showed them, I had no doubt that their disgust was greater than good nature chose to express. Looking upon the work, therefore, as a failure, I threw the manuscript into the fire. Some time afterward I met one of my two counselors, who inquired with con-

siderable appearance of interest about the progress of the romance I had commenced, and was greatly surprised at hearing of its fate. He confessed that neither he nor his friend had been at first able to give a precise opinion of a poem so much out of the common road, but as they walked home together to the city they had talked much on the subject, and the result was an earnest desire that I should proceed with the composition. The poem, being once licensed by the critics as fit for the market, was soon finished," — all of which goes to show that writers should not be too modest in regarding their productions, or too much affected by the apparent condemnation of their friends.

Thus, in a happy hour, was the Goblin Ballad developed into a metrical romance, and ushered into the world, in 1805, as "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The unprecedented success of the poem determined the future course of Scott's life. From the moment of its publication the world was at his feet.

His next great poem was "Marmion." Probably this poem had never been written, had it not been to get the wherewithal to assist his brother Thomas in financial difficulties. It was composed in haste, and the manuscript was sent to the press long before the story was finished or the author had determined how the romance should be wound up. Indeed, nearly all Scott's works were sent forth to the world in this way. "I am very fortunate," said Sir Walter to a friend, "never knowing how I am to get to the end of my tale; so it is, therefore, no wonder if my readers afterward partake of the same perplexity."

Part of the poem was composed by Scott on horseback. "Oh, man," said he to a friend, "I had many a grand gallop among those braes when I was thinking of 'Marmion.'"

Scott's next step was to establish John Ballantyne as a publisher in opposition to Constable. John Murray, the famous publisher, hearing of Scott's repugnance to the *Edinburgh Review*, journeyed from London to Edinburgh to have a personal interview with Scott as to the possibility of starting another review as a counterblast to the *Edinburgh*. The result was the establishment of the *London Quarterly*, which owed its existence to Walter Scott more than to any other man. The *Quarterly* was a great success. The establishment of Ballantyne as a publisher was a blunder. Scott, unfortunately, became involved with Ballantyne, and Ballantyne with Constable, and the end of it was misery and financial ruin to all three.

"Carlyle," says Mr. Hay, "talks sneeringly of Scott's insane craze of writing merely to get gold to buy farms and upholstery. If that is true, we cannot as yet have reached that period of Scott's life. The Minstrelsy was published to assist an old school companion in business. 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' was written to oblige Lady Dalkeith. 'Marmion' was written to help his brother Thomas in financial difficulties; and 'Don Roderick' was written as an act of charity to assist the patriotic Portuguese. These poems, at least, were not written to buy farms and upholstery.'"

"The Lady of the Lake," unquestionably Scott's greatest poem, appeared in 1810, the purchase price paid by the publisher being £4,000, the highest price poet ever received — "just half-a-crown a line," says Byron scornfully.

As a poet Scott had now reached the zenith of his fame, and reigned supreme over a crowd of worshippers. His subsequent poems did not increase, but rather diminished, his reputation.

"Don Roderick" appeared in July, 1811. The first half of the poem, notwithstanding the difficulties of the Spenserian stanza, was composed in about a week.

"The Lord of the Isles," published in 1815, showed exhaustion in a sad degree. The comparative failure of this poem determined the author to lay aside the singing robe — the primitive music — and devote himself to prose. Paradoxical as it may sound, Scott the novelist vanquished Scott the poet. He silenced his own praise.

A fortunate day for Sir Walter and the world it was, when, opening an old drawer, in search of fishing-tackle, he discovered the condemned manuscript of "Waverley." For Scott it was the opening of a mine of wealth. The manuscript had been laid aside because of the harsh judgment of an incapable critic. "Remembering how Scott's friend predicted the failure of

'Waverley,' how Herder dissuaded Goethe against 'Faust,' how Hume tried to turn his friend Robertson from Charles V. as a subject for his pen, how Pope advised against the production of 'Cato,' how Addison deprecated a recast of 'The Rape of the Lock,'" says Mr. Hay, "let friends and carping critics be chary of their advice. Let authors not be discouraged by unfavorable criticism 'rashly to burn the children of their brain.' At least the manuscript will be useful in future years to mark the development and history of the author's mind."

The last two volumes of "Waverley" were written in three weeks. When the book was published Scott did not intend to own its authorship. "My chief reason is," he said, "that it would prevent me the pleasure of writing again. In truth, I am not sure it would be considered quite decorous for me, as a Clerk of Sessions, to write novels."

The success of "Waverley" was remarkable. "The secret spring of the great magician's power," says Mr. Hay, "was the realization, in all its depth and meaning, of the old Scotch proverb that 'Truth is stranger than fiction,' that 'There is no romance like the romance of real life.' Scott, accordingly, is but the inspired recorder of truth and history. He has ransacked the archives of ancient Scottish story, — its old ballad literature and black-letter lore, — and poured the quintessence of these moth-eaten, musty records upon his fascinating pages."

Constable and his house had considerable misgivings as to the publication of "Waverley." This has not been uncommon in the history of popular works. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Byron's "Childe Harold," Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" had to go the round of the trade before they were accepted. Doubtless many real masterpieces have been strangled in their effort to be born.

"Waverley" was published in July, 1814. No sooner was it launched than Scott started on a six weeks' yachting cruise, where it was impossible for him to hear of the success or failure of the novel. Scott enjoyed the cruise immensely and gathered materials which he worked up into "The Pirate." When he reached Edinburgh he found "Waverley" in a blaze of popularity. "I have seldom," he says, "felt more satisfaction than when, returning from a pleasant voyage, I found 'Waverley' in the zenith of popularity, and public curiosity in full cry after the name of the author. The knowledge that I had the public approbation was like having the property of a hidden treasure, and more gratifying to the owner than if all the world knew it was his own."

"Guy Mannering" was written in the depths of winter. All the scenes in it occur in the winter season, which gives it a semblance to truth. Scott, the great "lion," had several lion providers, among whom was one, Joseph Train by name, who communicated to him certain anecdotes, and the story of an astrologer which he had heard when a child, in the home of his grandfather, where he had drawn the first breath of mental life. This Scott worked up, in six weeks, into "Guy Mannering." The rapidity with which it was written is unparalleled in the annals of literary history. Lord Byron writing "The Corsair" in a fortnight is nothing to it.

"The Antiquary" was given to the world in May, 1816. This was Scott's own favorite novel.

The most powerful of all Scott's novels, "Old Mortality," was given to the world along with his weakest, "The Black Dwarf." At the suggestion of the subtle and crafty John Ballantyne, a man of expediency, who well knew how to play off one publisher against another, it was published by John Murray, in conjunction with his Edinburgh agent, Blackwood. Scott fancied that Ballantyne was of service to him in arranging terms with publishers, who have the name of driving hard bargains with impecunious authors. "Barabbas," said Lord Byron, "was a publisher." Scott might say of Ballantyne what Johnson said of Miller, the celebrated London bookseller and publisher: "Sir, I like Miller, he has raised the price of literature." Still, as the sequel showed, it had been better for Scott to have left Ballantyne to his own resources and confided himself entirely to the honor of

his publishers. In Scott's dark days of financial difficulty, John Murray, whom Byron called "the most timorous of all God's booksellers," did one of the noblest and most generous actions ever recorded of any publisher. Scott having desired Murray to sell his share of the copyright of "Marmion," he generously replied: "So highly do I estimate the honor of being even in so small a degree the publisher of the author of the poem, that no pecuniary consideration whatever can induce me to part with it. But there is a consideration of another kind which would make it painful to me if I were to retain it a minute longer — I mean the knowledge of its being required by the author, into whose hands it was spontaneously resigned in the same instant that I read his request."

Murray sent the manuscript of "Old Mortality" and "The Black Dwarf" to be read by Gifford, of the *Quarterly*, who suggested to Blackwood that the latter part of "The Black Dwarf" should be altered. Blackwood not merely recommended this alteration to Scott, but proposed another way in which he thought the story should terminate. Scott suspected the source from which this suggestion had originated. He was indignant, and wrote: "Confound his impudence, tell him I belong to the Black Hussars of literature, who neither give nor take criticism." Instantly the tales were published without further preliminary criticism or alteration. "Gifford, however," says Mr. Hay, "was right. 'The Dwarf' begins delightfully, but ends badly. 'Old Mortality,' on the other hand, instantly won a place in the foremost ranks of Scott's noblest works."

The subject of "Old Mortality" did not originate with Scott himself. It was suggested to him by Joseph Train. On one occasion in Scott's study, observing a portrait of Claverhouse, "Might he not," said Train, "be made in good hands the hero of a national romance as interesting as any about either Wallace or Prince Charlie?" "He might," said Scott, "but your Western Zealots would require to be faithfully portrayed in order to bring him out with the right effect." "And what," resumed Train, "if the story were to be delivered as if from the mouth of Old Mortality? would he not do as well as the Minstrel did in the 'Lay'?" This is the history of the origin of "Old Mortality."

Scott selected the subject simply because of its historic interest and the opportunity it gave him of exercising his favorite powers. Following his usual custom, he began "Old Mortality" with little definite plan or purpose. He used to say: "It is no use having a plot, you cannot keep to it."

"Rob Roy" apppeared on New Year's Day, 1818, and received a brilliant reception. In the first flush of enthusiasm ten thousand copies went off, and three thousand more were called for within a fortnight. Along with the last proof-sheet of manuscript sent to Ballantyne, Scott added: "With great joy, I sent you Roy. 'Twas a tough job, But we're done with Rob." The writing of "Rob" had truly been a tough job for Scott, who throughout had suffered intense agony from acute cramp, followed by the lassitude of opium.

The title of "Rob Roy" was given to the novel at the suggestion of Constable, the publisher, at a dinner party at Abbotsford. At first Scott was unwilling to accept the title. "What," he said to Constable, "Mr. Accoucheur, must you be setting up for Mr. Sponsor, too? But let's hear it." Constable said the name of the real hero would be the best possible name for the book. "Nay," answered Scott; "never let me have to write up to a name. You know I have generally adopted a title that told." The publisher, however, persevered, and after a time Scott's objections were overcome.

"The Heart of Midlothian" was published in June, 1818, and was received with unbounded enthusiasm. The composition of the group of novels including "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Rob Roy," "Old Mortality," and "The Heart of Midlothian" occupied the mornings of Scott's happiest days, between the ages of forty-three and forty-eight.

Lockhart fixes the publication of "The Heart of Midlothian" as the climax of Scott's career. "I am not so sure of that," says Mr. Hay. "No doubt at this time he was realizing from his writings £10,000 a year, but his expendi-

ture was in proportion, and compelled him to keep constantly at work. I should prefer to fix the best and most joyful period of his life a little later, when his health had been re-established, when 'Ivanhoe' had been written, when King George had been welcomed to Scotland and the baronetcy had been accepted."

The fine old English romance of "Ivanhoe" appeared in December, 1819. Scott was then in the gloom of solitude, under a deep cloud of affliction. Writing, in 1826, of having seen in Paris a theatrical version of "Ivanhoe," in which the story was sadly mangled, he says: "It was strange to hear anything like the words which in agony of pain I dictated to William Laidlaw at Abbotsford now recited in a foreign tongue and for the amusement of a strange people. I little thought to have survived the completing of this novel."

"The Abbot" and the other novels that followed "Ivanhoe" were welcomed with less enthusiasm of delight. "The Abbot" appeared in September, 1820. Constable was not satisfied with the title and suggested "The Nunnery" instead. Scott, however, stuck to his "Abbot." "Constable grumbled," says Lockhart, "but was soothed by the author's reception of his request that Queen Elizabeth might be brought into the field in his next romance as a companion to the Mary Stuart of 'The Abbot.' He also indulged Constable so far as to accept the title of 'Kenilworth' for that romance. John Ballantyne objected to this title, and told Constable that the result would be something worthy of the kennel. John was mistaken, and Constable had every reason to be satisfied with the result."

The dream of Scott's life was to be a laird, and the dream was realized by his ownership of Abbotsford. Abbotsford was the first great estate won by the pen of an author. On one occasion, when a friend remarked that for a certain tract of land he had paid an exorbitant price, Scott shrugged his shoulders and replied good-naturedly: "Well, well, it is to me only the scribbling of another volume of nonsense."

Scott removed to Abbotsford in the spring of 1812. His habits there were simple and rustic. He did not sit late into the night, but rose at five, and at six o'clock was seated at his desk, all his papers ranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshaled around him on the floor. At nine, when the family assembled for breakfast, he would enter the room rubbing his hands with glee, for, as he said himself, "he had done enough to break the neck of the day's work." After breakfast, Scott retired for a couple of hours more to his literary work and correspondence, it being an inflexible rule with him to answer all letters that required answering the day they were received.

At noon he was, as he used to say, "his own man." When the day was wet and stormy, he retired to his study and did double work, so that he might have a reserve fund from which to draw when the weather was bright and sunny. He was thus enabled now and again to place himself at the disposal of his guests for an entire day.

In the autumn of 1818 Scott accepted the proffer of a baronetcy. At this time, when Scott was in the zenith of his fame, realizing from his works £10,000 a year, caressed by princes, nobles, and men of letters, he was stricken by disease, assailed by cramps, and his hair became white as snow.

The year 1824 was a busy and eventful one to the Laird of Abbotsford. This year "Redgauntlet" was sent forth to the world. Meanwhile Sir Walter's literary labors and social functions at Abbotsford went on as usual. In 1825 he began his great "Life of Napoleon." This year Constable, the "Napoleon of the realms of print," inaugurated a grand scheme of revolution in the art and traffic of publishing. His idea was to bring out a half-crown volume every month, which, as he said, "must and shall sell, not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands—ay, by millions, twelve volumes a year, so good that millions must wish to have them and so cheap that every butcher's callant may have them if he pleases to let me tax him sixpence a week." Constable not only solicited, but obtained Scott's support: it was agreed that the first series of cheap volumes, not for the classes, but for the masses, should be the "Waverley Novels."

The half-open secret of the authorship of

the "Waverley" novels, by the way, Scott revealed without reserve to Moore when the latter was visiting Abbotsford in the autumn of 1825, adding, "Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life." At this time, the sale of Scott's novels had fallen off, but he did not know it, and to him everything seemed prosperous. Two months had not passed when, one morning, January 17, 1826, Skene entered the study of Scott, who rose from his writing table, and holding out his hand, said: "Skene, this is the hand of a beggar; Constable has failed, and I am ruined *de fond en comble.*"

Mr. Hay goes in detail into the story of Scott's bankruptcy, and his relations with the unlucky publishing enterprise. He criticises Lockhart severely for his version of the story, and asserts that Scott himself was largely to blame for the failure of the firm in which he had an interest. "To Scott," he says, "entirely must be ascribed the *blame* of the embarrassment that overtook the publishing house, and to him alone must be ascribed the *praise* of ultimately winding up the business with a surplus of a thousand pounds." In defending the Ballantyne brothers, Mr. Hay suggests that James Ballantyne stood in a closer and more delicate relation to Scott than that of a mere printer. "Hitherto," he says, "it has been a problem how Scott, with his official duties and his social functions, could write on an average, year after year, sixteen pages per day of print, historical or fictitious, with the research which that implies. Goethe's opinion was that Scott 'sketched and touched up, and left it to inferior hands to compose the bulk of his works.' I cannot endorse that opinion, because the novels seem to be woven of a piece. I believe, however, that James Ballantyne, a man of consummate taste and literary ability, *corrected and polished the Waverley manuscripts*, which Scott, who at his best was never immaculate in style, wrote at a whirlwind pace. Probably the world will never know how much indebted Walter Scott was to James Ballantyne."

Constable had certainly been generous in dealing with Scott. He paid a thousand guineas for "Marmion" and £1500 for the "Life of Swift." Later he bought half the right in "The Lord of the Isles" for £1500. Scott received the money before he had written any part of what was sold. Longman bought "Guy Mannering" for £1500. At one time Scott had received from Constable between £20,000 and £30,000 as the price of four novels, not one line of which was written or even their names conceived.

Scott's bravery when he realized his bankruptcy was heroic. "My own right hand," said he, "shall pay the debt." Thereupon he set to work, with an energy unparalleled in the history of literature, to spin out of his brain the wherewithal to pay every man his own, and that with usury. This gigantic task he had all but accomplished when death intervened, and the pen dropped from his paralyzed fingers.

In the midst of a gay dinner party at Abbotsford, in the spring of 1818, Scott was seized with a sudden illness. The disorder was a violent attack of cramp in the right side, accompanied with frightful pain, which compelled him to retire to his bedchamber. A few days' quiet and caution in order to prevent inflammatory symptoms, and he was himself again, and was soon able to proceed to his official duties in Edinburgh. It is doubtful, however, if he ever became so strong as he had been.

It is marvelous that, during his severe conflict with illness, he scarcely for one day relinquished his literary labors. His hair, however, became white as snow, his cheek faded, and the days of the Last Minstrel seemed to have come.

In 1819, during the composition of "Ivanhoe," Scott again suffered intense anguish from cramp. In his paroxysms, when his groans of agony would fill every pause, his affectionate amanuensis, Laidlaw, would beseech him to cease from his labors. "Nay, Willie," he answered, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as for giving over, that would only be when I am in woolen."

Coleridge says that there are exaggerations in "Ivanhoe" not to be found in any other of Scott's stories. Perhaps the cause of this lay in the disease from which he was suffering, and partly in the enormous quantity of laudanum he was compelled to swallow to relieve it. Scott, it will be remembered, when he recov-

ered, had no recollection of having written the novel.

"From this time forward," says Ruskin, "the brightness of joy and sincerity of inevitable humor which perfected the imagery of the early novels are wholly absent, except in two short intervals of health, unaccountably restored, in which he wrote 'Redgauntlet' and 'Nigel.'"

In the midst of his literary labors in 1823, when "Peveril" was receiving his finishing touches, Scott was arrested in his work by a slight apoplectic shock. From 1826 to the year of his death, records of his existence are only the records of one long martyrdom. Hitherto it had been his practice to lay aside the pen at one o'clock in the day. Now he worked all day, rising early and sitting late, and not unfrequently depriving himself of outdoor exercise altogether. In 1827 he was attacked with rheumatism in his right hand. The year following, 1828, when he was working on "The Fair Maid of Perth," he was subject to hallucination. At the time when Scott manifested hallucination of brain and aberration of memory he was only fifty-eight years of age. There cannot be the shadow of a doubt that at this time with Scott brain disease had begun. In spite of these warnings, he labored on, and strained the machinery as if it were labor-proof. There is nothing more tragic in the story of literature than Sir Walter's struggle to dig in the mine of his imagination to find diamonds, or what might, as he said, "sell for such, to make good his engagements." Physicians and friends beseeched him to suspend his labors, but they pleaded in vain. The task-work he would perform. It was a fatal error.

His life was now one of sheer labor. He rowed harder against the stream than he had ever rowed with it. He labored harder for his creditors than he had ever labored for himself. Greatly against the wishes of his publishers, Scott commenced a new novel, "Count Robert of Paris." Laidlaw was amanuensis, and a more difficult or delicate task never devolved upon any friend. He could not write to Scott's dictation without the sad conviction that the "giant intellect which he had worshipped for thirty years was daily losing its power. At times Sir Walter would pause in his dictation and look dazed, as if awakening out of a dream, or as a man mocked with shadows. Then, by a strong exertion of will power, he would begin again, and the stream would flow clear and free, but not for long."

It sounds like a fairy tale that Sir Walter by his pen should for five years have been reducing his liabilities at the rate of £12,500 per annum. He had need of encouragement, for he could not conceal from himself that his health was rapidly breaking. He died September 21, 1832.

Scott, like Carlyle, speaks rather slightingly of poetry as a profession. "Poetry," he says, "is good as an amusement, but deplorable as a profession." Yet, for his poetry Scott obtained, not merely the plaudits of the world, but heaps of gold. He received two thousand guineas for "The Lady of the Lake." Milton received ten pounds for the two editions which he lived to see of his "Paradise Lost."

Scott's best things were dashed off at a heat. He had not the calm and cumulative workmanship of Pope. "whose first work in life," as Johnson says, "was making verses, and his last correcting them." "I never could," he said, "in my life prepare the plot of a story beforehand. One page, or I should say, one line, suggests another, and, on coming to a standstill, as occasionally happens, I very coolly throw it aside and take to something else till there begins a new tide of thought." This was the plan on which all his novels were written. "Shakespeare," says Carlyle, "we may fancy wrote with rapidity, but not till he had thought with intensity. "Precisely," says Mr. Hay, "and Scott had been studying ballad literature for many years before his first great work. He was thirty-four years of age when he published 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' He had also been busily engaged in historical research for well-nigh a quarter of a century before he wrote the first of his great prose romances. He was forty-three when 'Waverley' was given to the world. The haste of his novels was but the emptying of his oldest and richest repositories — not the haste of one who loads his wagon with goods in one street to catch the market in another."

BOSTON, Mass. *Arthur Fosdick.*

# THE WRITER.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

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How many magazine readers have noticed the resemblance between the story, "The Compliments of the Chief," by J. Lincoln Steffens, in *Ainslee's Magazine* for July, and the story, "In the Matter of 'His Nibs,'" by Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton, in *McClure's Magazine* for August? Each story tells how the chief of police of New York recovered a stolen watch through the agency of the thieves with whom the detectives keep in touch. There is, of course, no suspicion of plagiarism, but the similarity of the two stories is remarkable. The story in *Ainslee's* is the better told of the two, although it took only one man to write it.

***

The need of care in writing is illustrated by the following personal item, printed in a country paper: —

> Those who know old Mr. Wilson, of this place, personally will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a brutal manner last week, but was not killed.

***

In making manuscript "then" and "there" and "when" and "where" should be written so plainly that they cannot be misread. If this were always done, the number of misprints would be considerably reduced.

***

The *Bookman* expresses the opinion that now that the historical novel has about run its course for the time being, the next two or three years will witness the vogue of the religious novel. Nevertheless, suicide is wrong.

***

Careful readers of Herbert Spencer's essay on "The Philosophy of Style," which was printed in the August number of THE WRITER, will notice a number of lapses from what rhetoricians call good English. There are several split infinitives — "to so present ideas," "to rightly connect them," "to duly enforce," and (worst of all) "to first imperfectly conceive," for instance. "Entail" is used twice in a way that would make Adams Sherman Hill, of Harvard, shudder. "A less liability" and "it needs only to remark" are phrases that are awkward, to say the least, and Mr. Spencer is absolutely ungrammatical when he writes: "Having been accustomed to meet them in the most powerful writing, they come to have in themselves a species of force." Some of these slips, but not all, have been corrected in the latest edition of the essay. In this edition also Mr. Spencer has made changes from the original version, in the way of revision, which are

generally in line with the principles laid down in the essay, and which really illustrate its rules. A careful comparison of the original version of the paper as it is printed in the August WRITER and the latest edition of it will well repay any student of the English language. W. H. H.

## "NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

| | |
|---|---|
| The real facts. — *Boston Herald.* | The facts. |
| The actual facts. — *New York Tribune.* | The facts. |
| That his points against the evils of imperialism made a deep impression was evidenced by the continued cheering with which his words were greeted. — *New York Journal.* | That his points against the evils of imperialism made a deep impression was shown by the continued cheering with which his words were greeted. |
| This said to be cause of him coming to terms with the Carnegies. — *New York Journal headline.* | This said to be cause of his coming to terms with the Carnegies. |
| Gov. Allen says they have a virus farm in Porto Rico where they have forty cows which produce the sure preventative. — *Lowell Citizen.* | Gov. Allen says they have a virus farm in Porto Rico where they have forty cows which produce the sure preventive. |

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Addie S. Collom, whose poem, "A Dream Song," in the *Woman's Home Companion* for May, has been widely copied, is a Philadelphian, and can claim a book-loving ancestry, though not a literary one. All her life she has been a bookworm and more or less of a scribbler, but she did not essay literary creation in a public way until about three years ago, when she secured the highest award for her verse in a prize contest conducted by the *Philadelphia Press.* This was followed by other successes in newspaper and magazine prize competition. Miss Collom then began to write systematically, and her verses have since been accepted and published by *Life*, *Truth*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Round Table*, *What to Eat*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, and quite a number of minor magazines. For some months she was a regular contributor to the *Youth's Companion* Puzzle Department, and she has had similar work accepted by *St. Nicholas* and *What to Eat.* A farce, the only prose she has submitted, was accepted and published by the *Penny Magazine*, about a year ago.

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John Luther Long, who has a 20.000-word story, "The Prince of Illusion," in the *Century* for September, is a Philadelphia lawyer. He was born at Hanover, Penn., and is a graduate of Lafayette College at Easton. His first writing was done when he was a boy, for local newspapers, and included both prose and poetry. His first work of consequence was a Japanese story entitled "Kito," which was published in an Episcopal monthly called the *Church Magazine* under the pseudonym "Wayne Eden Garnett." The residence of Mr. Long's family in Japan for more than twenty years has naturally affected — it may be said, directed — his literary work. His first novel, "Miss Cherry-Blossom of Tokio," was successful, but he did not really win fame until the Japanese story, "Madame Butterfly," was published in the *Century.* Mr. Long followed this story with several others, also dealing with Japanese life, and he also published a character sketch of the Pennsylvania Dutch, entitled "Ein Nix Nutz." The Japanese stories have been published in a volume entitled "Madame Butterfly," and the title story has been dramatized.

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Duane Mowry, who has an article on "The Milwaukee School System" in the September issue of the *Educational Review*, lives in Milwaukee. The article in question, which takes radical ground in favor of the democracy of our common school system, has provoked wide spread comment and discussion. Mr. Mowry was for some years a teacher, and is now a practicing attorney. His tastes are decidedly literary, and he is now president of the Literary Association of Wisconsin, a notice of which appeared in the columns of THE WRITER last year. He also finds time to edit a monthly sheet for the association, giving considerable valuable information to literary workers, especially of the non-professional class. Mr. Mowry is a frequent contributor to the magazines and newspapers, usually dealing

with questions of a thoughtful nature, social, political, and economical.

Charles Warren, author of the story, "A Daughter of the State," in *Scribner's Magazine* for September, is a Boston lawyer who lives in Dedham, Mass. He was born in Boston in 1868, and graduated from Harvard College in 1889. Afterward he attended the Harvard law school, and was admitted to the bar in 1892. He was private secretary to Governor Russell during the governor's third term, and his experiences then have furnished him with a good deal of material that he has since used in short stories. Besides magazine stories, he has written many political and legal papers, and also light verse. Scribner's Sons announce a book of his stories, entitled "The Girl and the Governor."

Onoto Watanna, who contributes a graceful romance of Japan to the *Woman's Home Companion* for September, is a Japanese girl who came to this country from Tokio three years ago. She is now connected with *Munsey's Magazine*. She writes very rapidly, too rapidly, in fact. A story of 3,000 words is with her the work of half a day, and her 60,000 word novel, "Miss Numé of Japan," was written in a week. Her first book, "Okikusan," has never been published. "Miss Numé of Japan" is now in its third edition, and another book, "The Old Jinrikisha," will be published soon.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Grant.** — Unlike most writers, Robert Grant cares so little for his environment when writing that he can sit down at a table in the public library and write a chapter or a part of a chapter of one of his books, heedless of all that is going on around him. Given a pencil and a pad of paper, and he is indifferent to his surroundings when he is in the mood for writing. — *Leslie's Weekly.*

**Pain.** — I wish to inform editors, publishers, and all others whom it may concern, that my price for the best prose will be raised threehalfpence the pound on September 1 next, and that a considerable further advance may be expected during the course of the winter.

Those who have warehouse space at their disposal will effect a considerable saving by sending in their orders now. I have made no actual advance in poetry at present, but I have completely abolished the "long pull," and, after this date, no set of verse supplied from my factory will run to more than two-thirds of the galley slip. It is expected that if the winter is particularly severe, prices for poetry will be increased one shilling the dress length before February. I am sorry to have to say this, and I know it will cause a good deal of misery; but we are all the slaves of economic laws, myself included. — *Barry Pain, in Black and White.*

**Thackeray.**— Thackeray was absolutely without affectation or false pride of any kind. He did not mind speaking of himself, and in answer to my inquiries (after a conversation which had lasted some time) as to whether the success of "Vanity Fair" had taken him at all by surprise, he said: "Very much so. And not myself alone," he added. "When a little time before I had asked for permission to republish some tales from *Fraser's Magazine* it was given to me with a smile — almost an ironical one — as much as to say, 'Much good may you get out of them.' They bring me in three hundred a year now."

"Twelve-and-sixpence a page," he said, was all he got for his contributions to the magazine, and he expressed a hope that writing was better paid now than it was in his young days.— *From "Personal Recollections," by H. Sutherland Edwards.*

**Verne.** — Jules Verne, the popular French writer, lives in retirement at Amiens. He devotes nearly all his time to writing his thrilling romances, but also takes an interest in the public life of the town. He is town councilor and a leading citizen. Jules Verne, with his careful dress and dignified manner, gives one the impression of a conservative French country gentleman.

"You must feel a natural pride that so many of your predictions have been realized," said a recent visitor to the aged author of "Round the World in Eighty Days." "Take the submarine boats that are now the pride of the French navy. When we first read 'Twenty

Thousand Leagues Under the Sea' it was the wildest kind of romance."

"I should say so!" interjected Mme. Verne.

"Tut, tut!" replied the prophet, "they are coincidences, due to the fact that even when inventing scientific prodigies I always have tried to make things appear as true and simple as possible. All my life I have been a great note-taker and subscriber to newspapers, magazines, reviews, and scientific reports. These notes I always have classified and kept."

"Do you find that you get hints for stories in these technical publications?"

"Certainly. My story of 'L'Ile à Helice' ('The Screw Island') was suggested by a paragraph in an American Sunday paper. 'Round the World in Eighty Days' was the result of reading a tourist advertisement in an English paper."

"And if you don't mind telling me how you work, M. Verne," I suggested.

"I can't see how it should interest any one," he answered, "but if you will follow me, I will show you my workroom."

It was a small, plain bedroom, furnished with a couch, three tables, a large chair, and an electric reading lamp. One picture, a valuable Corot, hung above the couch. I had already been shown the spacious library, lined from ceiling to floor on every side with volumes. It appears that Jules Verne works best in a small, bare room. "Here," he said, "I work from five o'clock in the morning till nearly noon, when I take lunch, and my day's work is finished. I must admit I do a great deal of my work proof in hand, thanks to the kindness of my publisher, who gives to me unlimited revises. As I get up early, so I go early to bed. At 9 P. M. I am asleep."

"Do you always know how your stories are going to turn out?"

"Always," replied the methodical writer. "I begin with a rough draft, which states what the story is to be. That is to say, I always know what is to be its beginning, its middle, and its end. And I usually have two or three stories under way at the same time. If I find myself getting tired of one, I switch on to the other. This I deem a valuable plan for any writer who would produce his maximum. In this way I am always ahead of my contracts, sometimes as much as two years. And I always produce two novels a year. I have five manuscripts now almost completed. When I have made my preliminary draft I draw up a plan of chapters, naming them, and then begin the first rough copy in pencil. When the whole is finished I rewrite it in ink; but what I consider the real work begins with the first revise of the proof. Somehow I cannot get a grip of my subject until I see it in print." — *Edinburgh Scotsman.*

**Voynich.** — "When I first conceived the plot of 'The Gadfly,'" says Mrs. Voynich, "it was to be a drama. I was ambitious to write a drama as a literary production, but I felt that I was entirely ignorant of the many technicalities necessary to do well anything for the stage. Yet, when I came to write it, it grew to be the novel. Many persons fancy that 'The Gadfly' is founded on incidents taken from my husband's life. They are utterly mistaken. There is absolutely no connection between him and that book, both the character and plot of which are purely fictitious. Although my husband has located permanently in England, he is not and never has been a Siberian exile."

**Weyman.** — Stanley J. Weyman is sticking determinedly to the rule of "one book a year" that he set for himself in the beginning. When he came out of Oxford he "tutored" a little, and then, like Anthony Hope, went in for the law, but, still like Mr. Hope and a good many other literary people, the acceptance of a short story of his set him off on a career with the pen. He had written some witty sketches for the *St. James's Gazette*, and its editor sent him to write a newspaper "story" of Prince Leopold's wedding. Weyman saw the wedding and wrote the article, but the paper evidently didn't like it and it was "killed." That ended Weyman's newspaper career. James Payn, who had already "discovered" F. Anstey and Barry Pain, pitched upon Weyman as a man of talents in the line of the short story, and published a great deal of his work in *Cornhill.* This encouraged the young author to try his hand on a novel, but he missed inspiration, somehow, the manuscript was returned to him twice, and he destroyed it. Some

of the material in that story, however, the writer used in his later book, "The New Rector." One fine day Weyman stumbled across Baird's "Rise of the Huguenots," got absorbed in it, and when he had finished the last page began making it over into fiction, and called his work "The House of the Wolf." It succeeded. "Francis Cludde" followed, and then came "The New Rector," but it was reserved for "A Gentleman of France" to win for him the position which he has declined so firmly to imperil.—*London Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE DOMESTIC BLUNDERS OF WOMEN. By "A Mere Man." Illustrated. 198 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1900.

The rash assertion that a man can run a house better than any woman can is boldly supported by the author of this book, who has no fear of woman's revenge to rob him of his sleep, because, forsooth, he is anonymous The successive chapters of his diatribe show up the alleged mismanagement by women of all household affairs, from buying beefsteak to bringing up babies, from handling household finances to dealing with dressmakers and servants. A natural sequel will be a corresponding volume by "A Mere Woman," showing up the manifold weaknesses and delinquencies of men.

OUTSIDE THE RADIUS. By W. Pett Ridge. 325 pp. Cloth $1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1900.

The fifteen stories that make up "Outside the Radius" all relate to an imaginary London suburb, called the Crescent, "where the tramlines from London, declaring they can go no farther for threepence, finish quietly." The stories are all understood to be told by a resident of the district, who hears through a garrulous housekeeper everything that is going on in the neighborhood, and who relates the interesting tales that have come to him in the way of gossip. The author's work has been cleverly done, and most of the stories are better than the average of short stories generally. Perhaps the best piece of work in the collection is "The Young Ambassador," which bids defiance to the existing prejudice of editors against stories with pathetic endings.

TRUE STORIES OF HEROIC LIVES. 320 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1899.

Thirty-nine true stories of the courage and devotion of noted men and women of the nineteenth century are told by various authors in this attractive volume. They are mainly written by personal acquaintances of the celebrities and eye-witnesses of their deeds of daring and self-sacrificing devotion to duty. The book is an inspiring one, and just the thing to place in the hands of American boys and girls. No one can read it without a feeling of enthusiasm.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS, AND OTHER STORIES. By William Curtis Stiles. 246 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Chicago: Advance Publishing Company. 1899.

The three short stories which are put together in this volume have been printed in the *Advance* as serials, and have been received with much favor. Without being obtrusively didactic, they emphasize various religious truths, and in their new form they will no doubt exert a useful moral influence.

RHYMES AND JINGLES. By Marjorie Dawson. 32 pp. Large quarto. Paper. New York: Wright & Co. 1899.

"Rhymes and Jingles" contains a dozen musical settings by Marjorie Dawson of rhymes for children—such as "Little Boy Blue" and "The House That Jack Built"—with illustrations for each drawn by Julia Kyle Hildreth. The illustrations are particularly good. The book inevitably suggests the Christmas tree.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. No. 336.—Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. No 337.—Milton's Earlier Poems. No. 338.—King Lear. No. 339.—King Richard II. No. 340.—The Tempest. No. 341.—Poems by John Dryden. No. 342.—Areopagitica, etc., by John Milton. No. 343.—A Defence of Poesie, by Sir Philip Sidney No. 344—Rosalind, by Thomas Lodge. No. 345.—Swift's Battle of the Books No. 346. Undine and the Two Captains, by De La Motte Fouqué. No. 347.—Johnson's Rasselas. No. 348.—Romeo and Juliet No. 349.—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. No. 350.—Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors. No. 351.—King Richard III. No. 352.—Southey's Life of Nelson. No. 353.—The Taming of the Shrew. No. 354.—Nature and Art, by Mrs. Inchbald. No. 355.—All's Well That Ends Well. No. 356.—The Schoolmaster, by Roger Ascham. No. 357.—Shakespeare's Pericles. No. 358.—Keats's Endymion. No. 359.—The Complete Angler, by Isaac Walton. No. 360.—Lives of Alexander and Caesar, by Plutarch. No 361.—Voyages and Travels, by Sir J. Maundeville. No. 362.—The Wisdom of the Ancients and The New Atlantis, by Francis Bacon. No. 363.—Thoughts on the Present Discontents, by Edmund Burke. No 364.—Voyager's Tales, by Richard Hakluyt. No. 365.—Essays, by Abraham Cowley. No 366.—The Sublime and Beautiful, by Edmund Burke. No 367.—The Cricket on the Hearth, by Charles Dickens. No. 368—The Earl of Chatham, by Lord Macaulay. No. 369.—Isaac Bickerstaff, by Steele. No. 370.—The Diary of Samuel Pepys (1660–1661). Paper, 10 cents each. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited 1900.

The publishers of Cassell's National Library are making it possible for everyone to own the masterpieces of literature, by issuing these handy volumes at a price that puts them within the reach of all. The books are well printed with good type on good paper, and they are of convenient pocket size.

ALICE AND TOM; OR, THE RECORD OF A HAPPY YEAR. By Kate Louise Brown. 212 pp. Cloth. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1899.

Written in simple style, suited to the comprehension of a child, the story of Alice and Tom

teaches many nature lessons, so that it is instructive as well as entertaining. Two chapters, for instance, are devoted to the horse-chestnut. One is headed, "What a Seed Can Tell," and another, "How the Plant Grew." Such a book, directing the child reader unconsciously to a study of the life about him, will develop his practical side as his imagination is developed by a book of fairy tales.

THAT DUEL AT THE CHATEAU MARSANAC. By Walter Pulitzer. Illustrated. 120 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1899.

The duel described by Mr. Pulitzer in this entertaining little story is fought out at the chessboard, and not with swords or pistols. The prize of victory is the favor of a fair German countess, who finds before the contest of skill is over that she does not regard the contestants as impartially as she had thought, and who interferes with the game in a way that brings on a dramatic denouement.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

NATURAL HEALTH EXERCISES WITHOUT APPARATUS. With 24 half-tone pictures. 47 pp. Paper. 10 cents. New York: Natural Health Exercise Company. 1900.

THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL. By C. 3. 3. 44 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Benj. R. Tucker. 1899.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME, AND OTHER POEMS. By Herman Bernstein. 94 pp. Cloth, $1.00 New York: F. Tennyson Neely. 1899.

A HARP OF MANY CHORDS. By Mary F. Nixon. 232 pp. Cloth, $1.00. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1899.

NATHAN HALE, THE MARTYR SPY. By Charles W. Brown. 149 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1899.

HASTA LUEGO, AMIGO MIO and OUT OF THE SILENT FOREVER. By Marguerite Zearing. 38 pp. Cloth. Denver: W. H. Kistler & Co. 1898.

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

A PERSONAL RETROSPECT OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. W. D. Howells. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for September.

JAMES MARTINEAU. Charles C. Everett. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

THE PRESS AND FOREIGN NEWS. Rollo Ogden. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

THE CONDUCT OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES. Contributors' Club. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

GERHART HAUPTMANN. Margarethe Müller. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

R. H. STODDARD AT SEVENTY-FIVE. With frontispiece portrait. J. B. Gilder. *Critic* (23 c.) for September.

OMAR KHAYYAM AS A BORE. Andrew Lang. *Critic* (23 c.) for September.

COLORED PICTURES IN AMERICAN PERIODICALS. James C. Carrington. *Critic* (23 c.) for September.

BOOKMAKING IN THE WEST. Delia T. Davis. *Critic* (23 c.) for September.

RICHARD HOLT HUTTON. Alfred Church. *Critic* (23 c.) for September.

PLAGIARISM — REAL AND APPARENT. Bunford Samuel. *Bookman* (23 c.) for September.

TWO WOMEN NOVELISTS OF THE DAY (John Oliver Hobbes and Mary Cholmondeley). J. E. Hodder-Williams. *Bookman* (23 c.) for September.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. Eugene Limedorfer. *Bookman* (23 c.) for September.

FREDERICK HARRISON'S NEW ESSAYS. Professor W. P. Trent. *Forum* (38 c.) for September.

THE DREAM CHILDREN OF CHARLES LAMB. With portraits of Charles and Mary Lamb. *Delineator* (13 c.) for September.

YOUNG AMERICA AT THE GATES OF LITERATURE. Professor Henry S. Pancoast. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for September.

A DEFENSE OF PLAGIARISM. *Ainslee's Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

MARK TWAIN ON THE LECTURE PLATFORM. With frontispiece portrait. Will M Clemens. *Ainslee's Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

SOME GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS. (Methods of Authors.) Caroline A. Creevey. With drawings by F. G. Attwood. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for August.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

The Library of Congress has issued valuable reference lists of books and magazine articles relating to Cuba and to Hawaii.

The *Bookman* next year will print a series of ten articles on the great newspapers of the United States.

The Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, announces a volume of verse entitled "Yawps and Other Things," by William J. Lampton, which contains Mr. Lampton's latest and best work.

The publisher of *Cram's Magazine* makes the following announcement: "Owing to the great pressure on our pages and the very considerable amount of manuscripts already on hand, the editors prefer to personally solicit such articles as may be needed for future use, rather than to depend on volunteer effort. When, however an article seems to its author to be especially adapted to the purposes of this magazine, it should be sent, with postage for its return, addressed as follows: Literary Editor, *Cram's Magazine*, Lanier Heights, Washington, D. C."

The *Literary Collector*, a new monthly journal to be devoted to the interests of collectors of books, autographs, and other historical and literary items, will make its appearance in New York in October. George D. Smith, 4 East Forty-second street, will be the publisher.

The *Optimist* is a new magazinelet, published by H. S. Kneedler at Boone, Ia., the September number being Volume 1, Number 1.

The *Nursery* (New York) is a new magazine "started to promote the physical interests of the American baby."

William L. Stone and William Abbatt expect to begin the issue of the new series of the *Magazine of American History* on or before January 1, 1901. In size and character it will be the same as the original publication, which Mrs. Martha J. Lamb made so valuable a repository of American History.

The *Leaven*, published at Northfield, Minn., is a monthly modeled somewhat upon the lines of the *Philistine*.

William S. Lord, of Evanston, Ill., will issue early in September the first (October) number of a new periodical, to be called *Noon*, which will appear monthly. Each number will be complete in itself and will contain several poems, classified under one general head. These will be "famous" poems — old favorites that have stood the test of time.

*Book Notes*, published by the Siegel-Cooper Company, New York, will double its size with the September number, and will hereafter be called the *Book World*. Madison C. Peters will be the editor.

The magazine *Little Men and Women in Babyland*, published recently at Troy, N. Y., has been incorporated with *Little Folks*, published by S. E. Cassino, Salem, Mass., and edited by Charles Stuart Pratt and Ella Farman Pratt, Warner, N. H., to whom manuscripts should be addressed.

The *Home Queen* (Philadelphia) has been sold and removed to Waterville, Me.

*Personal Impressions* (San Francisco) will change its name to *Impressions* with the September number.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* (San Francisco) has changed its name to the *Philosophical Journal*.

The *Church News* (Washington) has changed its name to the *New Century and Church News*.

*Good Housekeeping* (Springfield, Mass.) has been sold to the Phelps Publishing Company. It is the intention of the Phelps Company to issue the magazine not alone from Springfield, but from its offices in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Montreal as well. James E. Tower will be the managing editor.

*Leslie's Weekly* (New York) offers a weekly prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received during the week. One dollar will be paid for each photograph that does not win a prize, but is available for use. In addition, special prizes are offered for photographs of specified subjects.

*Brush and Pencil* (Chicago) seems to improve with every issue. The July number is particularly interesting.

In the series of "Stories of Authors' Loves" Clara E. Laughlin has an interesting paper, entitled "The Dream Children of Charles Lamb," in the *Delineator* for September.

In "The Press and Foreign News" in the September *Atlantic*, Rollo Ogden, a trained journalist, argues cleverly in favor of the old-fashioned newspaper letters from foreign countries.

The August magazine number of the *Outlook* has another installment of Mr. Mabie's "William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man," dealing with the "Poetic Period."

"My Love Story," by James Raymond Perry, in *Scribner's Magazine* for August, tells of the complications that a writer may get into at home through a disposition on the part of his family to take his literary work too seriously.

In "Some Literary Cats" in *St. Nicholas* for August, Helen M. Winslow prints letters from Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, and others about their pets.

John Clark Ridpath died in New York July 31, aged sixty years.

# EDITORS OF LEADING MAGAZINES.

From the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

1. Mary Mapes Dodge, *St. Nicholas*. 2. Edward L. Youmans. 3. Frank Charles Gray, *Chautauquan*. 4. G. B. M. Harvey, *North American Review*. 5. Bliss Perry, *Atlantic Monthly*. 6. Richard Watson Gilder, the *Century*. 7. John Kendrick Bangs, *Harper's Weekly*. 8. John A. Sleicher, *Frank Leslie's Weekly*. 9. John Frisbee Walker, *Cosmopolitan*. 10. Edward W. Bok, *Ladies' Home Journal*. 11. Ida M. Tarbell, staff of *McClure's Magazine*. 12. John Emery McLean. 13. H. M. Alden, *Harper's Magazine*. 14. John S. Wooley, the *New Voice*. 15. Samuel Dwiggie, the *New Voice*. 16. S. S. McClure, *McClure's Magazine*. 17. The late David S. Ford, *Youth's Companion*. 18. Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, *Harper's Bazar*. 19. George H. Lorimer, *Saturday Evening Post*.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XIII. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1900. NO. 10.

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## HOW TO WRITE FOR THE PRESS.

Some of the books of advice written for the guidance of writers are conspicuously the work of people unfitted by practical experience to direct the literary novice. The author of "How to Write for the Press,"* according to his own showing, has had experience enough to enable him to be a useful guide. His work for many years, he says, has been reporting, sub-editing, and editing, together with a fair amount of experience as a contributor to periodicals and magazines, and he has "even rejoiced his enemies by writing books." He has edited an evening paper, a bi-weekly, and a morning daily, and is now in control of one of the leading weekly English newspapers, connected with one of the best known of provincial dailies He believes that the field which lies open to the outside contributor to newspapers and magazines will increase in the near future, rather than become more circumscribed, but he does not advise ambitious people to drop what they have in hand and rush into literature. "I would warn, at the outset," he says, "any one who is in a good permanent situation, be he a draper or a druggist, not to dream of vacating that and trusting to his pen for a livelihood until he has for several years been able to make from literary work, done after business hours, an income that would be sufficient for his requirements, independent of his business salary. Many men and women can add a very acceptable sum each year to their income by writing for the press, and I am sometimes inclined to think that they are better off than those who have to depend solely upon their pens for their livelihood. They enjoy the genuine delight of literary work; it never becomes a toil to them, and they can share modestly in its rewards."

The first chapter of "How to Write for the Press" is devoted to the means of acquiring a good literary style. "Style is essential to distinction," says our adviser, "and no pains should be spared in its cultivation. How it may be acquired is one of those debatable questions which are always fruitful sources of discussion." Robert Louis Stevenson was once asked what was the secret of good literture, and he replied, "Elbow grease." "I can always tell," he said, "when an author does not write over and over again. The most rapid writer cannot arrange the mass of material that goes to make up a book without having it out of order here and there. Order is the basis, the charm, and the end of literature. Therefore,

* HOW TO WRITE FOR THE PRESS. By an Editor. 120 pp. Cloth. London: Horace Cox. 1899.

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the main point is to be certain that you have everything in proper order. . . . If in literature a man has every word, and every sentence, and every subject in the right order, and has no other gift, he will be a great writer. His clauses may be unmusical, his words colorless and inexpressive, and yet, if the order is perfect throughout, he will be a great writer."

None knew better than Stevenson, however, that style requires a great deal more than order. He devoted much time to reading and imitating the work of successful writers in order to improve his style. As Lord Rosebery has said of him, he "played the sedulous ape" to many distinguished writers, trying to reproduce their qualities, and was again and again unsuccessful; "but at least," he confessed, "in these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction, and in the co-ordination of parts."

Many eminent authors urge the value of wide reading, and even conscious imitation for a time, to improve a writer's style. Justin McCarthy favors the study of Shakespeare, Addison, Steele, Johnson, and Burke, and the Greek and Latin authors. Andrew Lang thinks that Thackeray, Fielding, and Swift are about the best modern English authors for young persons to read, so far as manner goes. Grant Allen attached much importance to the study of the classics. Mr. Baring-Gould thinks that the best training for good writing is the reading and copying out of long passages from the old masters. French, in Mr. Baring-Gould's opinion, helps one to think and to express one's self compactly, and German is a caution against involution of sentences.

The English poets have been Robert Buchanan's "best and only guides" as to how to utter his thoughts. The late William Black would have set beginners in literature to the close study of Tennyson and Thackeray. Augustine Birrell says: "Never let a day pass without reading a really good bit of English — an essay by Addison or Arnold, a sermon by Newman or Spurgeon, one of Cobbett's Rural Rides, or a letter of Cowper's." Dr. Samuel Smiles thinks the words of the Bible are the best and most straightforward, *though* Addison, Hume, and Green ("The History of England"), Goldsmith ("Vicar of Wakefield"), and Bacon's essays are excellent.

In studying the great masters and in "playing the sedulous ape" for a period of novitiate one is warned by all who advise such me not to degenerate into a mere copyist; not to subordinate one's own individuality and n-clinations to those of the chosen masters, but simply to accept the latter as guides and examples, taking suggestions from them, culling a flower of phrase here and there for the enrichment of one's vocabulary.

Hall Caine thinks that without a natural ear for the music of words, no great prose, as well as no great verse, was ever written. He regards his newspaper training as the most potential factor in developing his style. "The real turning point," he - - "was the time when I had to write in great haste for a dai y paper. Having to dictate a leading article was a sore tax on my arts of self-mystification in labyrinths of words, and a simpler style grew necessary by the very method of production. Short, sharp, pithy sentences took the place of long and windy ones, and I realized that I was a better writer."

"There is no better test of the written sentence," says our literary mentor, "than to read it aloud. For this reason, those authors who dictate acquire a smooth-flowing, well-rounded style more readily than those who rely directly on the pen for transmitting their thoughts to paper. Ear is not all, however, just as order is not all; the one may be pleased, and the other observed, and yet style in its truest sense may be altogether lacking. For though grace of expression and harmony of ideas may be attained by the expenditure of pains, the subtle charm which gives to writing its distinctive value must be inborn, just as the individuality of the actor is the measure of his eminence in his art."

Many believe that style is largely a gift George Macdonald thinks that man with anything to say has a style of his own which for its development requires only common sense." "A writer's style," says Thomas Hardy, "is according to his temperament, and my impression is that if he has any

thing to say which is of value, and words to say it with, the style will come of itself."

"But to write of one's self," our author comments, "does not mean to sit down and scribble away without purpose or design. In taking infinite pains with one's work, greater justice is done to one's self; and although first thoughts are generally the best, the first way of expressing them is not always the clearest or t most graceful." Balzac, the greatest of French novelists, did not begrudge a who e week to a page, and the poet Gray wrote with similar care and fastidiousness. Of Thack eray's style a contemporary says: "It was the result of a most careful and discriminating study." Wilkie Collins was another very careful and slow writer; he would spend hours upon a page. Tasso's manuscripts, now preserved, are nearly illegible from the number of the corrections; and a page of Pope's translation of Homer is said to look as if the traditional spider had wandered across it. When Pascal was at work on "Provençal Letters" he frequently devoted three weeks to a single page. Some of the letters he recommenced seven or eight times. Hume was always correcting — each new edition differing from the preceding.

The late Professor Huxley once wrote: "I have learned to spare no labor upon the process of acquiring clear ideas — to think nothing of writing a page four or five times over, if nothing less will bring the words which express all I mean, and nothing more than I mean; and to regard rhetorical verbosity as the deadliest and most degrading of literary sins." Mrs. Stannard ("John Strange Winter") tells how hard she worked to master the art of literary expression. Many a time she has written a story eight or nine times over before she has been satisfied with it. "I used to take a novel of Wilkie Collins," she writes, "and pick the sentences to pieces, note the crisp, concise style of them, and get them into my head, so to speak. Then I would go at my own work, never using a long word when I could find a short one to answer the same purpose; never using a Latin word when I could find a Saxon one to express the same meaning; never using two adjectives where one would do, or one at all when it could be avoided; never describing dress if I could help it; never using a French word unless it was impossible to find the same meaning in English; and never quoting bits of poetry unless it was really necessary."

Dr. Samuel Smiles thinks that the example of Benjamin Franklin was excellent — to read over a paper in the *Spectator* thoroughly, and then try to put it in language of his own. The late Grant Allen once wrote: "I never write even a newspaper article now without going over it three or four times, looking for faults, strengthening sentences, substituting strong or vivid adjectives for weak ones, and putting picturesque verbs in the place of the verb 'to be' and other feeblenesses. I go over separately for various specific defects, and, last of all, satisfy my ear as to the ring of each separate sentence. Labor — incessant labor — gives the appearance of ease."

"To sum up," says our author, "we may take it that the three things that should first be aimed at are accuracy, clearness, and grace. To be accurate is to have one's facts well marshaled and verified; to be clear is to convey to the reader all that is necessary for him to know, choosing just the words which will most precisely suggest to him the thought in the author's mind, and the value which the latter places upon it; to be graceful is to select sweet-sounding words, to turn sentences neatly, varying their length in accordance with the thought with which they may be freighted, and never to use an ugly, harsh expression when a pleasanter one may be found. In striving after these things, the individuality of the writer will unconsciously assert itself and thus produce a style at once distinctive and cultivated."

In the second chapter of "How to Write for the Press" the author discusses the question of choosing a subject. This is a difficulty, he says, which disappears with a little experience; the young writer soon discovers that the point of first importance is his subject, and so devotes chief consideration to that. The first thing the young contributor has to learn is that before he puts pen to paper he must select some subject which is likely to interest readers.

The press may roughly be divided into four classes. First, there is the newspaper proper,

viz., the daily and weekly journals, in which "news" is the first essential; second, the popular weekly press; third, the monthly magazines; and fourth, the trade and class journals. The daily and weekly journals cover a range that is practically without limit. Their chief rule is that their subjects must be of current interest, and must concern things which will be in the public mind, or before the eye of the public, when the articles are to be published. Every editor when he sits down at his desk to think out his next issue is eager for material which will make it of the greatest interest to the greatest number of his readers, and if tomorrow some important event is to occur, and some energetic contributor has sent him an article bearing on this, if the article be written in good English, and have a modicum of common sense in its treatment, the chances are ten to one that the editor will pass it for publication, while he may return to its author a very superior essay on something that happened two or three weeks ago. The first essential of newspaper articles is that they must deal with some topic of the moment.

The popular weekly press in England includes such publications as *Tit Bits*, *Answers*, and *Pearson's Weekly*, that depend upon stories and articles, and not upon news, for their popularity. They want articles that will interest the man in the street or the woman at the fireside, and will not make any appreciable tax on his or her mental capacity. Out-of-the-way facts, curious scraps of lore, personal notes of famous or eccentric people, remarkable and exciting experiences, gleanings in any of life's numberless by-ways — these are the materials to be used in the construction of articles for the popular press, and such materials are lying thick around every one who keeps his eyes moderately well open. There are no publications of exactly this class, it should be said, in the United States, but on this side of the Atlantic contributions of the kind described may profitably be divided between the newspapers and some of the more popular of those weeklies that are half newspaper, half magazine.

Magazine editors always welcome original contributions on attractive subjects, and subjects that lend themselves to illustration are doubly welcome. Contributions to the trade journals, of course, must deal with the special topics to which these journals are especially devoted.

Having found a subject, the writer next has to treat it properly. First of all comes the collection of material. Dealing with this in a chapter entitled "The Subject: Its Treatment," our author says: "As a general rule, I have twenty or thirty articles of a certain kind on the stocks at one time; and this is how I go about it. Having, in the daily discharge of my editorial duties, to peruse a large number of newspapers, I have accustomed my eye to catch all the little oddities of daily life that are reflected in them. My blue pencil ticks them off at once; later on they are cut out and the clippings are then placed in envelopes bearing the names of the subjects they have suggested. Thus I turn to my pigeon-holes at this moment and find a large bundle of envelopes, some full of clippings, like ripe pea-pods, and others as thin as early fitches, on which are written such titles as 'Players and Their Pets,' 'Motor Car Mishaps,' 'Hairbreadth Escapes,' 'Stories of the Queen,' and so on. The bulky envelopes I shall presently empty of their contents and weld these into articles; the thin ones grow stouter day by day, and new ones are constantly being added, so that for articles of this kind (for which there is an inexhaustible demand) there is an unlimited supply of material. With one's material collected in the manner described, the task of compiling an article becomes merely a question of good taste and discrimination."

Descriptive writing ought to be cultivated early. The good descriptive writer is one of the most desirable of journalists, and invariably one of the most successful. Dr. Robertson Nicoll says: "What a field there is for the writer of good paragraphs, and especially for people who can write good descriptive reports! That is a very rare gift indeed. Nothing can hold back the journalist who can do really good descriptive reporting, and who can send fresh news."

Another interesting kind of literary work is biography. There is always a ready market for interesting articles dealing with some

phases of the lives of celebrities of the past or present.

Speaking of short-story writing, our author says: "If you have determined to write a story of from 4,000 to 6,000 words, you should have your idea absolutely definite in your mind before putting pen to paper, for there is no room to wander by devious paths to your goal, with only four or five thousand words to be used. You must fix your ending and make straight for that, every sentence you write moving you nearer to that given point. . . . Always remember that the fewer characters you can do with the better. There will be one, or perhaps two, that will stand out in bold relief. . . . Weigh well every paragraph after it is written, and ask yourself: 'Does this concern my main incident in any degree?' If you are convinced that it will help your readers forward to what you have in store for them, leave it in; if it has no connection with your chief idea, then out with it. A proper short story has no room for extraneous matter. . . . Dialogue should always be designed to give the reader a glance at the open soul of the character talking, and should always be in short, snappy sentences, after the common manner of speech. To make it as natural as possible, always read it aloud, and never pass it until it sounds natural and easy when subjected to this test. . . . The descriptive passages — that is to say, references to the weather, the season of the year, the time of day, the appearance of the country — should be very slight, and ought to be omitted altogether unless one or other of these things happens to have some bearing on the main incident. . . . When you have described your incident or adventure, stop right there. Don't wind up with any platitudes."

The best way to get a good supply of ideas for short stories, according to our author, is to become a diligent student of the daily press. The reports of legal cases and the police courts yield an endless supply of plots for little stories, and even for full novels. The circumstances as they stand in the bald chronicles of the newspaper reporter are seldom complete in dramatic interest, but they are frequently suggestive, and that is all that is required. Many items of news each week contain the germs of striking "storyettes."

In a symposium on short story writing published in *Temple Bar* some time ago, Robert Barr wrote: "My model is Euclid, whose justly celebrated book of short stories, entitled 'The Elements of Geometry,' will live when most of us who are scribbling to-day are forgotten. Euclid lays down his plot, sets instantly to work at its development, letting no incident creep in that does not bear relation to the climax, using no unnecessary word, always keeping his one end in view, and the moment he reaches the culmination he stops."

Arthur Morrison wrote: "Little can be said in the abstract to help the beginner who would learn the technique of the short story. But of things that may be cultivated, the command of form is the first; indeed, I think it is all. Let the pupil take a story by a writer distinguished by the perfection of his workmanship, — none could be better than Guy de Maupassant, — and let him consider that story apart from the book, as something happening before his eyes. Let him review mentally *everything* that happens, — the things that are not written in the story as well as those that are, — and let him review them, not necessarily in the order in which the story presents them, but in that in which they would come before an observer in real life. In short, from the fiction let him construct ordinary, natural, detailed, unselected, unarranged fact; making notes, if necessary, as he goes. Then let him compare his raw fact with the words of the master. He will see where the unessential is rejected; he will observe how everything is given its just portion in the design; he will perceive that every incident, every sentence, and every word has its value, its meaning, and its part in the whole. He will see the machinery, and in time he may learn to apply it for himself."

G. B. Burgin wrote: "Go to work on the method accredited to Phil May, who draws his picture, and then deletes every stroke that is not absolutely essential. In other words, write your story, then 'boil it down.'"

Guy Boothby said: "I shall advise authors to think their stories out before putting pen to paper — then write them. After that, condense — condense — condense."

The art of interviewing is next considered by our author. His best suggestion is that before undertaking an interview, the writer should fortify himself with sufficient knowledge of the interviewee's life and work to be able to discuss any topic connected therewith. "Spare no pains in informing yourself in this direction," he says, "and think well of what you have decided to ask your subject; even commit your questions to paper, but do not display that while the interview is going on. . . . Shorthand and the notebook are often desirable. If you trust to the memory, don't trust too long; by all means write the article while the impressions of your subject are still vivid in your mind. In this way nothing will be lost, and a more graphic account of the conversation is likely to be produced. . . . Only use your notebook when your subject is making some important statement that should be published practically word for word. Here shorthand is undoubtedly useful, and instead of 'worrying' the interviewee, it reassures him to know that on this important point his own words, and only those, are to appear. It may also be mentioned that when (as sometimes happens) a person who has been interviewed desires to repudiate some important expression of opinion he has made, and throw the onus of that on the interviewer, a shorthand note of the words comes in very handy. . . . Always promise to submit a proof of your article before it is published, and never fail to see that the promise is fulfilled. This is good policy, as it fixes the onus of the statements on the right shoulders."

The chapter on Book Reviewing may be passed over briefly, as such work is seldom obtainable by outside contributors. The same thing may be said of the chapter on Dramatic, Musical, and Art Criticism. The chapters on Preparing a Manuscript and Placing a Manuscript give directions of the kind that have frequently been published. A composite chapter is devoted to several subjects — The Value of Foreign Travel, The Use of Photography, Dictating, When to Write, Submitting a Manuscript, When the Literary Market is Brisk, Duplicating, and How to Avoid Writer's Cramp. Finally, there is an interesting chapter devoted to The Pay of Writers.

On the subject of dictating our author says: "Many of our novelists never write a line of their books, except by way of revising the manuscripts, and contrive by means of dictation to produce so much work that people stand aghast at their fecundity and industry. Some people are naturally gifted in the way of dictating their thoughts, others have to acquire the art slowly, and others again can never master it. Dr. Robertson Nicoll says: 'If you once fall into the way of dictating, you lose the power of writing. If your shorthand writer takes a holiday, — a thing which ought to be prevented by every available means, — the burden of existence becomes intolerable. The art of dictation is not at all easy to acquire. It will take at least a year. You find for a long time that your dictated copy cannot be used and you also find that dictation is as slow as writing. But this art may be learned, like other arts, with perseverance, until you come to dictate nearly as quickly as an average member of Parliament speaks. For elaborate articles, one should have a plan and a few catch-words to go on with, and for all dictation you ought to know what you want to say before you begin. The words will then come to you. The effect of dictation is, I think, to make style somewhat clearer and more spirited. Against this is to be set the drawback that you use more words, and tend to diffuseness." There is one point Dr. Nicoll does not touch, and that is, the fact that when you get a dictated article from your amanuensis for revision, you seem to read it with the eyes of an impersonal critic — it comes to you with a freshness and an interest which you do not experience in revising your own handwritten composition; and consequently you are likely, in correcting it, to give it those finishing touches which might be omitted in an article written by your own hand. In any case, to be able to dictate your thoughts is to possess a valuable asset in the journalistic world of today, when so much production is expected of one man. I do not agree with Dr. Nicoll that when you acquire the art of dictation you lose the 'power' of writing. You lose much of the *inclination* to write, but that is all. Nor is that

a pity. The cyclist loses the inclination to walk. But he does not repine!"

The book as a whole is, of course, more useful to English writers than to those of the United States, but in addition to what has been quoted, it contains many practical suggestions of value to writers everywhere.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. *H. P. Stanton.*

## HINTS ABOUT WRITING DIALECT.

The most common error in imperfect dialect writing is lack of uniformity in the peculiar spelling of modified words. A careless or inexperienced writer, for instance, will write "ter" for "to" in one place and in another will write "to," both in reporting the speech of the same personage. Close observers know that people who talk in dialect are generally consistent in their mispronunciation. The man who says "ter" for "to," or the boy who says "ist" for "just" (was there ever a boy who did, in spite of James Whitcomb Riley?), or the woman who says "hev" for "have" once will say it always, and dialect writers should be careful to be equally consistent. The spelling used, of course, must be varied to fit the speech of different characters, who may not talk alike. One man may say "wal," another "we-ell," and another "wa-al" for "well," and if the three men are made to talk in the same story, to each expression should be given its characteristic spelling.

Next to this, the most common error in dialect writing is to misspell words in such a way that the misspelling does not indicate any change in pronunciation, as, for instance, "cum" for "come," "sez" for "says," "candydates," "fackshuns," "imparshally," or "pollyticks." The ordinary spelling of words should not be changed in writing dialect excepting to indicate some actual peculiarity of pronunciation. "Bin," by the way, in American speech is not dialect, but simply misspelling for "been." In England "been" is commonly pronounced "bean," so that in writing the speech of English characters "bin" for "been" is dialect.

Another common error of dialect writers is to omit the hyphen in such phrases as "a-startin'," "a-goin'," "a-rushin'." It should always follow the "a" in such combinations.

If a character in a story says "leanin'" for "leaning" in his first speech, he probably habitually drops the final "g" in participles, and it is inconsistent to make him say, for instance: "He dreamed of witnessing a hanging," in the final paragraph. Similarly, an uneducated man will not say "an'" and "and" interchangeably.

It is a good idea for a dialect writer who has a long story in hand to make a table of the words that his characters habitually mispronounce, giving the peculiar spelling of each mispronounced word, so that in case of doubt he may refer to his table and make his dialect consistent. Such a table, for instance, might read: —

First — "fust."
Have — "hev."
Just — "jest."
The — "ther."
To — "ter," etc.

Care should be taken that dialect is not over-done. Only philologists care for dialect as such. Ordinary readers want only enough dialect to make the peculiar characters distinct and lifelike. It is better to have too little dialect than too much. Most editors at the present time look with disfavor on dialect stories. *William H. Hills.*

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

"Do not attempt the novel," says Thomas Dunn English, in *Success* for October, "until you have passed your fortieth year. A novel requires a knowledge of men and manners, a study of human character and powers, to create dialogue and invent surprises. I know that there have been instances where very young men have written clever poems and novels, but these were freaks of genius which do not often occur." This advice from Dr. English looks sensible at first sight, but if all novelists had waited until they were forty before writing, the world would have missed some of its best known works. Charlotte Brontë was only twenty-one when she wrote "Jane Eyre." Dickens was twenty-six when he wrote "Oliver Twist." Stevenson was thirty-three when he wrote "Treasure Island." Charles Kingsley was under thirty when he wrote "Yeast." The list of precocious writers of good novels might be extended to considerable length — and that, too, without including Mary Johnston, Bertha Runkle, or Richard Harding Davis.

* * *

One of the rules of rhetoric most frequently violated is that which says: "Never omit a verb that is needed to make the meaning clear or the sentence grammatical." One of the most common omissions of a needed verb is in sentences like these, which somebody has gathered from books of some reputation: —

"My lord's face was dark red, and his black eyes afire." — Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold."

"The lad's eyes were limpid and his speech clear." — M. E. M. Davis's "The Wire Cutters."

"The salary was not high — £40 — the duties somewhat mixed." — Baring-Gould's "Mrs. Curgenven of Curgenven."

"When silence has been proclaimed through the host, and libations poured." — William Bodham Donne's "Euripides."

"The chin was bold, the cheeks sunken." — Leigh Hunt's "Lord Byron."

"Her eyes were bright, and face comely." — Justin McCarthy's "A Woman of Impulse."

"Her agriculture was hopelessly depressed, her industries ruined." — Belloc's "Danton."

"The observations are, I think, just, and the evidence referred to in them real." — Butler's "Analogy of Religion."

"There are no manufacturers, and of course very little trade" — Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa."

"His head was thrown back and his eyes fixed on the opposite wall." — Henry James's "Roderick Hudson."

"Events there are none, and scarcely a character of any interest." — Sydney Smith's "Essays."

"His face was white, his eyes burning." — Frances Hodgson Burnett's "In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim."

"Her draught was small, her bows hollow." — J. A. Froude's "Two Chiefs of Dunbay."

"There are no living creatures near the buildings, nor any vestige of village or city." — Ruskin's "Stones of Venice."

Bad English is bad English wherever it is found, and the fact that an error is common in the work of good writers does not make it less an error. The sentences quoted are carelessly written, and the omission of the needed verbs

in the final clauses cannot be defended. Perhaps the most awkward sentence is Henry James's "His head was thrown back and his eyes fixed on the opposite wall,"—but Mr. James never was a graceful writer.

* * *

A collector of rare books in Indianapolis has an original arrangement for taking care of his treasures at his home. He keeps them in cases, each of which will hold about twenty-five volumes. Each case has a handle on one end and is locked. These cases are placed near the front door of the house, so that if a fire should break out, they can be carried from the building without trouble.

* * *

Any old-time "amateur journalist" who will write to William G. Snow, Meriden, Conn., and ask for a copy of *Pen and Scissors* will be well rewarded. W. H. H.

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**Country Life for Writers.**—See for a moment how the matter of residence affects literary people, with whose work, naturally, I am familiar. Pick out the successful writers of the day and see where their homes are. Scarcely in a single instance will you find one of them living in a city. On the other hand, look at the work done by your literary denizen of the city and see how it suffers in comparison with that of the man or woman whose mind rests on God's own handiwork. Such writers are like pygmies compared to the men who with fresh minds look over God's landscape and reflect the deepest and truest thoughts of real men and women. See how an author—and this is a constant occurrence—living in some remote country place does a great piece of work, and then, allured by false prophets, removes to the city and continues his work there. Is his work the same? Verily, it is not. Degeneration takes place as soon as he removes himself from man's truest surroundings. And what is true to day of men in literary work is equally true of men in the kindred arts. The great work of the world is being done to-day by men whose lives are spent away from the great cities.—*Edward J. Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

**How to Acquire a Good Vocabulary.**—A good vocabulary is acquired by reading good books, as well as by hearing the talk of those who express themselves in the speech of educated people. Thought lies back of speech, and the more subjects interest us, the more command of language we shall have in which to describe them. They who read scientific books will have a grasp of scientific terms. They who discriminate nicely and use the very best word to say what they have in their minds will consult a dictionary and see what are the similarities or the contrasts of certain words; will choose, as among gems, the flawless ruby or crystal; will not be satisfied except with the exact word which can express precisely the meaning they wish to convey. The reading of good authors lifts our vocabulary from meanness and meagreness to nobility and splendor, enriches our speech with words which are like a beautiful embroidery on the garment of daily life, and furnishes us with allusions, quotations, and phrases which are picturesque, apposite, or convenient for illustration.—*Margaret Sangster, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

**The Chance for New Writers.**—It is less and less said of late that there is no chance for young or unknown writers. Yet there are cavillers who, with the tables of contents of the magazines before them, half full of names if not wholly unknown certainly unfamiliar, will still assert that these publications are run by cliques—probably the stupidest form of commercial suicide known to tradition. It would be easier to sustain the contention that there is nowadays too much chance for young and unknown writers—to the deadening of their ambition and the dulling of their artistic conscientiousness. And yet what a breezy freshness we often get from such sources! What new views of life, what untaught, free, buoyant narratives, what a glow of youth! These desiderata are constantly before the editor's mind, and it is perhaps not wonderful that he should sometimes find himself pricked with compunction at the sacrifice to these endowments of the larger and

more enduring qualities of art — the slow and quiet product of those "years that bring the philosophic mind." — *Editorial in the Century Magazine.*

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Mary Sifton Pepper, the author of the series of articles in the *Chautauquan* entitled "Maids and Matrons of New France," is the daughter of the late Rev. George W. Pepper, who was for many years a prominent minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and who filled a term as consul to Milan, Italy, during the administration of President Harrison. Miss Pepper is a graduate of Wooster (Ohio) University. She lived in Milan during her father's term as consul, and traveled throughout Europe. She gave special attention to modern languages. While residing in Italy she took a course in Italian, French, and German literature under professors of Pavia University. Her knowledge of French and Italian caused her to be selected as one of the translators of the monumental work, "The Jesuit Relations," comprised in seventy-three volumes. The Old French employed by the Jesuit Fathers in their voluminous and gossipy letters telling of the Indian aborigines in the forests of the New World was translated by Miss Pepper with much skill and spirit, and was commended by scholars for its fidelity to the original. It was while engaged in this work of translation that Miss Pepper's interest was awakened in the French gentlewomen whose inspiration led them to share the labors of the pioneer men in this new colony. Her studies disclosed that the heroism and romance of these brave women found little recognition in history, and the series of life-stories now appearing in the *Chautauquan* was accordingly planned and written. Miss Pepper has been a contributor to the newspapers and magazines, writing much on foreign life and literature. One of her notable articles was on Giosuè Carducci, poet laureate of Italy.

Professor Edwin A. Start, the author of the articles on "The Rivalry of Nations: World Politics of To-day," now running in the *Chautauquan*, has been for the past eight years at the head of the department of history in Tufts College, the department having been organized by him. He was formerly a journalist and an active worker in politics, so that his judgment upon public questions is that of the man of affairs as well as that of the scholar. He has contributed to the *New England Magazine* several social and historical studies, and work from his pen has appeared in other periodicals. He was the founder and first president of the New England History Teachers' Association, was one of the founders of the Twentieth-Century Club of Boston, and is now a member of the executive committee of its education department, is a member of the American Historical Association, the New England Historic Genealogical Society, the Medford (Massachusetts) Historical Society, and other organizations. He is a native of Massachusetts and a graduate of Tufts College, where he took the degree of A. B. in 1884, and of Harvard University, where he received the degree of A. M. in 1893.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Ainsworth.** — In a recent number of the *English Argosy* appears this very interesting letter of Harrison Ainsworth: —

"Kensal Manor House, Harrow Road,
"London, April 7, 1842.

"My Dear Dr. E. — You must excuse a very short note in answer to your kind and sympathizing letter, because I am much pressed for time, and am, of necessity, obliged to abridge all my correspondence. You ask me how much I have made by my literary exertions in one year. I will just put down the positive gains of last year: —

| | |
|---|---|
| Old St. Paul's, | £1,000 |
| Editorship, Bentley, | 612 |
| For Guy Fawkes, | 150 |
| Tower of London (about), | 300 |
| Total, | £2,062 |

by which you will see that I made upward of £2,000 in that year. By similar exertions I could make the same amount in any year. . . .

"W. HARRISON AINSWORTH."

Ainsworth was sure of his public, which was

not so apt to worship at successive literary shrines. It continued to like its favorites, unlike the readers of to-day, who within twenty years have passed from the sex-problem to the kailyard, and thence to the present comparatively long-lived fictional idol, the historical romance.—*New York Mail and Express.*

**Huxley.**—"The great secret," said Mr. Huxley, "is to preserve the power of working continuously sixteen hours a day if need be. If you cannot do that, you may be caught out any time." Mr. Smalley, who quotes this remark in *Scribner's Magazine*, says: "I sometimes thought he had no higher happiness than work; perhaps nobody has. He would dine on a little soup and a bit of fish; more than that was a clog on his mind." Then he would leave the circle of friends and family, of which he was the life, and betake himself to his library. It would be midnight before the work was done, but he was up at seven in the morning.

Mr. Huxley's literary work places him very high among contemporary writers. It shows an almost unlimited capacity for taking pains, and the ability to express his thoughts, even on the most difficult subjects, with precision, clearness, and in a way that appeals to the minds of his readers. The appeal is never interrupted by their failure to understand his meaning.

Mr. Smalley informs us that Huxley hated writing, and although he early conquered that repugnance, he never wrote fluently or easily.

"I can write fast enough, but if it is anything important, I take as much time as I need," he once said. An important letter on a controverted topic which appeared in the *Times* he wrote over three times. The qualities he valued most in style were precision, clearness and sincerity.

His style was also marked by vigor, sobriety of ornament, and "that imaginative use of language without which the full value of words is never brought out." These characteristics, coupled "with long practice and unwearied effort, made him the admirable writer he was."—*Youth's Companion.*

**Murray.**—"I began my first book more years ago than I can count," writes David Christie Murray in *Success* for August, "and, naturally enough, it took poetic form, if not poetic substance. In its original shape it was called 'Marsh Hall,' and ran into four cantos. On the eve of my twenty-first birthday I sent the manuscript to a publisher, who very wisely, as I have since come to believe, counseled me not to publish it. I wrote reams of verse in those days; but, when I came into the rough and tumble of journalistic life, I was too much occupied to court the Muses any longer, and found myself condemned to a life of prose.

"I was acting as special correspondent of the *Birmingham Morning News* in the year 1873. At that time Edmund Yates was lecturing in America, and a novel of his, the last he ever wrote, was running through our columns. Mr. Yates closed the story with an unexpected suddenness, and the editor, who had supposed himself to have a month or two in hand in which to make arrangements for his next serial, was confronted with the finis of Mr. Yates's work, and was compelled to start a new novel at a week's notice. In this extremity he turned to me. 'I think, young 'un,' he said, 'that you ought to be able to write a novel.' I shared his faith, and had already begun a story which I had christened 'Grace Forbeach.' I handed him two chapters, which he read at once, and, in high feather, sent them to the printer.

"It never bade fair to be a mighty work, but at least it filled the meaning of the original edition of Pope's famous line, for it was certainly 'all without a plan.' I had appropriate scenery in my mind, no end of typical people to draw, and one or two actualities to work from. But I had forgotten the plot. To attempt a novel without a definite scheme of some sort is very much like trying to make a Christmas pudding without a cloth. My novelistic effort, I am sorry to confess, had no cohesion in it. Its parts got loose in the cooking, and I have reason to think that most people who tried it found the dish repellant. The cashier assured me that I had sent down the circulation of the Saturday issue by sixteen thousand. I have excellent reason for disbelieving this circumstantial statement in the fact that the Saturday issue had never

reached that number, but I have no doubt I did a deal of damage."

**Tolstoy.** — Tolstoy takes the utmost pains with his work. His manuscripts are written five or six times, and sometimes he writes single chapters ten times over before he is satisfied with them. His corrections are a torture for compositors, since he fills page after page with new words and sentences, and also makes numerous erasures and other alterations. The last proof shows as much evidence of careful study as the first one, and it is not too much to say that every line that he writes is rather wrung from him than voluntarily given to the printer. Countess Sophie is the most severe critic of his works, and her judgment has much weight with him. He has thrown aside a completed romance because she did not like it, and nothing will induce him to publish it. He also likes to read his new works, before they are published, to a few intimate friends, and the suggestions which he receives on such occasions cause him to make several alterations. Thus, in the hope of obtaining some useful suggestions, he read "The Power of Darkness" to a group of peasants, but he was most painfully surprised to discover that the most startling scenes in the book, scenes which he himself could not read without tears, only evoked loud laughter from them. — *Die Woche.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

WITH HOOPS OF STEEL. By Florence Finch Kelly. Illustrated by Dan Smith. 342 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. 1900.

A strong fascinating story of the wild West, that grips the reader's attention with the opening scene and holds it to the last word of the final chapter, is Mrs. Kelly's book. Its three leading characters are ranchmen, inseparable friends, like the Three Guardsmen or Kipling's Soldiers Three, and their life is full of stirring adventure. The central theme of the story is the fight between a great cattle company and the small cattlemen of the country to control the ranges, and the three cowboy heroes take a most active part in thwarting the monopoly. There is fighting enough in the book to satisfy the most ardent lover of excitement, but the tone of the story, nevertheless, is high, and it is remarkably free from profanity or coarseness. Mrs. Kelly knows the West thoroughly, and her pictures of western life are true even to the smallest detail. Any one who wants to read an original, exciting story, full of novelty and stirring incidents, will find "With Hoops of Steel" exactly to his liking.

FROM THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK. By Jane Barlow. 352 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1900.

Miss Barlow's stories admirably illustrate Irish life and character. Wit, humor, and pathos characterize them all, and they have a peculiar charm that no reader can withstand. Every one of the fourteen stories in this volume is of more than ordinary excellence, and they give the reader many fascinating glimpses of Irish peasant life.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Walter C. Bronson, A. M. 374 pp. Cloth. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1900.

Professor Bronson's book is designed primarily for use in schools and colleges, but it will make a valuable addition to any library, both for general reading and for purposes of reference. The author, who is professor of English literature at Brown University, has had the advantage of access to the valuable collections of Americana in Providence, the Harris collection of American poetry, the Brown University library, and the John Carter Brown library, and he has done a great deal of independent work, basing his judgments generally on a study of the literature at first hand. "It has been my privilege," he says, "to work from many rare first editions, and in a few instances to hit upon material not hitherto utilized, so far as I know, in books upon American literature."

COPYRIGHT ENACTMENTS, 1783-1900. Compiled by Thorvald Solberg. 83 pp. Cloth. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1900.

This book, compiled by the register of copyrights, gives all the enactments relating to copyright in the United States down to the present year, including the copyright acts of the original states, all public and private acts of Congress relating to copyright, and the presidential proclamations putting international copyright relations into force. It is issued as Bulletin No. 3 of the copyright office at Washington, and 5,000 copies have been printed for distribution.

INDUCTIVE LESSONS IN RHETORIC. By Frances W. Lewis. 299 pp. Cloth. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1900.

This new text-book on Rhetoric is to some extent an innovation, inasmuch as it is written by a woman. That she is an unusual woman is shown by the fact that the appendix covers only about forty pages, and includes only such matter as is suitably appended, instead of containing the important main principles which the humorists would say a woman would naturally entrust to a postscript. The book is

intended for use in schools, and presents the subject inductively, not undertaking to give to the pupil the facts and principles of Rhetoric, but endeavoring to help him to discover them for himself. Instead of laying down rules and statements of principles to be studied and memorized, the book is made up largely of questions, designed to bring out answers in which the principles of good writing will be formulated. It can be used to advantage only with the aid of a competent teacher or in connection with the "Teacher's Manual" that is published with it.

HENRY FIELDING. By Austin Dobson. 315 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1900.

This new edition of Mr. Dobson's memoir of Fielding is "revised and enlarged,"—as the author says, in accordance with the doctrine of Voltaire, that "an author should continue to correct his writings as long as possible." "I have gone through the book once more," Mr. Dobson adds, "verifying its statements anew, and adding, either in the text or as notes, those sparse fragments of fresh information which have come to my knowledge since it was first prepared. I trust that it now represents, accurately, and in compact form, the bulk of what is known to be trustworthy concerning the great man whom Scott called 'the father of the English novel.'" The first edition of the memoir was published in 1883 and the second edition in 1889. The book, as a whole, approaches the ideal of literary biography.

TOLSTOI — A MAN OF PEACE. By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. 80 pp. TOLSTOI — THE NEW SPIRIT. By Havelock Ellis, M. D. 144 pp. Cloth, $1 00. Chicago: Stockham Publishing Company. 1900.

It is queer that the title of this book should be spelled as it is, inasmuch as the fac-simile of a signature under the frontispiece portrait of the count which it contains reads clearly: "Yours truly, S. Tolstoy." It is queer, moreover, that two letters printed in the book are attributed to the count, when they both have this same signature, and that this signature should be given as his autograph, since the letters are apparently from the countess, who is named Sophia. The right spelling of Tolstoy's name has always been a matter of doubt, to which the signatures in question ought to put an end.

Mrs. Stockham visited Tolstoy on a business errand, and in her part of this book she gives some account of what she saw and learned at Tasnia Poliania, as his estate is named. Speaking of Tolstoy's methods of work, she says: "Count Tolstoy writes and re-writes, corrects and re-corrects his manuscripts often, apparently changing while expressing his views, as if life each day presented fresh complication and he somehow fell short of satisfaction. Proofs are returned with whole paragraphs erased and elaborate interpolations, till his publishers say that if he had one hundred proofs of an article, the last one would yet be speckled with corrections. Exceedingly difficult to decipher is the writing of the count, and the infinite patience with which the countess copies his various books bears witness to her devotion. 'War and Peace' was copied six times, while 'Life' she copied *sixteen* times, besides translating it into French. . . . Hectograph copies of parts of 'My Religion' are by some strange interpretation of the law permitted transmission through the mail when printed copies are by the censor forbid. This copying is a loving service performed first by his wife, and later by his daughter Tatiana, now his private secretary."

The latter part of the book, by Havelock Ellis, is reprinted by permission. The illustrations include, besides the frontispiece, a picture of Tolstoy in his study, a portrait of the countess, and a colored print of Tolstoy plowing.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. By George Saintsbury, M. A. 232 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1899.

Mr. Saintsbury's life of Matthew Arnold is a first-rate piece of literary work — worthy of its subject, and written in the style that distinguishes its author.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

OUR NATION'S NEED; or. Let Us All Divide Up and Start Even. By J. A. Conwell. 251 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1900.

SOME GREAT CAUSE GOD'S NEW MESSIAH. A novel. By the Authors' Syndicate. 248 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1900.

THE MAHOGANY TABLE. A novel. By F. Clifford Stevens. 234 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1900.

ADRIENNE DE PORTALIS A novel. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. 309 pp. Cloth. New York: Home Publishing Company 1900.

JOEL DORMAN STEELE, TEACHER AND AUTHOR. By Mrs. George Archibald. 215 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1900.

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

JOHN RUSKIN AS AN ART CRITIC. Charles H. Moore. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

SOME LETTERS OF MARTINEAU. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

A HARVEST HOME IN THRUMS. M. E. Leicester Addis. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for October.

THE TALK OF R. L. STEVENSON. The Point of View, *Scribner's* (28 c.) for October.

RUSKIN AND HIS FEMININE ECONOMICS. Topics of the Time, *Century* (38 c.) for October.

"RALPH CONNOR," BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM. *Critic* (23 c.) for October.

SIDELIGHTS ON HANS ANDERSEN. Edmund Gosse. *Critic* (23 c.) for October.

ROSSETTI AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITES. Elizabeth Luther Cary. *Critic* (23 c.) for October.

PLAGIARISM – REAL AND APPARENT. — II. Bunford Samuel. *Bookman* (23 c.) for October.

AN AMERICAN IMPRESSION OF THE NEW GRUB STREET. Edgar Fawcett. *Bookman* (23 c.) for October.

THE BACHELOR IN FICTION. Percival Pollard. *Bookman* (23 c.) for October.

JAMES LANE ALLEN'S COUNTRY. Arthur Bartlett Maurice. *Bookman* (23 c ) for October.

PHENOMENA OF LITERARY EVOLUTION. Jack London. *Bookman* (23 c.) for October.

THE INNER LIFE OF FÉNELON. Charles M. Stuart. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for October.

HOW A CLUB PAPER WAS WRITTEN. Julia B. Anthony. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for October.

JOHN BURROUGHS AT SLABSIDES. Illustrated. *Outlook* Magazine Number (13 c.) for October.

THE HOME LIFE OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Frank Lee Farnell. *Book World* (13 c ) for October.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BROWNINGS. — I. With portraits. Harriet G. Hosmer. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for August 9.

MRS. RADCLIFFE'S NOVELS. Andrew Lang. Reprinted from *Cornhill Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 4 and in *Eclectic* (28 c.) for September.

THE ART OF WRITING FOR CHILDREN. Reprinted from *Academy* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 25.

THE CHARM OF QUOTATION. Reprinted from *Saturday Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 1.

JAMES LANE ALLEN. Reprinted from *Academy* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 1.

HEROINES OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY FICTION. W. D. Howells. IX. — *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for August 11. X. — *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for August 25. XI. — *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for September 8. XII. — *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for September 22.

THE ART OF BOOKBINDING. E. G. de la Greville. Illustrated. *Parisian Illustrated Review* (18 c.) for September.

DIET FOR BRAIN WORKERS. Alice Worthington Winthrop. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for September 29.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Joel Chandler Harris has resigned his place as editorial writer on the *Atlanta Constitution*, and will devote his whole time to literary work.

Joaquin Miller announced in a recent interview that in the complete edition of his works which he is preparing for publication only after his death his real name, Cincinnatus Heine Miller, will be used.

The *Patriotic Review* is a new Boston magazine devoted to the interests of the patriotic and historical organizations of the United States. Marion Howard Brazier is editor-in-chief, and Ethel Brigham is business manager.

The *Overland Monthly* (San Francisco) has been sold to Frederick Marriott, proprietor of the *San Francisco News Letter*, who intends to engage an editor of national reputation and to secure contributions from the best writers.

The *Household* (Boston) has been sold by W. N. Hartshorn to the Household Publishing Company, which has a paid-in capital of $100,000. Important changes and improvements are contemplated and will be introduced.

The *Ledger Monthly* (New York) will be enlarged with the November number, and the price will be increased to one dollar a year.

The first number of the *Congregationalist* published in each month is now called the *Christian World.*

The *New Crusade*, Ann Arbor, Mich., has changed its name to the *American Mother.*

The *Publishers' Weekly* for September 29 is the "Fall Announcement Number," and contains announcements in its advertising columns from eighty-eight publishers, with an index of sixty-two double-column pages.

The *Magazine of Art* (New York) for October has for its frontispiece a reproduction of one of Edward Stott's most charming pieces, and the leading article is on Stott, one of the best painters of the field and twilight.

The tenth part of Mr. Mabie's series of papers on Shakespeare, in the September Magazine Number of the *Outlook*, deals with the histories and comedies, and is copiously illustrated from old prints and other sources.

The letters of the late James Martineau printed in the October *Atlantic* were written during the last thirty years of his life, beginning in the midst of our Civil war.

Thomas Winthrop Hall ("Tom Hall") died at Hannibal, Mo., August 21, aged thirty-six.

# THE WRITER:

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## BE BRIEF!

"I have n't any time!" remarked an individual to a friend. "You have all the time there is!" rejoined that friend.

The reply had a grain of meaning in it. In a sense, one man has as much time as another. All must go by the same almanac. Yet in another sense, one man has far less time — or shall we say leisure? — than another, and in a different sense still, every man possesses just as much time as he *thinks* he has, and no more.

The modern author, then, must address himself to people who either are in a hurry, or, which amounts to the same thing, who think they are; and speaking generally, the persons most desirable to reach with the products of his pen are precisely those people who have least time to attend to them. The moral of all this expresses itself accordingly in two words: Be brief!

We are accustomed to say to one another that "Brevity is the soul of wit" — and thereafter mayhap go off and become as prolix as we can. This famous saw is hardly an accurate description of the "soul" or essence of wit or wisdom, since the notion of brevity does not supply the idea of the constituent heart of anything, but only refers to the limitations or abbreviations of the matter under consideration; but for popular use the adage is a commendable one. A due regard for brevity has laid the foundations of the success of many a writer. The literary bore finds no market, while he who gets there quick gets there often. In the literary world of the present day little opportunity is afforded for the *long* man. Newspaper space is too valuable, topics are too many, readers are too hurried and worried, and the outflow of books is too incessant, to permit of prolix discussions of even important themes.

We might wish that the expression literary "effusions" had never been originated, since so many writers appear to proceed on the principle that in order to succeed nothing is necessary but a steady outpouring of words, phrases, and tricks of speech, with here and there an emerging idealet struggling to lift itself above the furious flood of verbiage. It is true that brevity is a relative term, and that some subjects demand a longer treatment than do others. Some topics may be dismissed in a paragraph, while others properly take up many pages of a review. Brevity is, therefore, not a thing of yardsticks, inches, and "ems." It is a method, more than a measure. It means the compression of thought into the compactest form possible consistent with clearness and symmetry of treatment. Some men are prolix

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in a paragraph, while others are brief though they write a book.

While now it is probable that the theoretical necessity for brevity is becoming apprehended by an increasingly large number of writers, it is safe to say that few realize *how* brief the average communication should be in order to pass muster in an editorial office. The man who can say his say in three or four hundred words, and who can make his short story shorter still, occupies a snug spot in the heart of many an editor. The terse, strenuous, clear-brained, earnest man who can make it short and sharp, compact and yet complete, aphoristic and yet luminous, pointed and yet dignified or graceful in diction, is the writer who is wanted.

Accordingly, young author, sharpen your wits as well as your pencil; cut off the beginning and cut off the end and cut down on the middle of your "effusion," and give a long-suffering, yet (when it can be) appreciative and grateful, public an article that will stir it as with the quick blast of reveille, carry by storm the walls of its prejudices, or pierce to its heart like a shaft from Cupid's bow.

*C. A. S. Dwight.*

CLOSTER, N. J.

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## SECOND-HAND QUOTATIONS.

"Second-hand quotations" have more than once furnished a theme for some correspondent of THE WRITER, — it may surely be called a "timely topic," for truly may it be said to the demon of misquotation: "Thou hast all seasons for thine own."

Second-hand quotations and misquotations are not invariably, but too often, one and the same.

To "a reader" — one really familiar with an author — a certain internal evidence sometimes decides a question. He may not be sure that his favorite poet wrote a certain passage, but he is sure that he did not write a certain other one. "Why?" "It doesn't sound like him," — "a woman's reason," some scoffer may say, but perhaps a fairly good one, for all that.

As no author is more quoted than Shakespeare, so it may be said no one is more misquoted. Age is popularly supposed to be reverend, worthy of reverence; but position and authority may also command reverence; Othello probably was of this opinion when he addressed the Venetian senators as "Most potent, grave, and reverend signors," — not, "gray and reverend seniors," as it has been quoted.

An anecdote which was quite popular at one time (if one may judge from the frequency with which it was quoted) was of a gallant gentleman who introduced his wife "by saying, in the words of Autolycus," — "a poor thing, sir, but mine own." We have no account of the domestic relations of Autolycus, but who that is familiar with the philosophic Touchstone can forget his words — "an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will."

A popular actress, writing by request in a Boston paper, concerning her own experiences, says: "I can, to use an apt, but perhaps inelegant, expression, 'speak by the card.'" Shade of Hamlet!

It may not always be possible to verify every quotation, but one might expect better things of story-writers than an allusion to one of Lady Nairne's well-known poems as "Burns's

beautiful song of the 'Land o' the Leal.'" We are told that a Scotch girl, being asked to sing a Scotch song, complied by singing "County Guy." Its only claim to being a Scotch song is that it was written by one of Scotland's famous poets. It occurs in "Quentin Durward," a story of which the scene is laid in France; it is sung by the French heroine, and there is not a Scotch word or phrase in it.

It might have been well if a writer who represented her hard-worked heroine as "carrying the world on her shoulders, like Ajax," had been more familiar with the classics, or even with Hawthorne's "Wonder-book." Milton might have been useful where he describes the mighty spirit that

> "stood
> With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
> The weight of the mightiest monarchies."

The style of Emerson has been characterized as "aphoristic." Still, it was hard that a much older author should have been robbed of a spray of his laurels by an essayist who tells us, "Emerson says: 'Where there is no vision the people perish.'" The quotation may be found by any reader who will take the trouble to read the eighteenth verse of the twenty-ninth chapter of Proverbs.

*Pamela McArthur Cole.*

EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

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## THE DRAMATIZED NOVEL.

The wonderful success of "Ben Hur," "Quo Vadis," "Becky Sharpe," "The Only Way," and "Sherlock Holmes" at the New York theatres last season, following so closely the phenomenal records made by "The Little Minister," "The Christian," "Under the Red Robe," and "The Prisoner of Zenda," has been almost unprecedented in theatrical history. It awoke in the minds of managers — and playwrights also — recognition of the dramatic possibilities and the pecuniary rewards which lie between the covers of our popular novels, so that every author, dramatist, and literary hack in the land suddenly feels it incumbent upon him, after having perused a treatise on "The Art of Playwriting," to sit down at his desk and turn the popular novel into a thrilling melodrama or a side-splitting comedy.

At first sight it looks easy. The dramatis personæ, of course, will be made up of the most important characters of the book, especially those that will appeal to an audience. Then there is the dialogue of the play ready to hand in the book. This conversation may be taken out bodily and inserted in the drama; that one requires a little condensing, and may be combined with still another conversation to make up a scene.

Now the dramatist begins to find that all is not fair sailing. Much that is essential to the plot, and that cannot be omitted if the story is to be properly understood, is contained in descriptive matter. How to work this into dialogue without marring the accuracy of the text is a knotty problem. Instead of a moderate number of scenes, and a play of about two and a half hours in length, the author finds that his drama, when finished, contains a multitude of scenes — to reproduce some of which would tax even the wonderful art of the modern play factory — and which, if staged without change, would drag out so long that the play might not unfavorably be compared to a Chinese drama.

The pruning process is the hardest part of the dramatist's work. What to retain and what to reject is the problem that gives him many anxious moments. In all literary work, what not to say is fully as important as what must be said, and, in the drama, this is essentially the case. A book containing perhaps

eighty chapters has to be "boiled down" into a play of about four acts. It is urged that the dramatizer should use only those scenes which lend themselves most naturally to his pen; but here again there is danger. The play-going public is critical. If the seams show, the critics score the dramatist unmercifully. Then the usual habitants of the theatre are not the only class to be catered to. Many persons who seldom attend "shows" turn out to see the presentation of a popular novel. Thousands of ministers have flocked to witness a performance of "The Christian" or "The Little Minister," and, irrespective of denomination, have recommended these plays for the powerful moral influence which they exert. If the reading public's conception of the hero and heroine does not coincide with that presented on the stage, the dramatist is accused of lacking in perceptive qualities and of being untrue to his art. If the play does not faithfully follow the book chapter by chapter, readers say that the play is a fraud, and that the managers are hoodwinking the public by making false pretenses!

The dramatist is allowed a good deal of license. This is illustrated by the many versions of "Quo Vadis." Three of these — by Jeannette L. Gilder, Charles W. Chase, and Stanislaus Stange — have already been staged in New York. While necessarily all must be like in the main plot and development, the three dramatizers have diverged greatly from each other as regards arrangement of the scenes, the relative importance of the incidents, and the details of the stage business. To no two of them did the book appeal in precisely the same way.

Mr. Chase's version was produced in New York for the first time August 11, 1900. He seems to have read Sienkiewicz's masterpiece with an eye especially for melodramatic and humorous situations — and he found them! His version is a mixture of spectacular melodrama, very broad farce comedy, and long extracts from the Bible. These ingredients are put together in a way calculated to produce strong effects of contrast, but in most cases the contrast is more startling than artistic. Miss Gilder's version was noted for its perfection of literary style, but showed unfamiliarity with stage requirements and dramatic technique. Mr. Stange, being an old hand at playwriting, produced a drama worthy of his past record and abounding in thrilling passages, startling situations, and spectacular triumphs. The principal objection to it was because of its decidedly serious tone and sermonizing. Under the direction of F. C. Whitney, however, it attained much more popularity than any of the other dramatic versions of the story.

An instance of the license allowed in dramatizing plays is found in the stage version of Hall Caine's "The Christian," with which Liebler & Co. have netted nearly a million dollars. In the novel John Storm dies; in the play he lives, and, presumably, marries Glory Quayle. There was also quite a difference between the nature of the play presented in this country and in England. Here the role of Glory was elaborated to the prominence necessary for Miss Viola Allen's position as a star, while in London a male tragedian secured the acting rights, and Glory was given a secondary position, the young priest holding the central point of interest.

A play depends much upon the comedy element it contains for its success. Heart interest is, of course, absolutely essential, but he who can move his audience both to tears and laughter binds it to him with bonds of steel. Some novels contain this comedy element ready for the dramatizer's hand, as, for instance, "David Harum." Before W. H. Crane gets to the point of his drolleries, he is interrupted by the laughter of his audience, who, knowing their David so well, anticipate the words before they are spoken. Other books contain but little comedy, and it is necessary to emphasize that little to a great extent, even at times to a point bordering on burlesque.

Dramatized novels will be staged at nearly all the New York theatres during the season of 1900–1901. Among the metropolitan attractions already announced are: —

Robert Hilliard in "Van Bibber"; Mary Mannering in "Janice Meredith"; W. H. Crane in "David Harum"; Nat Goodwin in "The Honorable Peter Stirling"; Henry Miller in "To Have and to Hold"; James K.

Hackett in "The Pride of Jennico"; Henry E. Dixey in "The Adventures of François"; Wilton Lackey in "Jean Valjean," dramatized from "Les Misérables"; Daniel Frohman's stock company in "Red Pottage"; Marie Burroughs in "A Battle-scarred Hero"; Julia Marlowe in "When Knighthood Was in Flower"; Otis Skinner in "Prince Otto"; Henry Jewett in "The Choir Invisible"; "Caleb West"; John Drew in "Richard Carvel"; and Viola Allen in "The Palace of the King." Other novels which are undergoing the process of dramatization are "Unleavened Bread," "A Gentleman of France," "Forest Lovers," "Red Rock," "Via Crucis," "The Bath Comedy," "Darius Green," "Her Majesty," and "The Mantle of Elijah."

"The Palace of the King" is unique in that the incidents related in Mr. Crawford's story occur within a period of two and a half hours and correspond exactly with the time consumed in presenting the play upon the stage. Another odd fact is that the entire action of the novel occurs within the exact hours which are taken up in producing the dramatized version behind the footlights.

How many of these offerings will bear the test of time is a difficult question to answer. Those which possess true merit will undoubtedly win a fair measure of success; others will drop by the wayside, play the small towns on the strength of having come "direct from the metropolis," and then will be heard of no more. Darwin's formula of "the survival of the fittest" holds good in the drama, as in all other walks of life.

Apropos of this subject, William H. Crane's remarks may prove of interest: "Occasionally," said he, "we read of some successful novelist having, in what proves to be a rash hour, written a play. As a writer of entertaining fiction, he is a success, and in his play we expect a great deal. We find, however, that his work is full of nothing but words. The public say it is too talky, and the critics add that it is devoid of action. This is not hard to understand. The art of the novelist is that of elaboration; that of the playwright, condensation. In the successful play the dialogue is concise, and a great deal is expressed with little show of words."

If the author of a novel which a writer desires to dramatize is still living, it is customary to get his consent to the dramatization. If the book has been copyrighted, the author or his assigns have the exclusive right of dramatizing the work. In many cases where the dramatizing is done by some one other than the author, royalties are paid to both the writer of the novel and its dramatizer. Because the Polish author failed to copyright "Quo Vadis" in the United States, he has lost many thousands of dollars in royalties. There have been many translations of this work and dramatizations without number. Miss Gilder's version was heralded "authorized." She obtained permission from the author and paid him royalties, but his was a moral, not a legal right, and it was at the option of the dramatizer whether or not he should receive any of the box receipts of the play.

If an author is dead, and the copyright does not state that all rights are reserved, any one may feel at liberty to dramatize the novel, and he will have done his duty fully if he gives credit on the program to the source whence he drew his inspiration. If the copyright has not expired, it would be well to write to the publisher, asking his consent to dramatize the book. This will usually readily be given, for the successful dramatization of a book invariably stimulates the sale of the original work.

This wholesale dramatization of popular novels is to be deplored for the drama's sake. It cannot but have a demoralizing tendency on our playwrights, and thus upon the future of the drama itself. The managers, however, with their fingers ever on the public pulse, have come to know its wants more fully than ever before. They claim that the public wants the dramatized novel, that the fame of the book itself will prohibit any risk of failure, and that it will swell the box-office receipts.

When will our theatrical managers cease their chase of the almighty dollar, and begin to educate the theatre-going public, and incidentally our playwrights as well?

*Lawrence D. Fogg.*

MERIDEN, Conn.

# THE WRITER.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

In his article on "Our Schools for the Stage," in the November *Century*, Bronson Howard makes a point which is worth the careful attention of story writers. Defining the art of acting, he lays stress on the fact that it does not consist in doing things on the stage as they are done in real life, but in *seeming* to do so. "The art of acting," he says, "is the art of seeming to move, speak, and appear on the stage as the character assumed moves, speaks, and appears in real life, under the circumstances indicated in the play. In that word 'seeming,'" he goes on, "lie nearly all the difficulties, the intricacies, the technicalities, of acting. The writer is assuming no special nor superior wisdom as an 'expert'; for every actor, from the greatest of them down to the second-month student, knows that the definition we had first agreed on is inaccurate. Move, speak, and appear as the character does? Real life? One might as well say that a painter's art is to use gray stone to represent an old church in Rome, instead of mere pigments mixed with oil. The painter appeals to the eye by artificial, not by natural, means. So, the actor's art is to make the people in an audience, some of them a hundred feet or more away, think that he is moving, speaking, and appearing like the character assumed; and, in nine cases out of ten, the only way to make them think this is to be not doing it; to be doing something else — something that you would never dream of unless you were taught it, or learned it from long and weary experience without a teacher."

* * *

As it is with acting, so it is in writing dialogue in stories. Writers are sometimes told — THE WRITER has told them so — that they must make their characters talk as people talk in real life. Following Mr. Howard's suggestion, it will be seen that they ought to be told that they must make their characters *seem* to talk as people talk in real life. Undoubtedly a shorthand report of actual conversation would look as much out of place in a novel as the stilted "impossible" speeches that inexperienced writers are wont to put in the mouths of their characters. Artistic dialogue in writing lies somewhere between these two extremes. The characters must not be made to talk exactly as they would in real life; but, on the other hand, they must not be made to talk in such a way that the reader will feel instinctively that the speeches are impossible. True art conceals processes and effects results. The writer who makes his people "talk like a

book" has failed. He has been successful if the reader does not think at all of how his characters converse, but only is interested in what they say.

* * *

The use of technical terms in musical criticism where plain language would be a great deal better is an affectation which is most offensive to cultivated readers. Witness, for instance, this fragment of an actual criticism in a musical review which is quoted in the *Boston Transcript:* —

"The impromptu showed no indeciso in the tempo. It had a graviata and grazia which, poco a poco, introduced a motif full of anmuth. However, it soon became a scherzo, something suggesting a nocturne played with dolore and con dolcezza. The kappell-meister, foreseeing a possible drifting into a barcarolle, with the traditional diminuendo, recalling the decrescendo of a jaeger-chor, signalled the finale of this fantasia. Then the whole orchestra burst into a fortissimo ensemble worthy of a maestro."

The correspondent who quotes the horrible example suggests the following as a possible interpretation: —

"The extemporaneous production showed no wavering in the time. It had a majesty and grace which, by degrees, introduced a delicate theme — full of sweetness. However, it soon became a piece of sportive character, something suggesting a Spanish evening song, played with pathos and feeling. The musical director, foreseeing a possible drifting into a Venetian boat song, with the traditional decreasing of power of intonation — recalling the dying off of a hunting chorus — signaled the end of this musical fancy. Here the whole orchestra burst into a loud general playing worthy of a master."

The original could have been written only by a man of insufferable conceit.

* * *

In line with the article on Brevity in this number of THE WRITER is the story told in the *Saturday Evening Post* of Rev. Dr. Hoyt, of Philadelphia. Dr. Hoyt preached a sermon one forenoon which was being discussed at dinner at his house by President Patton, of Princeton, and other eminent guests whom he was entertaining. Dr. Hoyt's young son was sitting at the table, and President Patton, turning to him, said: —

"My boy, what did you think of your father's sermon? I saw you listening intently to it."

All listened to hear what sort of a reply the lad would make.

"I guess it was very good," said the boy; "but there were three mighty fine places where he could have stopped."

* * *

A new serial by Mrs. Stephen Townsend will begin in the *Century* in February. Mrs. Stephen Townsend, by the way, was once Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Her new literary signature will be Frances Hodgson Townsend.

* * *

The *Chicago News* is authority for the depressing statement that "The most notable volume of verse a year or two ago sold only to the extent of about a score of copies in Chicago, though it was favorably reviewed in every periodical published here." And yet Chicago calls itself a literary centre!

* * *

Space writers should make a note of the beautiful long word "disintellectualization," which alone almost fills a line. It occurs in Jeremy Bentham's "Abridged Petition for Justice" (1829), p. 18, and is almost as good as that other lovely word, "disestablishmentarianism," which was coined by William E. Gladstone. Both exceed "disproportionableness," which has been called the longest honest word in the English language. W. H. H.

## QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

What is meant by the term "the higher criticism," which is often used in theological discussions? W. L. S.

["The higher criticism" is well defined in an article by M. L. Guild in the October number of the *Universal Brotherhood Path.* The writer says: "The 'Higher Criticism' may be briefly stated as being a critical, literary, and philological examination of the Old Testament, and thus far, more especially of the Pentateuch. The Bible, 'the Book,' as we have been accustomed to call it, we have all along known to be really a collection of books; though orthodox Christians rarely bear this in mind, and there

fore estimate them as of equal value. 'Higher Criticism,' however, takes each book separately, and by studying the literary style, the special use of words belonging to different periods, the peculiarities of idiom, etc., further dissects it into the various writings which time and men have collected under one caption. This study is based upon the fact that in the old days all literature was in manuscript form, and therefore rare and valuable, something to be handed down from father to son with great care, even aside from its religious value. The owners of a manuscript in studying it and in comparing it with other manuscripts would be likely to make comments, notes, additions, all of which they would carefully write upon the margin or in between the lines. When in course of time it became necessary to copy the manuscript, everything was copied together, so that in its new form the notes and additions ran along as part of the text. Sometimes the name of the book from which the addition had been made was given, and in this way we know of other and, at present, 'lost' books. Such were the 'Book of Jasher,' the 'Book of the Wars of the Lord,' and the 'Book of Enoch.' More often, though, the quotation was simply inserted and allowed to stand on its own merits. When in time it came to seem necessary to make a connected recital of the beginning and evolution of Humanity, the historian, as is frequently the case to this day, simply sat down with his various authorities piled about him and compiled from them what pleased him best, without, however, trying to make an organic whole. It is thus that we have contradictory accounts of the Creation, the Deluge, the Confusion of Tongues, various genealogies, etc." — W. H. H.]

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Which is right, "His case is proven" or "His case is proved"? L. B.

[Richard Grant White says: "Proven, which is frequently used now by lawyers and journalists, should, perhaps, be ranked among words that are not words. Those who use it seem to think that it means something more, or other, than the word for which it is a mere Lowland Scotch and North of England provincialism. 'Proved' is the past participle of the verb 'to prove,' and should be used by all who wish to speak English." And again: "'Prove' is what the grammars call a regular verb; that is, it forms its tenses upon the prevailing system of English verbal conjugation, which makes the perfect tense in 'ed.' It is in this respect like 'love,' the example of regular verbal conjugation given in most grammars; and we may as well say that Mary has 'loven' John as that John's love for Mary was not 'proven.'" — W. H. H.]

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Constance Grosvenor Alexander, who has a poem, "In Paradise," in the November *Atlantic*, was graduated from Radcliffe College in 1893. Since then she has taught English in the Cambridge Latin school. Besides this poem in the *Atlantic*, her published work comprises "Poppies" in the *Harvard Advocate*, 1893; "Waste Pasture Land" in the *Knight Errant*, 1894; "Waltz Time" in *Moods*, 1895; "Last Sands" in the *New England Magazine*, October, 1898; "Bayou Blossom" in the *Century*, October, 1899; and "To B. G. G.'s Border in the House of Life," *Radcliffe Magazine*, December, 1899.

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J. L. Harbour, whose story, "An Angel Unawares," appears in *St. Nicholas* for November, has been in the editorial department of the *Youth's Companion* for the past fifteen years. Before that time his home was in the West — in Iowa and Colorado. He has been a contributor to *Wide Awake*, *Harper's Young People*, *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Bazar*, THE WRITER, and to about every humorous periodical in America, although his humorous work has not often appeared over his own name. He has written some for *Lippincott's Magazine*, and much of his work has appeared in the "Drawer" of *Harper's Magazine*. He has had about six hundred short stories published in different American periodicals since he first began to write, twenty years ago. His first story appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, and the next in the *Detroit Free Press*. In recent years Mr. Harbour's short stories have appeared almost

exclusively in the *Companion*, and he does not do much story writing now for any other paper. The *Companion* has printed more than two hundred short stories that he has written — a distinction of which any writer would have reason to feel proud.

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George Kibbe Turner, whose story, "A Temperance Campaign," is printed in the November *McClure's*, has been writing short stories since 1896, when his "Man from Solitaria" was published in the *Black Cat*. He has written several stories for *McClure's*, some of which are not yet published. He has also appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and in the *Chap Book*. He was born in Quincy, Ill., in 1869, and since his graduation from Williams College in 1890 has been on the staff of the *Springfield Republican*, having been for the past four years its city editor.

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## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Byron.** — Byron wrote with a running pen, and did not like to recast what had once been written. In one of his letters to Murray he says: "I told you before that I can never recast anything. I am like the tiger. If I miss my first spring, I go grumbling back to my jungle again." He wrote "The Bride of Abydos" in four days, "The Corsair" in ten, and the story of the marvelous way in which he reeled off the cantos of "Don Juan" is almost incredible. — *J. N. C, in Chicago Journal.*

**Churchill.** — "As a boy, I was not fond of books. Perhaps that was because my uncle, with whom I lived after the death of my parents, possessed a large library. When you have a few books only, you read; many books, when within the reach of your arm, do not always create a taste for literature; at least, this was so in my case. After my graduation at Annapolis, in 1894, I accepted a position on the *Army and Navy Journal*. During the five months that I remained with that publication I made my first attempt at fiction. It was a short story, — about twelve thousand words in length, -- which I called 'Keegan's Elopement.' T umitted to the *Century Magazine*, and, after a very anxious and trying four weeks, received a note of acceptance.

"I shall never forget those four weeks. I spent most of my leisure moments in pacing up and down and across Union square, looking up at the *Century* office windows, anxiously wondering whether or not my story would be accepted. The seventy-five dollars which I received for the story encouraged me to write two more short stories. These were rejected. I realized, after they were returned, that they were so bad that it would be of no use to send them out the second time. My next effort in the way of fiction was called 'By Order of the Admiral,' and was accepted by the *Century* people.

"It was quite three years before my story was used, and I had almost concluded that their only reason for buying it was to rid the world of so much bad literature — a case of public-spirited philanthropy." — *Success for November.*

**Clemens.** — "Mark Twain" returned home last night after an absence of five years. To an interviewer he said: "I wrote myself out in the line of anecdotes and humorous sketches in my last book. I ran short even in that, and could hardly find material enough to fill it. I am now falling back upon fiction."

"Shall you have an American story?"

"You see, I write the story and then fill in the place, like blanks in a railway form. The places don't count so much. The story is the thing. I shall very probably write a story with the scene laid in this country, or I shall place the scene of one of my present uncompleted stories here. This can be done rather handily, after the whole story is written. But I am not going to publish another book for at least a year."

Mr. Clemens says that he has made his plans for a year. "I shall spend the winter in New York," said he, "making my home at the Earlington Hotel. I shall spend the time very quietly, doing nothing but reading, and writing a little on my books, and doing some little work for the magazines. In the spring I shall return to Hartford, Conn., where Mrs. Clemens, my daughters, and myself will settle down for some home life, after nine

years of wandering up and down on the earth." —*New York Evening Telegram.*

**Crockett.** — In a little illustrated volume, privately printed, S. R. Crockett has set forth the manner in which he obtains the romancer's local color. His early beginnings were made with pen and pencil sketches as he tramped over the hills and dales of his native country, and among several reproductions there appears the fountain-pen dot-and-dash drawing which served while writing to recall the grim Murder Hole in "The Raiders." This method he found cumbrous, and a camera is now his constant companion. He likes to have in the preparation of a novel at least three years of prolonged residence and extensive walking tours, living with the people in cottage and farmhouse, resthouse and roadside inn before he even begins to draw up chapter headings. And this, he says, "is just as necessary upon ground with every foot of which I have been familiar from youth as upon the tawny hills of Spain or among the Baltic marshes." — *Buffalo Express.*

**Hearn.** — Lafcadio Hearn, whose new book, "Shadowings," is just out, lives a quiet life in the land of his choice, Japan, with a Japanese wife, and continues a rather severe pursuit of writing. He is now almost blind, and he writes in such a microscopic hand that few people are able to make out his manuscripts. He never sends out a story until he has written it over several times, and he does all his copying in a very slow, painful way, because of his failing eyesight. — *Cincinnati Commercial Triouue.*

**Ibsen.** — Upon Ibsen's writing table there always stands a small tray containing a number of grotesque figures — a wooden bear, a tiny devil, two or three cats (one of them playing a fiddle), and some rabbits. Ibsen has said: "I never write a single line of any of my dramas without having that tray and its occupants before me on my table. I could not write without them. But why I use them is my own secret." — *Baltimore Herald.*

**Jerome.** — Mr. Jerome's method of work is not uninteresting. He writes shorthand, a relic of reporting days and an earlier experience of a city clerkship. He usually dictates his humorous work, but there is nothing spontaneous about it, for he has with him a sheaf of shorthand notes from which he reads, altering a sentence or so as he dictates it. — *Saturday Evening Post.*

**Sienkiewicz.** — It may be interesting to know something about Sienkiewicz's method of making a book. First of all, he works out a detailed plan and writes it down carefully. When he has thought out his scheme satisfactorily, he systematically divides his working time into weeks, aiming to accomplish a certain amount of work each week. He never rewrites his copy, the original manuscript going to the printer just as he first sets it down. The author shuts himself up completely from the outside world during his working hours, which are from 8 o'clock in the morning until 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and a couple of hours after the mid-day meal. He never writes after dinner, in the evening, and he has so arranged his work and time that he needs no assistance from secretary, amanuensis, or copyist. — *Bangor Commercial.*

**Warner.** — The late C. D. Warner's "My Summer in a Garden" had been refused by two Boston publishers. When one evening the author met H. W. Beecher at the house of Harriet Stowe, near whom he lived in Hartford, Mrs. Stowe spoke so well of the book that Mr. Beecher asked to see it, and, having read the manuscript, exerted his influence and had it published.— *Boston Daily Advertiser.*

**Wharton.** — Mrs. Edith Wharton, the novelist, writes in the morning of six days a week, and produces only about five hundred words at a sitting. — *Los Angeles Times.*

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**How to Write for the Magazines.** — A greenhorn might suppose that it would be possible to find out how and what to write for the magazines by constantly and carefully reading them; but many a person has read them half a life-time without being able to draw a yearly income from any of them. "Give them what they want," it is said. Well, the best ones print a choice variety of things. The most of

them seem to want good stories, interesting sketches of adventures in unknown parts, studies in life, in character, or in affairs, minutes of travel, essays (short), poems (brief), and what used to be called "fugitive pieces." If you are a very distinguished individual, a vivid tale of your experiences has a fair show for print. If you have known notable people and have something new to tell about them and can write well, any competent editor of a magazine will weigh your manuscript twice before he rejects it. If you have an original account of any genuine and solid scientific novelty, it is likely to be marketable if offered to the right magazine. Very clever dialogues, if full of humor, without being funny, are sometimes salable. Deep thought may find a purchaser if the thinker is incapable of discouragement. Striking papers about natural or mechanical forces or phenomena and about wonderful unpatented inventions are occasionally bought by magazines. As to politics and public policies, one is upon dangerous ground unless he has a name to conjure with. —*John Swinton, in the New York Times Saturday Review.*

**Printing Without Type.** — There seems to be a likelihood that before long movable types for printing will be done away with altogether, and their function, hitherto regarded as indispensable in the art, performed by ingenious photographic processes. The books of the near future, it is predicted, will be made by photography, and it is not improbable that even newspapers will be issued by methods in which the camera and dry-plate will take the place of the font of metal letters and the stereotype from a paper matrix. The prediction is based upon recently patented inventions of a practical character. The originator of the idea proposes to apply to the reproduction of letterpress a process not very different from that already used in the mechanical multiplication of pictures. — *Saturday Evening Post.*

**Writing a Novel.** — Reflect but a moment upon all the divers and numerous qualities which are of necessity existent in the creator of a fine novel before it can be produced: not only imagination but wit, not only wit but scholarship, not only scholarship but fancy, not only fancy but discrimination, observation, knowledge of the passions, sympathy with the most opposite temperaments, the power to call up character from the void, as the sculptor creates figures from the clay, and, for amalgamating, condensing and vivifying all these talents, the mastery of an exquisite subtlety, force, and eloquence in language. All these various gifts must be united in one writer before a fine novel can be produced. — "*Ouida's*" *Critical Studies.*

**Magazines vs. Newspapers.** — As a rule, the magazines pay higher prices for literary work than the daily press, but the field is much more limited in the former; in other words, a magazine does not require one-tenth of the material that in a given time regularly finds place in a first-class daily paper. A foothold once secured on a daily paper is, therefore, more likely to be remunerative to a writer of average ability, who can produce readable articles of timely interest, than if he writes exclusively for the magazines, content to have an article occasionally accepted. Nearly all the magazines receive fifty times as much material as they require; consequently, while a dozen articles may be accepted each month, there are perhaps six hundred that must be declined, for lack of space, or because they are unsuitable. The prices paid by the magazines vary according to the reputation of the author or the merit of the production. A contribution from a writer of established reputation, although it may possess little literary merit, often commands from $100 to $500, while $20 or $30 may be considered ample remuneration for a far more interesting contribution of about the same length from a writer comparatively unknown. — *New York Weekly.*

**The Evolution of Religious Journalism.** — The average religious weekly of the old school has had its day, and has, we believe, almost ceased to be either useful or influential. No one need wonder at this state of things. This is an age of advancement and progress, and the old school religious weekly is not by any means the only relic to be seen in evidence. The religious weekly must move on with the procession or be left behind. So evident has this become to the most intelligent of our con-

temporaries that already some of them have, as one of them observes, "frankly ceased to be 'religious,' and are seeking success in the secular field, with or without change of name."

While the *Christian Work* fully realizes the great change that has thus come over religious journalism, it not only accepts it as inevitable and necessary, but it gladly hails this forward movement as a healthful sign of the progressive spirit of the age. This journal has always had the reputation of being up-to-date, wide-awake, and fully abreast of the times. It believes it has deserved this reputation, and it now seeks further to enlarge its usefulness and influence by giving still more space and attention to the most important news of the day, both religious and secular. With this view, it lately inaugurated "Special Illustrated Monthly Numbers," and this enlargement will hereafter continue to be a regular feature of this paper. The *Christian Work* fully believes in the evolution of religious journalism as affected by modern and changed conditions, and it expects to continue to meet these changed conditions in the future exactly as it has done in the past — not by ignoring them and standing still, but by accepting and welcoming them as forerunners of an improved and progressive age. —*Christian Work.*

**Character-drawing vs. Incident.** — Speaking in enthusiastic praise of a novel which is shortly to appear in the magazine he conducts, a well-known editor said, "and the chief merit of it is that it contains no philosophy, not a word of description, not a single reflection. It is simply a collection of thrilling incidents crowded one on top of the other in breathless succession. Evidently the author intends to turn it into a play as soon as it shall have made its mark with the public!"

Now, is not this a sign of the times less to be lauded than to be deplored? While the stringing together of thrilling incidents always has been the accepted occupation of the dime-novel maker and the patent of the shilling-shocker, is it, after all, the standard to hold up to young writers with honest aspirations to literary fame? "No philosophy; not a word of description; not a single reflection — simply a *collection of thrilling* incidents treading on each other's toes in breathless haste!" Shades of Thackeray, George Eliot, Cervantes, Scott, et al.! Are the reflections of a cultivated mind, the descriptions of a keen observer of life, the philosophy of a seer of human nature faults to be excised, like a school-girl's adjectives! True, the mere crowding of thrilling incidents requires gifts of a distinct order; to marshal them into a romance that hangs well together demands both inventive skill and the story-teller's gift — but these alone do not make literature!

Assume that the author's object in putting forth the tale is frankly to pave the way along the road to popular favor for a paying play, even this end is not best subserved by the mere narration of incidents. The foundation of all drama is the play of character on character. The prime requisites for a stageworthy story are character-drawing, atmosphere, and a solid underlying philosophy. Incidents woven together with an art purely mechanical will never make a play. Many novels written with no thought of stage profits or stage fame have nevertheless lent themselves admirably to dramatization because of their character-drawing, atmosphere, knowledge of human nature, and essential philosophy, no less than because of picturesque and dramatic incident. In a word, they are written on the honest lines of literary fiction as exemplified in the romancer's art. The dramatists who made plays from these tales had tasks before them far harder than have those who prepare for the stage the fiction that now obtains, consisting of thrilling incidents strung together into a sort of fictional racing-machine, warranted to run a whole season as both novel and play. — *Boston Transcript.*

**Women as Dramatists.** — Alice Ives, the author of "The Village Postmaster," in an article in a late number of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* says: "Is playwriting a good field for women? Yes, just as good as it is for men, if they are willing, after the play is written, to work about ten times as hard as a man to get it accepted. There will be masculine demurs at this statement, but the woman who has been through the mill with her eyes open will agree with me." Here are some of the reasons: "The

managerial field is entirely monopolized by men. All the capital at present in use for producing plays is controlled by men. Most managers have more confidence in a play written by a man than in one by a woman. Why? Because up to the last ten years you could count on your fingers of one hand all the successful women dramatists who ever lived. The female playwriter, compared to the male, was about one in ten thousand. Pioneers in any field always have a rough time. Playwriting is comparatively a new art for women. Her successes in this line having been so infrequent is one reason why the manager has hesitated even to read the manuscript. But times have changed. To-day some of the greatest 'winners' on the boards were written by women. Not so very long ago, in New York, three plays written by men were failures, and were withdrawn to make way for three plays written by women, all of which were successful. Yet the old prejudice has not entirely departed. The man still has the better business opportunity with his fellow man."

**Writing Modern Children's Stories.** — "I am glad from the bottom of my heart that I got over being a child before the modern theory of education set in," said a young man who writes.

"I was asked recently by a publishing house to write a little book of tales for very small children. Remembering the stories I liked when I was a child, I set to work, and in a short space of time submitted my first story. It had the inevitable Prince Charming in it. In less than a week my manuscript was returned.

"'We like your story very much,' the publishers wrote, 'and with a trifling alteration we shall be able to use it. We do not wish to publish any children's stories that have a love interest in them.'

"Well, I killed off the Prince Charming and put in a wicked stepmother. The publishers promptly told me they could not publish any stories that portrayed cruelty in any form. They especially object to cruel stepmothers as tending to give children who might have stepmothers of one kind or another false and unjust ideas.

"I murdered the cruel stepmother and trimmed the story to fit a giant. The publishers politely objected. They could publish nothing that might awaken a spirit of murderousness in their little readers — I'd had the hero kill the giant — and they didn't like giants, anyway, because they frighten children, and modern educators disapprove. Well, in my last resort, I changed the tale so that it hinged on the devotion of a boy to his sick mother. They sent me word by return post that advanced thinkers in the kindergarten line would not permit the use of books in which illness was mentioned in any shape or form. 'We want to present to our little readers only the beautiful and improving truths of life.'

"I gave up then. I thank goodness I had a chance to read a few old-time children's stories before the reign of the 'beautiful and the improving' set in." — *Philadelphia Press.*

**"Get," "Got," and "Gotten."** — A Harvard professor, after telling his class in composition never to use "gotten," added that most persons should use "get" and "got" about one-tenth as much as they do. Is he not right?

"Get" means to acquire, to gain, or to procure. It is used correctly in such sentences as "Get understanding," "Please get my book," "I have got it for you from the shelf," "He is getting what you want," and also in the idioms — to get at, to get away, to get down, to get home, to get near, to get off or on, to get to a place, to get the start, and to get up.

If we restricted ourselves to these uses of "get," we could not be criticised, but we are likely not to do so, especially when we use "got" with some form of "have." Two mistakes — "have got" instead of "have," and "have got" instead of "must" — are the most common.

"Get" does not mean to possess. Of course, we generally possess what we gain or procure, but we do not necessarily do so, and "get" expresses the act of acquiring, not the act of possessing, which may follow. "Have" is the verb which should denote possession, but how many times every day do we hear "I have got" used to express possession. Some one gives us a new book. There is no effort of acquiring on our part, but we say, "I have got a new book," when "I have a new book" would be correct, as well as simpler and more elegant.

This applies, of course, to the other persons and numbers. Nine times out of ten when we hear "He has got," "They have got," "Have you got?" the correct expression would be "He has," "They have," "Have you."—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

**The Shorter Sentence.**—A good illustration of the decline of sentence length is afforded by the following figures, which give the average words per sentence for 500 periods: —

| | |
|---|---|
| Fabyan | 68.28 |
| Spencer | 49.78 |
| Hooker | 41.40 |
| Macaulay | 22.45 |
| Emerson | 20.58 |

Every form of present day literature exemplifies this concentrative tendency. The growth of the short story has been marked by the decay of the long novel. In the last century, and in the first portion of this, novels of one volume were acceptable; but publishers preferred those of two and three; nor were they adverse to one of four, while five and six volume novels were not at all uncommon. The average novel of to-day contains from 40,000 to 70,000 words. What publisher would dream of even reading a manuscript of the cyclopean proportions of "Les Misérables"? Poe always contended that the tale should be such that it could be read at one sitting. "The King's Jackal," recently brought out by Richard Harding Davis, contains about 27,000 words, while Mr. Kipling seems to have set the form for a novel of forty to fifty pages.—*Jack London, in the Bookman.*

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

A YANKEE CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA. Julian Ralph. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

DANIEL WEBSTER.—I. Thirty Years of Preparation. Illustrated. John Bach McMaster. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

OUR SCHOOLS FOR THE STAGE. Illustrated. Bronson Howard. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

NEWSPAPER STORIES. Theodore Bruce Thompson. *International* (13 c.) for November.

HEROES AND HEROINES.—II. Illustrated. Robert Grant. *Woman's Home Companion* (13 c. for November.

HOW "RAMONA" WAS WRITTEN. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Everett T. Tomlinson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

THE GENTLE READER. S. M. Crothers. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

THE PASSING OF A POET (Fiction). Clinton Scollard. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for November.

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF BRYANT. Theodore F. Wolfe. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for November.

THE BEAT THAT FAILED (Newspaper story). Albert Payson Terhune. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for November.

NEW YORK AND ITS HISTORIANS.—I. Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer *North American Review* (53 c.) for November.

CHAUCER. John W. Hales. *North American Review* (53 c.) for November.

THE FUTURE LITERARY CENTRE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Brander Matthews. *Bookman* (23 c.) for November.

A LITTLE GOSSIP (Reminiscences of authors). Rebecca Harding Davis. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for November.

JAMES MARTINEAU. John White Chadwick. *Critic* (23 c.) for November.

MILTON: A CRITICAL STUDY. Walter Raleigh. *Critic* (23 c.) for November.

THE HALL OF FAME—with pictures of the twenty-nine successful candidates. Chancellor Henry Mitchell MacCracken. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for November.

MONTAIGNE AND ESSAY WRITING IN FRANCE. Frederick M. Warren. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for November.

THE HOME LIFE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Louise Fiske Bryson *Book World* (13 c.) for November.

THE JOURNALISM OF NEW YORK. Illustrated. Hartley Davis. *Munsey's* (13 c.) for November.

JOHN BURROUGHS AT "SLABSIDES." Illustrated. George Gladden. *Outlook* (13 c.) for October 6.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins will soon be married to Dr. Charles Freeman of Metuchen, N. J.

Bret Harte is to spend the coming winter in Italy, and has rented for that purpose a villa near Naples.

Henry Norman, Winston Churchill, and Gilbert Parker have been elected members of parliament.

Henry James denies the report that he intends to leave England and establish his permanent residence in the United States.

Robert Buchanan, the novelist, has had a stroke of paralysis, accompanied with complete loss of speech. His condition is critical.

Though Joel Chandler Harris has left the *Atlanta Constitution*, his family is still represented on the staff, his son Evelyn being city editor, and his son Julian managing editor.

Rev. J. C. Brooks, brother of the late Bishop Brooks, is at work upon a collection of the bishop's letters.

Dr. Stodart Walker has in preparation "The Day-Book of John Stuart Blackie," which will be published in the early spring. Dr. Walker is the nephew and literary executor of the late professor.

But one book-manuscript was completely destroyed in the great Lippincott fire of last winter. This was the hand-written manuscript of Baroness von Hutten's new novel, "Marr'd in Making." The author cabled that she had not a word of copy—but she rewrote the book.

A man who gives the first reading to all the manuscripts sent to a large periodical says that there is more poetry submitted to him than anything else; that it is harder to get good poetry than any other kind of material; and that there is much less of it used. He says that if the writer is so unfortunate or careless as to make one slight grammatical error in the first paragraph, his fate is settled so far as that periodical is concerned. The Reader goes no further, and the manuscript is returned.

G. Hedeler, Leipzig, will soon publish the second part of his "List of Private Libraries," noting more than 600 important private collections in the United Kingdom, and including a supplement to Part I., devoted to the United States and Canada. Owners of important libraries not already catalogued are invited to communicate with Mr. Hedeler. By doing so they will not incur any expense or obligation.

Twenty years have been spent—and also $200,000—in compiling and printing the British Museum Authors' Catalogue. It is contained in four hundred volumes and seventy supplements and is complete up to the end of 1899. Having ended this work, the staff which has been engaged upon it is beginning the compilation of a subject index. This will occupy fully ten years.

For the serial rights of his new book—which is comparatively short, being only some 60,000 words—Rudyard Kipling receives £25,000. This is probably the largest amount ever paid to an English author for a story of similar length.

An Index to the twenty-eight volumes of *St. Nicholas* will soon be published by the Helman-Taylor Company, Cleveland. It has been prepared by the staff of the "Cumulative Index," and will be a dictionary catalogue.

The *World's Work*, the new magazine issued by Doubleday, Page, & Co., under the editorship of Walter H. Page, makes its first appearance with the number for November.

Forbes & Co., Boston, publish this month the first number of a magazine entitled *Good Cheer—a Magazine for Cheerful Thinkers*. It is edited by Nixon Waterman.

The *Cambridge Encyclopedia* (New York) is a monthly publication edited by Alex Del Mar, and presenting in concise form able discussions of current topics.

The first number of the *American Journal of Nursing* has made its appearance in Philadelphia. It is published for the Associated Alumnae of Trained Nurses of the United States. The editor is Miss S. F. Palmer, of the Rochester City Hospital, and she has an efficient staff of assistants.

Doubleday, Page, & Co. have obtained control of *Everybody's Magazine*. The magazine was started by John Wanamaker, whose capital is still behind it.

*Popular Science News* (New York) has changed its name to *Popular Science*.

*Good Housekeeping* (Springfield, Mass.) for November has half as many pages again as the preceding number. Its new publishers are the Phelps Publishing Company.

The *Universal Brotherhood Path*, beginning with the November number, will be published from the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society at San Diego. Editorial communications should be addressed to Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, San Diego, Calif.

The "Easy Chair" department of *Harper's Magazine* is to be revived, with Mr. Howells as incumbent. At the same time will be restored the "Editor's Study," to be conducted by Henry Mills Alden. In addition to his "Easy Chair" duties, Mr. Howells will become a literary adviser to the firm of Harper & Brothers, and will also contribute a monthly article on contemporary literary affairs to the *North American Review.*

*East and West* (New York) has suspended publication, after running a year. Its editors and publishers were William Aspenwall Bradley and George Sidney Hellman.

With the November number, the *Ledger Monthly* (New York) enters the field of the dollar magazines.

Mrs. Frank Leslie no longer controls the editorial and financial policy of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.*

*How to Grow Flowers* (Springfield, Ohio) has changed its name to *Home and Flowers*, and its price to one dollar a year.

In "Topics of the Time" in the November *Century* announcement is made of the winners of the *Century* prizes for the best story and essay by American college graduates of not more than one year's standing. The poetry prize is not awarded this year, no contribution having reached the standard. The prize essay, entitled "Tolstoi's Moral Theory of Art," is by John Albert Macy, Cambridge, Mass., of Harvard University. The prize story, entitled "An Old-World Wooing," is by Miss Adeline Miriam Jenny, Huron, S. D., of the University of Wisconsin. The prize offer is renewed for the coming year.

The *New York Herald* will pay $200 apiece for the best five historical novelettes of about 5,000 words each whose scenes shall be laid respectively in the following localities: Jumel Mansion, McGown's Pass, Fraunce's Tavern, Trinity Church, Hamilton Grange. The stories must introduce characters of actual history, but these need not figure either as hero or heroine. The plot must be in some way connected with historical episodes which have made these localities famous. The competition will close January 1.

Sir William Lyne has offered a prize of £500 for the best ode in commemoration of the new Commonwealth of Australia.

The St. Nicholas League, made up of readers of *St. Nicholas*, awards each month gold and silver badges for the best poems, stories drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers submitted by members. A special cash prize of five dollars is offered to any member who wins first place twice in any competition.

The promptness of the editor of the *American Review of Reviews* is shown by the fact that the November number contains sketches of the careers of John Sherman and Charles Dudley Warner, accompanied by portraits.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, in the paper headed "A Little Gossip," in *Scribner's* for November, gives some new and entertaining glimpses of Hawthorne, Emerson, Miss Alcott, and other writers whom she met in her youth.

More than ninety-five million copies — to be exact, 95,237,523 — of the *Ladies' Home Journal* have been issued since the magazine was first printed, seventeen years ago.

The story, "The Beat that Failed," in *Lippincott's* for November is by Albert Payson Terhune, who, by the way, is a son of "Marion Harland." It is a newspaper story, beginning just at the hour of going to press, and the incident related is most exciting and realistic.

The heroine of modern life and fiction is contrasted with the heroine of the century's beginning by Robert Grant in the November *Woman's Home Companion* (Springfield, Ohio).

The Magazine number of the *Outlook* for November has the first installment of an Autobiography by Booker T. Washington, with portrait and many other illustrations, and another installment of Hamilton Wright Mabie's "William Shakespeare," dealing with the later tragedies.

Rowland E. Robinson died at Ferrisburg, Vt., October 15, aged sixty-seven.

Charles Dudley Warner died at Hartford October 20, aged seventy-one.

Professor Max Müller died at Oxford October 28, aged seventy-seven.

# THE WRITER:

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## THE QUESTION OF A NAME.

"The chance of the unknown writer" may be discussed *ad nauseam*, but the unpleasant fact will yet remain that he has not the chance of the known writer. It is a matter of common knowledge that he cannot compete with the latter on the equal ground of comparative merit. Every first-class magazine is overwhelmed with material (good material), of which it cannot use a tithe; and it will reject an unknown's work, which may possess a value of, say, two, and for which it would have paid a price of, say, one, and in place of it accept a known's work with a value of one, for which it will pay a price of ten.

This is not an assumption, but an assertion grounded on the bitter facts of policy and expediency. There are no Utopian magazines on the market; nor are there any which are run primarily for the benefit of the writer class. In the last analysis, commercialism is the basis upon which they are all conducted. Occasionally an editor of pre-eminent position may allow his heart to transgress his business principles in order to give a struggling unknown a lift. But such an act is a transgression, and is permitted only because of the preeminency which its perpetrator enjoys. Let him do it always and his magazine will go bankrupt, he will be looking for a new sanctum, and, worst of all (for the writer class), he will have been deprived of his power of occasionally extending the helping hand. In short, the magazine editor must consult first and always the advertisers and the reading public; he must obey the mandates of the business department, and be deaf, very often, to the promptings of his heart. Trade is trade.

But this is just. Every known writer was once an unknown, struggling in the crowded lists for a chance of recognition, toiling early and late and always to lift his small voice above the clamor and obtain a hearing. And at last, by no primrose path of dalliance, having gained a name, it is no more than right that he should enjoy the perquisites of office, namely: the *entrée* of the first-class periodicals and publishing houses, and the privilege of continuing to supply his own reading public which he has built up by his own exertions. He has drummed up his trade; let him retain it. If other competitors (the unknowns) attempt to crowd him out, let them expect to encounter the same obstacles which he has overcome. No editor smoothed them away for him; it were unjust to him should the editors make it easier for his new born rivals. If he be not secured in the position he has attained, what was the use of his striving? and further, what incentive would there be for the unknown? If nothing goes with a name, why strive? Let them leave his trade alone and drum up more for themselves.

A name is a very excellent thing for a writer to possess; and the achievement of a name is

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an ambition which dominates every normal unknown who ever entered the field. The word "normal" is used understandingly. Whether a materialist or an idealist, no normal writer is insensible to the benefits which accrue from such a possession. To the one it will give greater scope and opportunity for the gathering in of shekels; to the other, a larger hearing and a more authoritative rostrum. The creature is abnormal who claims neither to desire the felicities of existence which gold will purchase, nor to whisper or thunder helpful messages to the weary world. He is an egotist. He would sing his songs in his own ear, dance naked for his own pleasure. There is no place for him in the world, nor shall he retain what he was born to. Natural selection will settle his account for him, even in the third or the fourth generation. Yet again, this abnormal, inconsistent, and most preposterous personage loads the mails with his wares and seeks publication with ravenous avidity. This is illogical, but tax him with it and he has the audacity to defend himself. He is a sophist and a degenerate, and if he persist in his iniquity, he will perish without posterity, or, at best, with a weak and sickly line.

But let us deal with the normal writer, the new-born, the unknown. How may he obtain a name? There be divers ways, but simmered down and summed up, there will be found but two: *By writing a successful or popular book, or by excellent magazine work.* Let the weak and wavering attempt it not. But the lion-hearted, ah! the lion-hearted, let them advance to the assault; let them blow, as only such breeds can blow: "Childe Harold to the dark tower came!"

Much may be said in favor of attempting the successful book; much may be said against the undertaking. First, however, one must have within him the potentialities of the successful book. Having established this premise of quality, or believing that he has, let him proceed. As regards quantity, he need not work hard. Though many books are shorter and a few longer, the covers of the modern book of fiction shelter from fifty thousand to eighty thousand words — call it sixty thousand for a fair average. Let him do a thousand words a day; but they must be good words, the very best he has in him. If he writes more, the chances are large that they will deteriorate to second-best and to third-best. A thousand a day is splendid speed — so long as the writer is satisfied with each thousand as he rolls it out. In ninety days he will have worked sixty and lazied thirty, and there will stand his volume complete. If it is successful, how easy! how dazzling! His name is become an open sesame; in a moment he is lifted from the stifling herd. But ah! that dazzle! It leads the many to essay sixty thousand words before they are prepared. They may possess potentiality, but somehow they fail to realize upon it. They would write a classic or the great American novel when they should yet be digging in the musty pages of their rhetoric, cultivating the art of selection, or polishing up the sister art of expression. Success is just this — retaining the substance and transmuting potential quality into kinetic quality. That's all. When the trick is discovered the name is assured.

However, our tyro, who possesses potentiality and a lion's heart, has failed to transmute. Let him declare a truce for thirty days, taking this time to recuperate, to study, to incubate, to plan, to meditate upon his own weaknesses, and to measure himself against those who bear the hall mark of the world's approval. Then at it again, sixty days of work and thirty of loafing (these latter interspersed with the former as his moods dictate), and there is the second volume ready for the test. A failure? Good. He is lion-hearted; he possesses potentiality; he needs only the Midas touch of transmutation. Another truce of thirty days; another creative effort of ninety days; a third volume; and he may then rest a month, and after all is said and done, have consumed only a year of his life. That's not hard work. A bricklayer will have worked longer and severer hours, while *he* — why, during this time he has soared thrice for a seat with the immortals.

And what if defeat be his portion! Let him work two years, three years — why, he would work five to learn many a manual trade, and in five years he may make fifteen flights

for a name and immortality. A name means position, freedom, life! While for immortality, who can measure it?

Excellent magazine work, as a means to the high end, is slower, more discouraging, perhaps, in certain ways, and harder. But it is a training school, and it is surer. Every effort is a written exercise for the editor-teacher. Each acceptance is a reward of merit, to be added one unto another till the sum total is equivalent to the graduation certificate. This certificate is the name which enables one to command the ear and the purse of both the publisher and the public. But the way is beset with pitfalls and with gin, and to make the journey more hazardous, they cannot always be avoided. While genius soars it starves. To satisfy the belly-need, the aspirant must often turn his pen to other than excellent work. If his soul be steady and his brain clear, this need not harm. Let him clothe his ambition in a hair shirt, and all will go well with him. But if, while still turned to other work, he finds that his ambition no longer hurts him, let him arise in the night and flee as the man, Lot, fled from destruction. Let him also invest in a new hair shirt, more bristly, more peace-destroying. The habitual inebriate is no pleasant sight; but the confirmed hack-writer is a most melancholy spectacle — a gibbering spectre of a once robust manhood; while lucrative mediocrity typifies in these latter days those ancient, muck-wallowing swine who were once brave men in Ulysses' band.

Knowing good from evil, we must presuppose that our young lion-heart can safely thread these various dangers. Excellent work is all that stands between him and the name, but oh, how excellent it must be! The farm or home papers, the second and third-class magazines, and all sorts and conditions of erratic periodicals, will receive his second and third rate work; but it is to the first-class magazines that his ambition must appeal for a hearing; and this he finds an almost hopeless task, which would appall any but his own stout heart. Such publications are rich. They can afford the best, — from a business point of view, — and the chiefs of the business departments demand that they buy the best. The "star" system of the American stage is equally in vogue with the American editors. Here are knights, true and tried, who have long since received the world's accolade. With them the unknown must compete, but on most unequal ground. What if he does as well? The business department will say him nay. A certain intrinsic value attaches to a name. To his work what name may they append? Pshaw! Nonsense! Why, there's a host of nameless who can do as good as the named are doing. That is not what is wanted. They want better, better work than even the names are turning out.

Most unfair! Most impossible! Ah, but that's the very point. Our unknown must do the impossible; by that means only may he become known. The impossible? Precisely. No man ever became great who did not achieve the impossible. It is the secret of greatness. It is what the unknown must do, and what he will do. Mark that well — what he will do. Else he is one of the weak and wavering, masquerading under the guise of a lion-heart, and we have pinned our faith to a shadow.

But not only must he do the impossible, he must continue to do it. Having chosen to carve a name in this manner, instead of by the sudden flight of a successful book, he must abide by the issue. His first impossible performance is almost sure to fall flat. Most likely little notice will be taken of it. The critics, moving along their well-greased grooves, will hardly notice him. Many people are capable of doing the impossible only once. The critics know this. They will keep silent; but bear this in mind, they will remember him. Let him continue to do the impossible, and they will gather faith in him — likewise those arbiters of success, the editors. They are always on the lookout for budding genius. Too often they have been fooled to be premature. They will not be hasty, but they will keep an eye upon him, and suddenly, one day, like a bolt out of a clear sky, they will swoop down upon him and carry him away to Olympus. Then will he possess a name, prestige, be a Somebody. The pinnacle upon which he sits will have been built, brick by brick, slowly, tediously, and through great travail; but the

foundation will be deep and sure, the masonry honest. He may precipitate himself from his perch, but it will never crumble beneath him. The perch will remain, though he be forgotten.

And so, in these two ways, lie the paths to success: Either by the writing of a successful or popular book, or by excellent magazine work. One is more brilliant; the other sounder. Some are best fitted for the one; some for the other. A favored few are capable of either. But none may be permitted so to classify themselves until they have tried. Ay, until they have tried, and tried, and tried many times. Brows are not laureled for the asking, nor is the earth a heritage to any save to the sons of toil. *Jack London.*

OAKLAND, Calif.

## EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

### XXI. — BY THE EDITOR OF MODERN CULTURE.

In writing a letter of advice to contributors, or would-be contributors, to *Modern Culture Magazine*, the editor cannot take for his example a better guide than that little book on etiquette which summed up its valuable teachings in the expressive title "Don't." Some readers of the little volume mentioned may have formed the impression that it set so many limitations upon individual conduct as to amount to a positive inhibition of any action whatever. To all such readers we may only repeat with solemn emphasis, "Don't!" "Quoth the raven — Don't!"

Don't write unless you have something to write about.

Don't ask the editor to tell you what to write about.

Don't write about subjects that all the magazines are filled with.

Don't write about a subject that you have not thoroughly mastered.

Don't write about matters of merely local interest.

Don't write on both sides of a mooted question, and ask the editor to publish the article he prefers.

Don't send us Christmas articles in December or Independence Day articles the last of June.

Don't write descriptions of a country you have never visited or of customs you have never witnessed.

Don't write a dozen articles a week. One carefully prepared paper on a timely subject you have fully mastered will bring you larger returns than twenty hastily written articles on commonplace topics of which you are plainly ignorant.

In general, *Modern Culture* is what its name implies — a journal devoted to literature, sci-

* This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, 1895, and will be continued. The articles that have been published so far are as follows: September, 1895, by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent*; October, 1895, by Robert E. Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger*; November, 1895, by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook*; December, 1895, by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly*; January, 1896, by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of the *Christian Work*, and Edwin M. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*; February, 1896, by Robert M. Offord, managing editor of the *New York Observer*; March, 1896, by Nella I. Daggett, editor of the *Home*; June, 1896, by Amos R. Wells, managing editor of the *Golden Rule*, now the *Christian Endeavor World*; September, 1896, by Rosa Sonneschein, editor of the *American Jewess*; October, 1896, by the editors of the *Youth's Companion*; May, 1897, by A. R. Doyle, editor of the *Catholic World Magazine*; June, 1897, by Arthur T. Vance, editor of the *Home Magazine*; March, 1898, by Arthur W. Tarbell, editor of the *National Magazine*; October, 1899, by Howard A. Bridgman, managing editor of the *Congregationalist*.

The numbers of THE WRITER containing these articles may be had separately or together. Numbers published before January, 1900, will be sent postpaid for fifteen cents each; numbers beginning with January, 1900, will be sent for ten cents each.

ence, and the arts, which deals with present-day questions and aims to interest and stimulate the thought of its readers rather than to instruct them. It is not a class paper, it is not an organ, its field is as broad as humanity. If there is some corner of human knowledge which you have made especially your own, from which you can write with authority and with the power to please and attract readers, your work will find acceptance with *Modern Culture*. If, on the other hand, you have the pen of a ready ( hack ) writer, and have a commission simply to keep the wolf from the door by turning out yards and yards of manuscript, don't send it to *Modern Culture*, — if you are a lady, *please* don't.

In particular *Modern Culture* publishes a limited amount of fiction and desires the best work of the ablest writers it can secure. An established reputation is not essential, but good work is required. In the "Around the Table" department there is room for bright, humorous stories of one thousand or two thousand words' length, the brighter and wittier and more mirth-provoking the better. A very, very limited amount of good verse will also be accepted; but sensation mongers, in either prose or verse, will not find a market for their wares in *Modern Culture*. Articles on art and science are generally contracted for in advance, as the authority and competency of the writer are the first essentials in these fields. Our files are already overcrowded with good literary and descriptive articles. An embarrassment of riches confronts us whenever we attempt to make selections; but timely articles on subjects which will compel attention and attract the interest of readers are always in demand.

Do you know what all the world will be thinking about three months hence? If you do, you have the subject of a timely article. Send it in. Have you the power to charm the reader and hold his interest by your way of presenting an unfamiliar subject? Then your work will please the editor of *Modern Culture*; he is a blasé old codger, and can be moved only by what will rouse the public interest. Give him your best, if you give him anything.

*William W. Hudson.*

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

## ILLUSTRATED FEATURE ARTICLES.

In probably no other department of literature is the field so broad for the average writer as in that of the feature article, especially illustrated. The editor of any publication of note in this country is willing to look over a bright offering of this nature, particularly if the pictures supplied are interesting, as well as the descriptive matter itself. It is true that almost every writer is engaged, to some extent at least, in getting out matter of this kind, but similar competition is found in every other department of journalism and literature, and the obstacles to overcome in other departments are perhaps more numerous. Poetry, if valuable, is crowded by other poetry from brains as spontaneous and as active and far-seeing as that of the ambitious author; if poor, it is met with other poetry as poor, offered free in the blind belief that fame comes with so many yards of printed type!

With the big newspapers of this country, — and they are becoming more and more the finest fields for writers with snappy stories to tell, interesting information to give, and photographs of wonderful and beautiful objects to reproduce, — the feature article is a prominent factor in the make-up. The Sunday editions teem with matter selected from all parts of the

country, bearing upon nature, human and inanimate; animals; historical sketches of places and people; children that are wise or curious in their habits and their associations or ambitions, and other people, places, things, ideas — he less classification the better, and the more valuable.

Pictures are a great help in selling manuscripts. THE WRITER said editorially several years ago: "Next to a typewriter, a camera is useful, especially to a descriptive writer. With a 'detective' or hand camera, pictures from life may be taken to illustrate any article that he may be writing, and such pictures sent with copy always enhance the value of a manuscript. Used with good judgment, a camera will pay for itself very soon in the hands of a descriptive writer — he furnishes pictures with his manuscript, and the editor does the rest." Joseph Young said in THE WRITER for October, 1897: "Since I bought a camera and began sending photographs with my news stories and articles, I have, I believe, sold two articles where before I sold but one. . . . Some newspapers pay for illustrations of interesting events, scenery, snap shots at watering resorts and other places, whether they use the matter accompanying them or not. But whether or not a specified amount is allowed for the photograph, if the author is writing 'on space' he is usually given credit for the space occupied by the illustration. It will be found that many articles will be accepted and paid for simply because good photographs accompany them, when they would otherwise be refused."

With most publications, women are considered the best material for stories and write-ups, first, last, and all the time. There is more than one reason for this preference. Women often shrink from notoriety — more so than their brothers, who are accustomed to having their characters read on the printed pages, their deeds told morning, night, and noon, and their hearts laid open for the guess of the universe. This is the age of woman's début into the fields of art, the walks of work; and her brother men are only too ready to get a chance to watch how she takes her initiation. The magazines and the newspapers are the mirrors that give men this desired picture. Because women are more difficult to interview, and last to give up their photographs and their history, there is the more rivalry to get these. In this is the value of each little success in this direction. Besides this first reason for the preference for feminine interest in the types, woman is beautiful as well as intelligent. The art of magazine and newspaper publication welcomes her for the two-fold grace, because by it she improves the tone of any artistic journal. Man cannot do this. His brain may illumine the type; his face cannot beautify a page.

When a woman wins success in any profession which has long been considered the birthright of man alone, the editors like to hear about it. A little sketch, accompanied by a photographic glimpse of the woman in question, will rarely beg long at the big newspaper offices. The staff men and the regular correspondents of course have this field largely in their hands, wherever they are, but there are many uncovered towns and villages, full of this material. It often occurs that the newspapers near the town or village have correspondents there, but the far-away dailies have no representative. These latter do not want what is termed "pot" news, such as is handled by the newspapers sold largely in the territory, but they will take matter that is of interest generally, and by this is meant the feature article that has little local significance. If a woman should by the death of her husband suddenly drop into the management of any valuable estate or business, and continue the conduct of it with success, the big newspapers would like to know about it. A big Philadelphia daily recently started the publication of a series of sketches of bright and beautiful women of Pennsylvania, and the correspondents all over the state found matter right under their noses that they had not thought of before. It was a profitable discovery, too. If a woman takes up any special branch of industry or art, or combines the management of her household duties with the wider affairs of life, her energy and ambition are at once the prey to the alert gatherer of the feature article. The writer who attempts to make this branch of work a factor in his income will of course meet with many disap-

pointments in the acquisition of material much desired, because some women will not be coaxed into the prints, no matter how eloquent a plea is made. When a manly and truthful request is made, and the subject declines, the writer has only to abandon the topic, and seek in other fields, where scruples are not so well defined.

Next to women, animals come in prominence. Any domestic animal which learns a trick out of the ordinary, especially if this trick is something that borders on work supposed to require human intelligence, is worth attention. Your dog may learn to rival the beach patrol in the rescue of children from drowning. A mine mule may get a record as a vicious brute with six lives charged up to his black score. Your cat may learn to set aside his prejudice and associate with the tame rabbits. Your neighbor may start a hatchery for the domesticating of some wild animal or fowl. Any of these curios is available for profit in the camera and the typewriter. To photograph animals is no easy trick, and early failures, which are expensive, often discourage the writer in search of subjects of this description. When fine, large photographs are desired, it is often advisable to set the subject, if a wild animal, up on a high pedestal, from which it will fear to leap. It will finally settle down to make a quiet survey of its position, and often then affords the best possible opportunity for close range. A whistle or odd noise will give the pose and attention at the moment of the snap.

Children have a prominent part in the attention of editors to-day. If a little boy shows a tendency out of the ordinary, he is within reach of the feature writer. A lad may each Sunday gather his little friends about, and preach to them from the Bible; another may roam from his home, and prefer to be a traveler, even a tramp; another may show early symptoms of crime and tend to bear out the theories of hereditary transmission of vice and virtue; a little girl may manage a household when at a tender age; the melody of Mendelssohn and Mozart may get into the fingers of the little child before its feet can reach the pedals of the piano-forte; the eye of childhood may pick out the line and the color of the masters, and spread them on crude canvases almost before the tears of infant days have stopped flowing — and the world, which has so much of dull matter, and so little of newness, and freshness, and beauty, will be glad to hear of these oases along the beaten highway.

People are always more interesting to editors than things. Buildings have little that affords a chance for new work. If an interesting place is coupled with people, however, the hoodoo of "mere place" is banished at once. There may be some old building, which had one night in the dim past a tragedy enacted within its four walls A rehearsal of this old tale is of little value. Editors are always a little suspicious that, being so old, the tale has already been threshed over and over again before it entered their offices. Even if the tale is untold in print, it is not easy to prove this, and the issue is therefore dead. But suppose that in the present some person moves into the house wherein the old tragedy occurred! He sees digging in the rear yard a strange figure! He is God-fearing and approaches the wanderer, and the weird pilgrim from unknown lands tells him that in times long ago there stopped at this house a young bride and groom. It stormed without. Within cries were heard, and in the morning the young bride was not to be found. There were blood stains, and the groom was seen flying across the neighboring hill! And the returning spirit says that he is the groom of that dreadful night, and that he wishes to dig up the long-buried bride from under the rosebush in the corner of the yard and cannot find her now!

Immediately that house is a place of history, a place of living interest. The present occupant cannot be made to believe other than that the visitation was one from the other world. Editors will not believe in the ghost story, but they will print it because the present occupant — a man or woman endowed with brain and discernment — apparently believes it. That is human nature, and one phase of religion. Therein lies the charm of the story, the interest in the photograph of the occupant of the haunted house, the house itself, and the record of the old terror of the night.

CONNELLSVILLE, Penn. *Aloysius Coll.*

# THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

A novel contest — in two senses — has been devised by the executive committee of the Howard Library Association at Nashville. A member of the committee has prepared a list of the best twenty-five works of fiction published in English since January 1, 1887. This list has been sealed in an envelope and placed in a safe place. The public is invited to try to duplicate this list as nearly as possible, and prizes ranging from fifty dollars down will be awarded to those who come the nearest to it. It will be interesting to see what novels are selected.

***

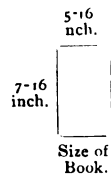
A queer magazine has been started in Madrid under the name *Gente Vieja* — "Old Folks." It will be a periodical of protest against the "young school" in literature, and its editors and contributors will all be more than fifty-five years old.

***

According to a current "literary note," Miss M. E. Braddon "has written over sixty novels since 1862." It is too bad that she had to write them over.

***

Among the most remarkable things found in Pekin after its capture by the allies was a complete set of Buddhist texts done into the Thibetan language. The volumes are of a prodigious size, so prodigious, indeed, that a pack-horse could carry only two or three volumes at a time, and, as there are some three hundred copies, their transportation all at once would require the services of one hundred horses. Contrast with these enormous volumes the bibelot soon to be issued by Charles Hardy Meigs, of Cleveland, Ohio, who says that it will be the smallest book in the world. Its exact size is shown in the accompanying diagram. The book is to contain, on about fifty pages of the size shown, the entire text of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, in Fitzgerald's translation, with a dedication to John Hay and an introduction by Nathan Haskel Dole. Only fifty-seven copies are to be issued, and those who wish to become owners of the tiniest book ever made can do so for fifteen dollars a copy. A microscope will be necessary for its enjoyment.

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What modern magazine publishing costs is indicated by the statements that for the painting reproduced on the cover of *Ainslee's*

*Magazine* for December the artist was paid five hundred dollars, and that the *Ladies' Home Journal* has printed more than 1,600 illustrations this year.

* * *

*Life* explains why the magazines publish such unintelligible poetry. The editors can't understand it, and don't dare to reject it for fear it may be great. W. H. H.

## QUERIES.

[ Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Please name the ten best books for a writer's library, to be limited to that number.

I. J. P.

[ If a writer can have only ten books in his library, he will do well to choose: —

The Bible.
Shakspere.
The Encyclopædia Britannica.
Webster's International Dictionary.
Poole's Index.
Harper's Book of Facts.
The World Almanac.
Roget's Thesaurus.
A. S. Hill's "Foundations of Rhetoric."
Bartlett's Quotations.

With these books alone he will be well equipped, so far as books go, for literary work. — W. H. H.]

Is it correct to write: "The poem has not been used, nor reserved for use"? A. D.

[ The proper form is: "The poem has not been used or reserved for use." The force of "not" affects the verb and applies to both "used" and "reserved." — W. H. H. ]

## "NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

| | |
|---|---|
| Less men at work to-day. — *Boston Herald Headline.* | Fewer men at work to-day. |
| He leaves a widow only. — *Boston Post.* | He leaves a wife, but no children. |
| A very unique election bet. — *New York Journal.* | A unique election bet. |
| Whoever loans books from his library will soon be able to start a club of odd volumes all by himself. — *Boston Transcript.* | Whoever lends books from his library will soon be able to start a club of odd volumes all by himself. |

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Laura B. Starr, whose paper on "The Women of China" was the most interesting feature of the *Delineator* for October, writes as follows in answer to a request for personal information: "From my youth up, I seem to have been dominated by two things, viz., love of books and a desire to travel. In my earlier days these desires were gratified only to a limited extent. At the time of my husband's death, in 1890, I had traveled pretty extensively through my own country and had been to Europe for one summer. In 1891 I started for what proved to be a six years' tour of the world, although nothing was further from my thoughts at the time. The earlier part of the time was spent in Japan and China, through which I made haste very slowly. Egypt proved so fascinating that I made three visits, returning twice for a six months' winter. The Orient is my soul's delight, and as the fever of travel is seldom got rid of when once it has taken possession of one, I shall undoubtedly go back again to make true the Egyptian adage which declares that he who once drinks of the waters of the Nile returns many times. I did my first magazine work for English magazines — the *Pall Mall*, the *Strand*, *Pearson's*, and Jerome Jerome's *To-day*. It was my good fortune to arrive in London while the war with China and Japan was going on, and anything concerning those two countries was accepted with avidity. It was then that I learned the value of photographs; the London editors robbed me of all my souvenirs and would have taken more had I possessed them. Within a twelvemonth I had had articles published in ten different magazines. Since my return home I find myself something of an authority on Oriental matters, domestic particularly, and my hope is to do much more work in that direction. I believe when one once becomes intoxicated with that subtle fascination of the East he is forever hearing it calling him, and

he is not quite certain whether he belongs to the Occident or to the Orient. The paper on 'The Women of China' in the October *Delineator* has brought me letters from all parts of the world; my only wish is that I could have done better by them, for there is no class on earth more misunderstood than they are; it is not possible for an Occidental to obtain an Oriental point of view, and when it is difficult for us to understand our own 'eternal feminine,' how can we expect to elucidate the far more complex nature of the Oriental woman?"

---

Henry Cleveland Wood, whose poem "October Mists," was printed in the October number of the *Delineator*, was born in the Kentucky town of Harrodsburg, where he still resides. He turned his attention to journalism early in life, and was one of the editors of the *Harrodsburg Democrat* at its origin. He has contributed stories and poems to many of the leading periodicals, including *Harper's Weekly*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Cosmopolitan*, and a score of others. In three successive years he furnished three popular novels for serial publication in the *Ledger Monthly*, receiving for them more than eleven hundred dollars.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE. By John Uri Lloyd. Illustrated. 414 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1900.

Mr. Lloyd's novel has won much favorable attention during its serial publication in the *Bookman*, and its appearance in book form will widely extend its circle of readers. It is a tale of northernmost Kentucky, and its pictures of life and characters in the interesting region it describes are vivid and strikingly true to nature. The story is dramatic and full of life and vigor. The illustrations are mostly photographs of Kentucky scenes.

JEWISH LAWS AND CUSTOMS. By A. Kingsley Glover. 259 pp. Cloth. Wells, Minn.: W. A. Hammond. 1900.

The rapid increase in the number of Jews in this country in recent years makes this book of Mr. Glover's almost a necessity to any one who is engaged in writing frequently on current topics. All know that the Jews are a peculiar people. Mr. Glover's book throws a flood of light on their peculiarities, explains their distinctive customs, and gives the laws that govern their social and religious life. The book is authoritative, and it is as interesting as it is instructive. The general reader will get from it knowledge that will make Jewish literature better understood, and so more thoroughly enjoyed.

SERMONS IN STONES AND IN OTHER THINGS. By Amos R. Wells. 342 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. 1899.

There are 114 little "sermons" in this attractive book, which is as bright and inspiring as the old-fashioned book of sermons used to be dull and dry — and that is saying a good deal. They are mostly reprinted from the religious papers in which they first appeared, — notably the *Christian Endeavor World*, — and thousands of readers will welcome them in their new form.

A PRETTY TORY. By Jeanie Gould Lincoln. 268 pp. Cloth, $1.50 Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1899.

"A Pretty Tory" is another charming story by Mrs. Lincoln, whose books are invariably delightful. It is a tale of Revolutionary times, full of fascinating interest.

CAMPING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE. By Everett T. Tomlinson. 412 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1899.

"Camping on the St. Lawrence" is a lively story for boys, which contains plenty of adventure, and at the same time instructs and entertains the reader. The four boys whose camping experiences are related, follow in the track of the early discoverers, and learn a little interesting history while they enjoy life out of doors.

GRANDMA TALES AND OTHERS. By Adelia Pope-Branham. Illustrated by Will Vawter 42 pp. Cloth. Greenfield, Ind.: Published by the Author. 1899.

The poems in this little book have more than ordinary merit. "When Grandma was a Little Girl" is particularly good, and there are others that deserve special mention.

SNOW WHITE; OR, THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD. By Laura E. Richards. 93 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1900.

"Snow White" begins like a fairy story, and has all the charm of one, but turns out not to be a fairy story, after all. It is gracefully written, and children will find it entertaining.

CHATTERBOX, 1900. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M. A. 412 pp. Boards, $1.25. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1900.

The annual volume of "Chatterbox" is always welcomed by young readers. This year's volume is packed full of stories, sketches, anecdotes, verses, and puzzles, in which children will take keen delight, and every other page has an interesting picture.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

AN AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY, 1787-1899. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. 878 pp. Cloth, $3.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1900.

ASTRONOMY. By Julia McNair Wright. Illustrated. 203 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. 1899.

BENEATH HAWAIIAN PALMS AND STARS. By E. S. Goodhue. Illustrated. 248 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Cincinnati: The Editor Publishing Co. 1900.

SHORT STORY WRITING. By Charles Raymond Barrett, Ph. B. 257 pp. Cloth $1.00. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1900.

NOTES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF AUTHORS. Compiled by William Stone Booth. 70 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900.

THE ROSE OF JOY. A poem. By Josephine L. Roberts. 44 pp. Cloth, New York: The Neely Company. 1900.

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

GEORGE ELIOT. W. C. Brownell, *Scribner's* (28 c.) for December.

ART IN LANGUAGE. Benjamin Ide Wheeler. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

THE MAINTENANCE OF A POET. F. B. Sanborn. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Contributor's Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

AS ADVERTISED (paper on advertising). Agnes Repplier. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for December.

THE OLD AGE OF NEW ENGLAND AUTHORS. Illustrated. Hezekiah Butterworth. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for December.

ART IN THE HOLIDAY BOOKS. Illustrated. Ernest Knaufft. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for December.

THE CHANGE IN CURRENT FICTION. Talcott Williams. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for December.

AN ESTIMATE OF MAX MÜLLER. With portraits. Charles Johnston. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for December.

J. M. BARRIE. William Wallace. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

J. M. BARRIE'S COUNTRY. Walter Hale. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

NOTES ON SOME AMERICAN MAGAZINE EDITORS. Flora Mai Holly. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

A NOTE ON CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Harry Thurston Peck. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

FIRST BOOKS OF SOME ENGLISH AUTHORS. VI. — Percy Bysshe Shelley. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. With portrait. Hamilton W Mabie. *Critic* (23 c.) for December.

MAX MÜLLER. Benjamin E. Smith. *Critic* (23 c.) for December.

THE SCHOLIAST ON TENNYSON. William Archer. *Critic* (23 c.) for December.

THE DECLINE OF INTELLECT. Andrew Lang. *Critic* (23 c.) for December.

STORIES of AUTHORS' LOVES. The Brownings, Part II. Clara E. Laughlin. *Delineator* (13 c.) for December.

"CARMEN SYLVA." *Woman's Home Companion* (13 c.) for December.

DICKENS'S LATER HEROINES. W. D. Howells. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for October 6.

HAWTHORNE'S HEROINES. W. D. Howells. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for October 20.

A LITERARY JOURNEY. With portraits of Southern writers. Maurice Thompson. *Independent* (13 c.) for November 22.

BOOK REVIEWING: THE OLD ORDER AND THE NEW. Francis W. Halsey. *Independent* (13 c.) for November 22.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Stanley Waterloo has gone into bankruptcy — liabilities, $12,776; assets, $135.

The *Bohemian*, a monthly magazine of unique stories, published in Boston, makes its first appearance with the December number.

The *Illustrated South* is a new Southern magazine, published in Louisville and edited by Charles O'Malley.

*Everybody's Magazine*, beginning with the December number, will be published by John Wanamaker, in Philadelphia.

*Current History* (Boston) is now published monthly instead of quarterly.

The Association for Promoting Scientific Research by Women offers a prize of $1,000 for the best thesis presented by a woman on a scientific subject embodying the results of her independent laboratory research in any part of the field covered by the biological, chemical, and physical sciences. The theses offered must be sent to Florence M. Cushing, secretary pro tem. of the association, 8 Walnut street, Boston, before December 31, 1902. The prize will be awarded at the annual meeting of the society in April, 1903.

One thousand dollars is offered by the American Sunday School Union in prizes for the best book on the topic, "How Is Man to Be Saved; or, God's Way of Salvation." There is a first prize of $600 and a second one of $400. The books should be of a practical and popular sort, in length from 40,000 to 70,000 words, typewritten, signed with a private mark, and sent to the American Sunday School Union, 1,122 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, before November 1, 1901.

The New England Conservatory of Music (Boston) offers prizes of $600 and $400 for the best two original musical compositions. The competition is open to all composers resident for five years in the United States, and the compositions must be sent in before April 1, 1901.

The *Ram's Horn* (Chicago) will pay $1,000 for a story comprising 50,000 to 100,000 words, and found acceptable and suitable for its use. The editors say: "We place no further restrictions upon those who contest for this award further than to suggest that the story's theme be found in some of the great religious and reform movements which are noticeable at this time, and which the *Ram's Horn* champions, for instance: The Return to Primitive Faith of Gospel Times; The Federation of Believers for Active Christian Service: The Suppression of the Liquor Traffic; Equal Moral Obligations Upon Man and Woman. Other world movements which suggest themes for such a story are the present Jewish Exodus to Palestine, and the Heroic Fidelity of Chinese Martyrs to their Lord and Christ. An excellent opportunity is always presented to those writers who understand the nature of the battle between Skepticism and Faith, and who can write a story describing the career of some young man or woman who has been emancipated from the bondage of doubt and unbelief and now lives in settled faith, believing in God and God's revealed truth. Authors may have at least six months in which to submit their manuscript, and though we are paying $1,000 for only one story under the conditions named, we can use several in our various publications, and will pay for them such prices as are agreed to be satisfactory to the writers and to ourselves."

The Woman's National Sabbath Alliance (Room 711, 156 Fifth avenue, New York City), desiring to complete a series of leaflets upon the religious influences of the home, the school, and the church on the formation of character in the young, offers twenty-five dollars for the best short paper upon a personal conversion leading to a truly consecrated life through the influence of the Sabbath school. The competition will close April 1, 1901. No fiction will be accepted. The manuscript chosen shall become the property of the Alliance, and may be published under a pseudonym if preferred. Manuscripts must contain a sealed envelope with name and address of author. No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by full postage or called for at the society's office.

The College Equal Suffrage League is offering a prize of one hundred dollars for the best essay on the equal suffrage theory. The essay must be not only on the theory, but favorable to it. The competition is open to the students in all the women's colleges in Massachusetts, and to the women students of Boston University, Tufts, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The American Catholic Historical Society hiladelphia offers two prizes of twenty-five dollars each for essays submitted by the Catholic reading circles and young men's literary societies of the diocese. Particulars may be obtained by addressing the secretary of the society, 715 Spruce street, Philadelphia.

The *New York Herald* offers prizes of 500 francs, 250 francs, and 100 francs for the three best translations of a French poem printed in its Sunday edition for November 18 that are sent to its Paris office, 49 Avenue de l' Opera, so that they will arrive before December 20.

The *Christian Endeavor World* (Boston) offers a prize of one dollar each week for the best item of Christian Endeavor news — not routine, but the best-planned, most self-sacrificing, most original work.

The *Delineator* (New York) offers to distribute $17,500 in cash prizes among 1,901 women during 1901. The prizes will be given for subscriptions secured. Besides being a first-rate fashion magazine, the *Delineator* has interesting literary features.

Booker T. Washington's autobiography began in the *Outlook* for November 3.

Frank B. Sanborn's paper, "The Maintenance of a Poet," in the December *Atlantic*, is a sketch of the poetical life of Ellery Channing, its meagreness and its compensations.

An interesting feature of the December *Critic* is a series of portraits of some of the most popular present-day novelists, with facsimile pages from their manuscripts.

W. C. Brownell contributes to the Christmas *Scribner's* an elaborate and impartial criticism of the fiction of George Eliot.

Oscar Wilde died in Paris November 30, aged forty-four.

"THE QUESTION OF A NAME," Jack London

"ILLUSTRATED FEATURE ARTICLES," Aloysius Coll

"EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS,"
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# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## FOR LITERARY WORKERS

BOSTON, MASS.:

VOL. XIII. No. 12. . . . . DECEMBER, 1900

# BOOKS FOR WRITERS.

The editor of THE WRITER especially recommends the following books, useful to writers, as many as possible of which should form every writer's library.—

WRITING FOR THE PRESS. A Manual for Editors, Reporters, Correspondents, and Printers. By Robert Luce. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. 96 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

STEPS INTO JOURNALISM. Helps and Hints for Young Writers. By Edwin L. Shuman. 129 pp. Cloth, $1.25.

THE LAUNDER OF JOURNALISM. By T. Campbell-Copeland. 111 pp. Paper, 50 cents.

BLUE PENCIL NOTES. By Alex G. Sevier. 94 pp. Paper, 50 cents.

THE TRADE OF AUTHORSHIP. By Walstan Dixey. 128 pp. Cloth, $1.00. [Out of print.]

THE ART OF AUTHORSHIP. Compiled by George Bainton. 353 pp. Cloth, $1.25.

METHODS OF AUTHORS. By Dr. Hugo Erichsen. 170 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

INFORMATION FOR AUTHORS. By Eleanor Kirk. 118 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

500 PLACES TO SELL MSS. By James Knapp Reeve. 80 pp. Boards, $1.00.

THE RHYMESTER; OR, THE RULES OF RHYME. A guide to English versification, with a dictionary of rhymes. By Tom Hood; edited, with additions, by Arthur Penn. 208 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

VOCABULARY OF ENGLISH RHYMES. By Rev. Samuel W. Barnum. Second edition. 367 pp. Cloth, $2.00.

WALKER'S RHYMING DICTIONARY. 320 pp. Cloth, $1.50.

THE SCIENCE OF ENGLISH VERSE. By Sidney Lanier. 323 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

A HANDBOOK OF POETICS. By Professor F. B. Gummere. 250 pp. Cloth, $1.10.

BALLADES AND RONDEAUX. Gleeson White. 256 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

ROGET'S THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES. 745 pp. Cloth, $2.00.

SYNONYMS DISCRIMINATED. By C. J. Smith. 581 pp. Cloth, $2.00.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS EXPLAINED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER. By George Crabb. 638 pp. Cloth, $1.50.

PRACTICAL SYNONYMS. By John H. Bechtel. 226 pp. Cloth, 50 cents.

PRINCIPLES OF RHETORIC. By Adams Sherman Hill. New edition. pp. Cloth, $1.25.

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THE PRACTICAL ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC. By John F. Genung. 483 pp. Cloth, $1.50.

A HANDBOOK OF RHETORICAL ANALYSIS. By John F. Genung. 306 pp. Cloth, $1.25.

OUTLINES OF RHETORIC. By John F. Genung. 331 pp. Cloth, $1.25.

A PRACTICAL COURSE IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION. By Alphonso G. Newcomer. 224 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

HOW TO WRITE CLEARLY. By Rev. Edwin A. Abbott. 78 pp. Cloth, 60 cents.

A TREATISE ON ENGLISH PUNCTUATION. By John Wilson. 334 pp. Cloth, $1.25.

PUNCTUATION AND OTHER TYPOGRAPHICAL MATTERS. By M. T. Bigelow. 112 pp. Cloth, 50 cents.

PENS AND TYPES. By Benjamin Drew. 254 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE DRAMA. By W. T. Price. 267 pp. Cloth, $1.50.

THE ART OF PLAYWRITING. A practical treatise on the elements of dramatic construction. By Alfred Hennequin. 187 pp. Cloth, $1.25.

MISTAKES IN WRITING ENGLISH, AND HOW TO AVOID THEM. By M. T. Bigelow. Second edition. 110 pp. Cloth, 50 cents.

HANDBOOK OF BLUNDERS. Designed to prevent 1,000 common blunders in writing and speaking. By H. H. Ballard. 60 pp. Cloth, 50 cents.

SLIPS OF TONGUE AND PEN. By J. H. Long. 101 pp. Cloth, 50 cents.

ERRORS IN THE USE OF ENGLISH. By Professor William B. Hodgson. pp. Cloth, $1.50.

WORDS: THEIR USE AND ABUSE. By William Mathews. 494 pp. Cloth, $2.00.

ON THE STUDY OF WORDS. By R. C. Trench. 213 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

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EVERY-DAY ENGLISH. By Richard Grant White. 318 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

THE VERBALIST. By Alfred Ayres. Cloth, $1.00.

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PRACTICAL TYPEWRITING. By Rates Torrey. Third edition. 174 pp. Cloth, $1.50.

THE PRACTICAL PROOFER. By G. G. Bishop. 188 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

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# New Music.

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